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Early English Dramatists

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SIX . . . .  
ANONYMOUS PLAYS  
(SECOND SERIES)



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# Early English Dramatists

## SIX ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(SECOND SERIES)

COMPRISING

*Jacob and Esau—Youth—Albion, Knight—Misogonus*  
*—Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler and his Wife—*  
*Note-Book and Word-List*

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

London

Privately Printed for Subscribers by the  
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FEB 17 1950

A newve mery and wittie  
Comedie or Enterlude, newly  
imprinted, treating vpon the Historie of  
Iacob and Esau, taken out of the xxvij.  
Chap. of the first booke of Moyses  
entituled Genesis.



*The partes and names of the Players*  
who are to be considered to be Hebrewes  
and so should be apparailled with attire.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 The Prologe, a Poete.                            | 7 Hanan, a neighbour<br>to Isaac also.         |
| 2 Isaac, an olde man, fa-<br>ther to Iacob & Esau. | 8 Ragau, seruaunt br-<br>to Esau.              |
| 3 Rebecca an olde womā,<br>wife to Isaac.          | 9 Pido, a little boy,<br>leaving Isaac.        |
| 4 Esau, a yong man and a<br>hunter.                | 10 Debora, the nurse<br>of Isaacs Lente.       |
| 5 Iacob, a yong mā of god-<br>ly consideration.    | 11 Abia, a little wench,<br>seraāt to Rebecca. |
| 6 Zethar a neighbour.                              |  |

Imprinted at London by Henrie  
Bynneman, dwelling in Knight rider streete,  
at the signe of the Pymperle.  
Anno Domini. 1568.



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "The History of  
Jacob and Esau," from a Copy in the Bodleian Library.]

A NEW, MERRY, AND WITTY COMEDY OR INTERLUDE, NEWLY IMPRINTED, TREATING UPON THE HISTORY OF JACOB AND ESAU, TAKEN OUT OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, ENTITLED GENESIS.

*The Parts and Names of the Players  
who are to be considered to be Hebrews, and so should be  
apparelled with attire*

1. THE PROLOGUE, A POET
2. ISAAC, AN OLD MAN, FATHER TO JACOB AND ESAU
3. REBECCA, AN OLD WOMAN, WIFE TO ISAAC
4. ESAU, A YOUNG MAN, AND A HUNTER
5. JACOB, A YOUNG MAN OF GODLY CONVERSATION
6. ZETHAR, A NEIGHBOUR
7. HANAN, A NEIGHBOUR TO ISAAC ALSO
8. RAGAN, SERVANT UNTO ESAU
9. MIDO, A LITTLE BOY, LEADING ISAAC
10. DEBORAH, THE NURSE OF ISAAC'S TENT
11. ABRA, A LITTLE WENCH, SERVANT TO REBECCA

Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, dwelling in  
Knightrider Street, at the sign of the Mermaid.

Anno Domini 1568. 4to.



## PROLOGUE OF THE PLAY.

IN the book of Genesis it is expressed,  
That when God to Abraham made sure  
promise,  
That in his seed all nations should be blessed :  
To send him a son by Sarah he did not miss.  
Then to Isaac (as there recorded it is)  
By Rebecca his wife, who had long time been  
barren,  
When pleased him, at one birth he sent sons  
twain.

But before Jacob and Esau yet born were,  
Or had either done good, or ill perpetrate :  
As the prophet Malachi and Paul witness bear,  
Jacob was chosen, and Esau reprobate :  
Jacob I love (saith God) and Esau I hate.  
For it is not (saith Paul) in man's renewing or  
will,  
But in God's mercy, who chooseth whom he  
will.

But now for our coming we shall exhibit here,  
Of Jacob and Esau how the story was ;  
Whereby God's adoption may plainly appear :  
And also that, whatever God's ordinance  
was,  
Nothing might defeat, but that it must come  
to pass.  
That, if this story may your eyes or ears de-  
light,  
We pray you of patience, while we it recite.

## ACTUS PRIMI. SCÆNA PRIMA.

RAGAN, *the servant.*

ESAU, *a young man, his master.*

[*Ragan entereth with his horn at his back and his hunting staff in his hand, and leadeth three greyhounds, or one, as may be gotten.*

*Ragan.* Now let me see what time it is by the starlight—

God's for his grace, man, why it is not yet midnight!

We might have slept these four hours yet, I dare well say;

But this is our good Esau his common play:

[*Here he counterfeiteth how his master calleth him up in the mornings, and of his answers.*

What the devil aileth him? now truly, I think plain

He hath either some worms or botts in his brain.

He scarcely sleepeth twelve good hours in two weeks.

I wot well his watching maketh me have lean cheeks,

For there is none other life with him day by day,

But, up, Ragan! up, drowsy hogshead! I say: Why, when? up, will it not be? up. I come anon.

Up, or I shall raise you in faith, ye drowsy whoreson.

Why, when? shall I fet you? I come, sir, by and by.

Up, with a wild wanion ! how long wilt thou lie?

Up, I say, up, at once ! up, up, let us go hence :

It is time we were in the forest an hour since.  
Now the devil stop that same yalling throat  
(think I)

Somewhiles : for from the call farewell all wink of eye !

Begin he once to call, I sleep no more that stound,

Though half an hour's sleep were worth ten thousand pound.

Anon, when I come in, and bid him good morrow :

Ah, sir, up at last ? the devil give thee sorrow !  
Now the devil break thy neck (think I by and by),

That hast no wit to sleep, nor in thy bed to lie.  
Then come on at once ; take my quiver and my bow,

Fet Lovel my hound, and my horn to blow.

Then forth go we fasting an hour or two ere day,

Before we may well see either our hands or way,

And there range we the wild forest, no crumb of bread

From morning to stark night coming within our head ;

Sometimes Esau's self will faint for drink and meat,

So that he would be glad of a dead horse to eat.

Yet of fresh the next morrow forth he will again,

And sometime not come home in a whole night  
or twain :

Nor no delight he hath, no appetite nor mind,  
But to the wild forest, to hunt the hart or hind,  
The roebuck, the wild boar, the fallow-deer, or  
hare :

But how poor Ragan shall dine, he hath no  
care.

Poor I must eat acorns or berries from the tree.  
But if I be found slack in the suit following,  
Or if I do fail in blowing or hallooing ;  
Or if I lack my staff or my horn by my side :  
He will be quick enough to fume, chafe, and  
chide.

Am I not well at ease such a master to serve,  
As must have such service, and yet will let me  
starve?

But, in faith, his fashions displease mo than  
me,  
And will have but a mad end one day, we shall  
see.

He passeth nothing on Rebecca his mother,  
And much less passeth he on Jacob his brother.  
But peace, mum, no more : I see master Esau.

*[Here Esau appeareth in sight, and  
bloweth his horn, ere he enter.]*

*Esau.* How now, are we all ready, servant  
Ragan?

Art thou up for all day, man? art thou ready  
now?

*Ragan.* I have been here this half-hour, sir,  
waiting for you,

*Esau.* And is all thing ready, as I bad, to  
my mind?

*Ragan.* Ye have no cause, that I know, any  
fault to find :

Except that we disease our tent and neighbours  
all

With rising over-early each day, when ye call.

*Esau.* Ah, thou drowsy draffsack, wouldest  
thou rise at noon?

Nay, I trow the sixth hour with thee were  
over-soon.

*Ragan.* Nay, I speak of your neighbours,  
being men honest,

That labour all the day, and would fain be at  
rest :

Whom with blowing your horn ye disease all-  
abouts.

*Esau.* What care I for waking a sort of  
clubbish louts?

*Ragan.* And I speak of Rebecca your  
mother, our dame.

*Esau.* Tut, I pass not, whether she do me  
praise or blame.

*Ragan.* And I speak of your good father,  
old Isaac.

*Esau.* Peace, foolish knave : as for my  
father Isaac,

In case he be asleep, I do him not disease,  
And if he be waking, I know I do him please,  
For he loveth me well from mine nativity,

[*Here Esau bloweth his horn again.*]

And never so as now for mine activity.

Therefore have at it : once more will I blow my  
horn

To give my neighbour louts an hail-peal in a  
morn.

[*Here he speaketh to his dogs.*]

Now, my master Lightfoot, how say you to  
this gear,

Will you do your duty to red or fallow deer?

And, Swan, mine own good cur, I do think in  
my mind

The game shall run apace, if thou come far  
behind :

And ha, Takepart, come, Takepart, here : how  
say you, child,

Wilt not thou do thy part? yes, else I am be-  
guil'd.

But I shrew your cheeks, they have had too  
much meat.

*Ragan.* I blame not dogs to take it, if they  
may it get :

But as for my part, they could have, pardè,

A small remnant of that that ye give me.

They may run light enough for ought of me  
they got,

I had not a good meal's-meat this week, that I  
wot.

*Esau.* If we have luck this day to kill hare,  
teg, or doe,

Thou shalt eat thy bellyful, till thou criest ho.

*Ragan.* I thank you, when I have it, Master  
Esau.

*Esau.* Well, come on, let us go now,  
servant Ragan.

Is there anything more, that I should say or  
do?

For perhaps we come not again this day or  
two.

*Ragan.* I know nothing, master, to God I  
make a vow,

Except you would take your brother Jacob with  
you :

I never yet saw him with you an hunting go,  
Shall we prove him once, whether he will go or  
no?

*Esau.* No, no, that were in vain, alas, good simple mome :

Nay, he must tarry and suck mother's dug at home :

Jacob must keep home, I trow, under mother's wing ;

To be from the tents he loveth not of all thing.

Jacob loveth no hunting in the wild forest :

And would fear, if he should there see any wild beast.

Yea, to see the game run, Jacob would be in fear.

*Ragan.* In good sooth, I ween he would think each hare a bear.

*Esau.* What, brother mine, what a word call ye that?

*Ragan.* Sir, I am scarce waked : I spake, ere I wist what.

*Esau.* Come on your ways, my child, take the law of the game.

I will wake you, I trow, and set your tongue in frame.

*Ragan.* O, what have you done, Master Esau? God's apes !

*Esau.* Why can ye not yet refrain from letting such scapes?

Come on, ye must have three jerts for the nonce.

One— [Beats him.

*Ragan.* O, for God's love, sir, have done, dispatch at once.

*Esau.* Nay there is no remedy but bide it—there is twain. [Gives him another jerk.

*Ragan.* O, ye rent my cheverel ; let me be past my pain.

*Esau.* Take heed of hunting terms fro henceforth!—there is three. [*Jerks him again.*

*Ragan.* Whoop! now a mischief on all moping fools for me!

Jacob shall keep the tents ten year for Ragan,  
Ere I move again that he hunt with Esau.

*Esau.* Come on, now let us go. God send  
us game and luck,

And if my hand serve me well—

*Ragan (aside).* Ye will kill a duck.

[*Exeant ambo.*

## ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

HANAN, ZETHAR, *two of Isaac's neighbours.*

*Hanan.* Ah, sir, I see I am an early man  
this morn,

I am once more beguil'd with Esau his horn.

But there is no such stirrer as Esau is :

He is up day by day, before the crow piss :

Then maketh he with his horn such tooting  
and blowing,

And with his wide throat such shouting and  
hallooing,

That no neighbour shall in his tent take any  
rest,

From Esau addresseth him to the forest.

So that he maketh us, whether we will or no,

Better husbands than we would be, abroad to  
go

Each of us about our business and our wark.

But whom do I see yonder coming in the dark?

It is my neighbour Zethar, I perceive him now.

*Zethar.* What, neighbour Hanan, well met,  
good morrow to you.

I see well now I am not beguiled alone :  
But what boot to lie still? for rest we can take  
none ;

That I marvel much of old father Isaac,  
Being so godly a man, why he is so slack  
To bring his son Esau to a better stay.

*Hanan.* What should he do in the matter,  
I you pray?

*Zethar.* O, it is no small charge to fathers,  
afore God,  
So to train their children in youth under the  
rod

That, when they come to age, they may virtue  
ensue,

Wicked pranks abhor, and all lewdness  
eschew,

And me-thinketh Isaac, being a man as he is—  
A chosen man of God—should not be slack in  
this.

*Hanan.* Alack, good man, what should he  
do more than he hath done?

I dare say no father hath better taught his son,  
Nor no two have given better example of life  
Unto their children than both he and his wife :  
As by their younger son Jacob it doth appear.  
He liveth no loose life : he doth God love and  
fear.

He keepeth here in the tents, like a quiet man :  
He giveth not himself to wildness any when.  
But Esau evermore from his young childhood  
Hath been like to prove ill, and never to be  
good.

Young it pricketh (folks do say), that will be a  
thorn,

Esau hath been naught, ever since he was born.  
And whereof cometh this? of education?

Nay, it is of his own ill inclination.

They were brought up both under one tuition;  
But they be not both of one disposition.

Esau is given to loose and lewd living.

*Zethar.* In faith, I warrant him [to] have  
but shrewd thriving.

*Hanan.* Neither see I any hope that he will  
amend.

*Zethar.* Then let him even look to come to  
an ill end.

For youth that will follow none but their own  
bridle,

That leadeth a dissolute life and an idle :

Youth, that refuseth wholesome documents,

Or to take example of their godly parents :

Youth, that is retchless, and taketh no regard

What become of themselves, nor which end go  
forward :

It is great marvel and a special grace

If ever they come to goodness all their life  
space.

But why do we consume this whole morning in  
talk

Of one that hath no reck ne care what way he  
walk?—

We had been as good to have kept our bed  
still.

*Hanan.* O, it is our part to lament them  
that do ill.

Like as very nature a godly heart doth move

Others' good proceedings to tender and to  
love :

So such as in no wise to goodness will be  
brought,

What good man but will mourn, since God us  
all hath wrought?

But ye have some business, and so have I.

*Zethar.* And we have been long; farewell,  
neighbour, heartily.

ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

REBECCA, *the mother.* JACOB, *the son.*

*Rebecca.* Come forth, son Jacob, why  
tarriest thou behind?

*Jacob.* Forsooth, mother, I thought ye had  
said all your mind.

*Rebecca.* Nay, come, I have yet a word or  
two more to say.

*Jacob.* Whatsoever pleaseth you, speak to  
me ye may.

*Rebecca.* Seeing thy brother Esau is such  
an one,

Why rebukest thou him not, when ye are  
alone?

Why dost thou not give him some good sad  
wise counsel?

*Jacob.* He lacketh not that, mother, if it  
would avail.

But when I do him any thing of his fault[s] tell,  
He calleth me foolish proud boy, with him to  
mell.

He will sometime demand, by what authority  
I presume to teach them which mine elders be?  
He will sometime ask, if I learn of my mother  
To take on me teaching of mine elder brother?  
Sometime, when I tell him of his lewd be-  
haviour,

He will lend me a mock or twain for my  
labour:

And sometime for anger he will out with his  
purse,

And call me, as please him, and swear he will do worse.

*Rebecca.* O Lord, that to bear such a son it was my chance!

*Jacob.* Mother, we must be content with God's ordinance.

*Rebecca.* Or, if I should need have Esau to my son,  
Would God thou, Jacob, haddest the eldership won.

*Jacob.* Mother, it is too late to wish; for that is pass'd;

It will not be done now, wish ye never so fast.  
And I would not have you to wish against God's will:

For both it is in vain, and also it is ill.

*Rebecca.* Why did it not please God, that thou shouldest as well

Tread upon his crown, as hold him fast by the heel?

*Jacob.* Whatsoever mystery the Lord therein meant

Must be referred to his unsearched judgment.  
And whatsoever he hath 'ppointed me unto,  
I am his own vessel, his will with me to do.

*Rebecca.* Well, some strange thing therein of God intended was.

*Jacob.* And what he hath decreed, must sure come to pass.

*Rebecca.* I remember, when I had you both conceived,

A voice thus saying from the Lord I received:  
Rebecca, in thy womb are now two nations  
Of unlike natures and contrary fashions.  
The one shall be a mightier people elect:  
And the elder to the younger shall be subject.

I know this voice came not to me of nothing :  
Therefore thou shalt follow my counsel in one  
thing.

*Jacob.* So it be not displeasing to the Lord,  
I must.

*Rebecca.* I fear the Lorde eke, who is merciful  
and just :

And loth would I be his majesty to offend ;  
But by me (I doubt not) to work he doth intend.  
Assay, if thou canst at some one time or other,  
To buy the right of eldership from thy brother :  
Do thou buy the birthright, that to him doth  
belong,

So may'st thou have the blessing, and do him  
no wrong.

What thou hast once bought, is thine own of  
due right.

*Jacob.* Mother Rebecca, if withouten fraud  
I might,

I would your advice put in ure with all my  
heart,

But I may not attempt any such guileful part.  
To buy my brother's eldership and his birth-  
right,

I fear, would be a great offence in God's sight.  
Which thing, if I wist to redeem, I ne would  
Though I might get thereby ten millions of  
gold.

*Rebecca.* God who, by his word and al-  
mighty decree,

Hath appointed thee Esau his lord to be,  
Hath appointed some way to have it brought  
about ;

And that is this way, my sprite doth not doubt.

*Jacob.* Upon your word, mother, I will  
assay ere long ;

Yet it grudgeth my heart to do my brother wrong.

*Rebecca.* Thou shalt do no wrong, son Jacob, on my peril.

*Jacob.* Then, by God's leave, once assay I will.

*Rebecca.* Then farewell, dear son, God's blessing and mine with thee.

*Jacob.* I will again to the tent. Well you be! [*Exeat Jacob.*]

*Rebecca.* Ah, my sweet son Jacob, good fortune God thee send!

The most gentle young man alive, as God me mend!

And the most natural to father and mother :  
O, that such a meek spirit were in thy brother ;  
Or thy sire loved thee, as thou hast merited,  
And then should Esau soon be disinherited.

### ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

ISAAC, *the husband.* REBECCA, *the wife.* MIDO, *the lad that leadeth blind Isaac.*

*Isaac.* Where art thou, my boy Mido, when I do thee lack?

*Mido.* Who calleth Mido? here, good master Isaac.

*Isaac.* Come, lead me forth of doors a little, I thee pray.

*Mido.* Lay your hand on my shoulder, and come on this way.

*Rebecca.* Now, O Lord of heaven, the fountain of all grace,  
If it be thy good will, that my will shall take place :

Send success to Jacob, according to thy word,  
That his elder brother may serve him as his  
lord.

*Mido.* Sir, whither would ye go, now that  
abroad ye be?

*Isaac.* To wife Rebecca.

*Mido.* Yonder I do her see.

*Rebecca.* Lord, thou knowest Jacob to be  
thy servant true,

And Esau all froward thy ways to ensue.

*Mido.* Yonder she is speaking, whatever she  
doth say :

By holding up her hands, it seemeth she doth  
pray.

*Isaac.* Where be ye, wife Rebecca? where  
be ye, woman?

*Rebecca.* Who is that calleth? Isaac, my  
good man?

*Isaac.* Where be ye, wife Rebecca, let me  
understand?

*Mido.* She cometh to you apace.

*Rebecca.* Here, my lord, at hand.

*Isaac.* Saving that whatsoever God doth is  
all right,

No small grief it were for a man to lack his  
sight.

But what the Lord doth send or work by his  
high will—

*Rebecca.* Cannot but be the best, no such  
thing can be ill.

*Isaac.* All bodily punishment or infirmity,  
With all maims of nature, whatever they be,  
Yea, and all other afflictions temporal :  
As loss, persecution, or troubles mortal,  
Are nothing but a trial or probation.  
And what is he that firmly trusteth in the Lord,

Or steadfastly believeth his promise and word,  
And knoweth him to be the God omnipotent,  
That feedeth and governeth all that he hath  
sent :

Protecting his faithful in every degree,  
And them to relieve in all their necessity?  
What creature (I say) that doth this under-  
stand,

Will not take all thing in good part at God's  
hand?

Shall we at God's hand receive prosperity,  
And not be content likewise with adversity?  
We ought to be thankful whatever God doth  
send,

And ourselves wholly to his will to commend.

*Rebecca.* So should it be, and I thank my  
lord Isaac,

Such daily lessons at your hand I do not lack.

*Isaac.* Why, then, should not I thank the  
Lord, if it please him,  
That I shall now be blind, and my sight wax all  
dim?

For whoso to old age will here live and endure,  
Must of force abide all such defaults of nature.

*Mido.* Why, must I be blind too, if I be an  
old man?

How shall I grope the way, or who shall lead  
me then?

*Isaac.* If the Lord have appointed thee such  
old days to see,  
He will also provide that shall be meet for  
thee.

*Mido.* I trow, if I were blind, I could go  
well enou',  
I could grope the way thus, and go as I do  
now.

I have done so ere now both by day and by  
night,

As I see you grope the way, and have hit it  
right.

*Rebecca.* Yea, sir boy, will ye play any such  
childish knack

As to counterfeit your blind master Isaac?

That is but to mock him for his impediment.

*Mido.* Nay, I never did it in any such in-  
tent.

*Rebecca.* Nay, it is to tempt God, before  
thou have need,

Whereby thou may'st provoke him, in very  
deed,

With some great misfortune or plague to  
punish thee.

*Mido.* Then will I never more do so, while  
I may see :

But against I be blind, I will be so perfit

That, though no man lead me, I will go at mid-  
night.

*Isaac.* Now, wife, touching the purpose  
that I sought for you.

*Rebecca.* What say'st my lord Isaac to his  
handmaid now?

*Isaac.* Ye have oft in covert words been  
right earnest

To have me grant unto you a boon and request :

But ye never told me yet plainly what it was ;

Therefore I have ever yet let the matter pass.

And now of late, by oft being from me absent,

I have half suspected you to be scarce content.

But, wife Rebecca, I would not have you to  
mourn,

As though I did your honest petition wourne.

For I never meant to deny in all my life

Any lawful or honest request to my wife.  
But in case it be a thing unreasonable,  
Then must I needs be to you untractable.  
Now therefore say on, and tell me what is your  
case.

*Rebecca.* I would, if I were sure in your  
heart to find grace;  
Else, sir, I would be loth.

*Isaac.* To speak do not refrain,  
And if it be reasonable, ye shall obtain :  
Otherwise, ye must pardon me, gentle sweet  
wife.

*Rebecca.* Sir, ye know your son Esau, and  
see his life,  
How loose it is, and how stiff he is and stub-  
born,  
How retchlessly he doth himself misgovern :  
He giveth himself to hunting out of reason,  
And serveth the Lord and us at no time or  
season.

These conditions cannot be acceptable  
In the sight of God, nor to men allowable.  
Now his brother Jacob, your younger son and  
mine,  
Doth more apply his heart to seek the ways  
divine.

He liveth here quietly at home in the tent,  
There is no man nor child but is with him con-  
tent.

*Isaac.* O wife, I perceive ye speak of affec-  
tion ;  
To Jacob ye bear love, and to his brother none.

*Rebecca.* Indeed, sir, I cannot love Esau so  
well

As I do Jacob, the plain truth to you to tell.  
For I have no comfort of Esau, God wot :

I scarce know whe'r I have a son of him or not.

He goeth abroad so early before daylight,  
And returneth home again so late in the night;  
And unneth I set eye on him in the whole week :

No, sometime not in twain, though I do for him seek.

And all the neighbours see him as seldom as I;  
But when they would take rest, they hear him blow and cry.

Some see him so seldom, they ask if he be sick :

Sometimes some demand, whether he be dead or quick.

But, to make short tale, such his conditions be,  
That I wish of God he had ne'er been born of me.

*Isaac.* Well, wife, I love Esau, and must for causes twain.

*Rebecca.* Surely your love is bestowed on him in vain?

*Isaac.* First, active he is, as any young man can be,

And many a good morsel he bringeth home to me.

Then he is mine eldest and first-begotten son.

*Rebecca.* If God were so pleased, I would that were foredone. [*Aside.*

*Isaac.* And the eldest son is called the father's might.

*Rebecca.* If yours rest in Esau, God give us good night !

*Isaac.* A prerogative he hath in every thing.

*Rebecca.* More pity he should have it without deserving.

*Isaac.* Of all the goods his portion is greater.

*Rebecca.* That the worthy should have it, I think much better.

*Isaac.* Among his brethren he hath the pre-eminence.

*Rebecca.* Where Esau is chief, there is a gay presence !

*Isaac.* Over his brethren he is sovereign and lord.

*Rebecca.* Such dignity in Esau doth ill accord.

*Isaac.* He is the head of the father's succession.

*Rebecca.* I would Esau had lost that possession.

*Isaac.* And he hath the chief title of inheritance.

*Rebecca.* Wisdom would in Esau change that ordinance.

*Isaac.* To the eldest son is due the father's blessing.

*Rebecca.* That should be Jacob's, if I might have my wishing. [*Aside.*

*Isaac.* And the chief endowment of the father's substance.

*Rebecca.* Which will thrive well in Esau his governance.

*Isaac.* By title of eldership he hath his birthright.

*Rebecca.* And that would I remove to Jacob, if I might. [*Aside.*

*Isaac.* He must have double portion to another.

*Rebecca.* That were more fit for Jacob his younger brother.

*Isaac.* In all manner of things divided by a rate.

*Rebecca.* Well given goods to him, that the Lord doth hate!

*Isaac.* Why say ye so of Esau, mine eldest son?

*Rebecca.* I say true, if he proceed as he hath begun.

*Isaac.* Is he not your son too, as well as he is mine?

Wherefore do ye then against him thus sore repine?

*Rebecca.* Because that in my spirit verily I know,

God will set up Jacob, and Esau down throw.

I have showed you many a time ere this day,  
What the Lord of them being in my womb did say.

I use not for to lie, and I believe certain,  
That the Lord spake not these words to me in vain.

And Jacob it is (I know), in whom the Lord will

His promises to you made and to your seed fulfil.

*Isaac.* I doubt not his promise made to me and my seed,

Leaving to his conveyance how it shall proceed.

The Lord after his way may change th'inheritance;

But I may not wittingly break our ordinance.

*Rebecca.* Now would God I could persuade my lord Isaac

Jacob to prefer, and Esau to put back.

*Isaac.* I may not do it, wife, I pray you be content :

The title of birthright, that cometh by descent,  
Or the place of eldership coming by due course,  
I may not change nor shift for better nor for worse.

Nature's law it is, the eldest son to knowledge,  
And in no wise to bar him of his heritage :  
And ye shall of Esau one day have comfort.

*Rebecca.* Set a good long day then, or else we shall come short.

*Isaac.* I warrant you, he will do well enough at length.

*Rebecca.* You must needs commend him, being your might and strength.

*Isaac.* Well, now go we hence ; little Mido, where art thou ?

*Mido.* I have stood here all this while, list'ning, how you

And my dame Rebecca have been laying the law ;

But she hath as quick answers as ever I saw.  
Ye could not speak anything unto her so thick,  
But she had her answer as ready and as quick.

*Isaac.* Yea, women's answers are but few times to seek.

*Mido.* But I did not see Esau neither all this same week.

Nor do I love your son Esau so well,  
As I do love your son Jacob by a great deal.

*Isaac.* No, doest thou, Mido ? and tell me the cause why.

*Mido.* Why ? for I do not : And none other cause know I.

But everybody, as well one as other,  
Do wish that Jacob had been the elder brother.

*Isaac.* Well, come on, let us go.

*Mido.* And who shall lead you? I?

*Rebecca.* No, it is my office as long as I am by.

And I would all wives, as the world this day is,  
Would unto their husbands likewise do their  
office.

*Mido.* Why, dame Rebecca, then all wedded  
men should be blind.

*Rebecca.* What, thou foolish lad, no such  
thing was in my mind.

## ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

*RAGAN, the servant of Esau.*

*Ragan.* I have heard it oft, but now I feel  
a wonder,

In what grievous pain they die, that die for  
hunger.

O my greedy stomach, how it doth bite and  
gnaw?

If I were at a rack, I could eat hay or straw.

Mine empty guts do fret, my maw doth even  
tear,

Would God I had a piece of some horsebread  
here.

Yet is master Esau in worse case than I.

If he have not some meat, the sooner he will  
die:

He hath sunk for faintness twice or thrice by  
the way,

And not one seely bit we got since yesterday.

All that ever he hath, he would have given  
to-day

To have had but three morsels his hunger to  
allay.

Or in the field to have met with some hogs;  
I could scarcely keep him from eating of these  
dogs.

He hath sent me afore some meat for to provide,

And cometh creeping after, scarce able to stride.

But if I know where to get of any man,  
For to ease mine own self, as hungry as I am,  
I pray God I stink; but if any come to me,  
Die who die will; for sure I will first served be.  
I will see if any be ready here at home,  
Or whether Jacob have any, that peakish mome.

But first I must put all my dogs up,  
And lay up this gear, and then God send us the cup.

## ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

ESAU, *the master.* RAGAN, *the servant.*

[*Esau cometh in so faint, that he can scarce go.*]

*Esau.* O, what a grievous pain is hunger to a man!

Take all that I have for meat, help who that can.

O Lord, some good body, for God's sake, give me meat.

I force not what it were, so that I had to eat.  
Meat or drink, save my life—or bread, I reckon not what:

If there be nothing else, some man give me a cat.

If any good body on me will do so much cost,

I will tear and eat her raw, she shall ne'er be  
rost;

I promise of honesty I will eat her raw.

And what a noddie was I, and a whoreson  
daw,

To let Ragan go with all my dogs at once:

A shoulder of a dog were now meat for the  
nonce.

O, what shall I do? my teeth I can scarcely  
charm

From gnawing away the brawn of my very  
arm.

I can no longer stand for faint, I must needs  
lie,

And except meat come soon, remediless I die.

And where art thou, Ragan, whom I sent  
before?

Unless thou come at once, I never see thee  
more.

Where art thou, Ragan? I hear not of thee  
yet.

*Ragan.* Here, as fast as I can, but no meat  
can I get.

Not one draught of drink, not one poor morsel  
of bread,

Not one bit or crumb, though I should straight-  
way be dead.

Therefore ye may now see, how much ye are to  
blame,

That will thus starve yourself for following  
your game.

*Esau.* Ah, thou villain, tellest thou me this  
now?

If [I] had thee, I would eat thee, to God I vow.

Ah, meat, thou whoreson, why hast thou not  
brought me meat?

*Ragan.* Would you have me bring you that  
I can nowhere get?

*Esau.* Come hither, let me tell thee a word  
in thine ear.

*Ragan.* Nay, speak out aloud: I will not  
come a foot near.

Fall ye to snatching at folks? adieu, I am  
gone.

*Esau.* Nay, for God's love, Ragan, leave  
me not alone:

I will not eat thee, Ragan, so God me help.

*Ragan.* No, I shall desire you to choose  
some other whelp.

Being in your best lust, I would topple with ye,  
And pluck a good crow, ere ye brake your fast  
with me.

What! are you mankin now? I reckon it best,  
I,

To bind your hands behind you, even as ye  
lie.

*Esau.* Nay, have mercy on me, and let me  
not perish.

*Ragan.* In faith, nought could I get, where-  
with you to cherish.

*Esau.* Was there nothing to be had among  
so many?

*Ragan.* I could not find one but Jacob that  
had any,

And no grant would he make for ought that I  
could say,

Yet no man alive with fairer words could him  
pray.

But the best red pottage he hath, that ever  
was.

*Esau.* Go, pray him, I may speak with him  
once, ere I pass.

*Ragan.* That message, by God's grace,  
shall not long be undone.

*Esau.* Hie thee, go apace, and return again  
soon.

If Jacob have due brotherly compassion,  
He will not see me faint after this fashion;  
But I daresay, the wretch had rather see me  
throst,

Than he would find in his heart to do so much  
cost.

For where is, between one fremman and  
another,

Less love found than now between brother and  
brother?

Will Jacob come forth to shew comfort unto  
me?

The whoreson hypocrite will as soon hanged  
be.

Yet, peace, methinketh Jacob is coming in-  
deed:

And my mind giveth me at his hand I shall  
speed,

For he is as gentle and loving as can be,  
As full of compassion and pity.

But let me see, doth he come? no, I warrant  
you.

He come, quod I? tush, he come? then hang  
Esau!

For there is not this day in all the world round  
Such another hodypeak wretch to be found,  
And Ragan my man, is not that a fine knave?  
Have any mo masters such a man as I  
have?

So idle, so loit'ring, so trifling, so toying?  
So prattling, so trattling, so chiding, so boy-  
ing?

So jesting, so wresting, so mocking, so mowing?  
ing?

So nipping, so tripping, so cocking, so crowing?  
ing?

So knappish, so snappish, so elvish, so forward?  
ward?

So crabbed, so wrabbed, so stiff, so untoward?

In play or in pastime so jocund, so merry?

In work or in labour so dead or so weary?

O, that I had his ear between my teeth now,  
I should shake him, even as a dog that lulleth  
a sow.

But in faith, if ever I recover myself,  
There was never none trounced, as I shall  
trounce that elf.

He and Jacob are agreed, I daresay, I,  
Not to come at all, but to suffer me here to die.  
Which if they do, they shall find this same  
word true

That, after I am dead, my soul shall them  
pursue.

I will be avenged on all foes, till I die :

Yea, and take vengeance, when I am dead too,  
I.

For, I mistrust, against me agreed they have :  
For th'one is but a fool, and th'other a stark  
knave.

*Enter RAGAN and JACOB behind, conversing.*

*Ragan.* I assure you, Jacob, the man is  
very weak.

*Esau.* But hark once again, methink I hear  
them speak !

*Ragan.* I promise you, I fear his life be  
already pass'd.

*Jacob.* Marry, God forbid !

*Esau.* Lo, now they come at last.

*Ragan.* If ye believe not me, see yourself,  
where he is.

*Jacob.* Fie, brother Esau, what a folly is  
this?

About vain pastime to wander abroad and  
peak,

Till with hunger you make yourself thus faint  
and weak.

*Esau.* Brother Jacob, I pray you chide now  
no longer,

But give me somewhat, wherewith to slake  
mine hunger.

*Jacob.* Alack, brother, I have in my little  
cottage

Nothing but a mess of gross and homely  
pottage.

*Esau.* Refresh me therewithal, and boldly  
ask of me

The best thing that I have, whatsoever it be.

I were a very beast, when thou my life doth  
save,

If I should stick with thee for the best thing I  
have.

*Jacob.* Can ye be content to sell your birth-  
right to me?

*Esau.* Hold, here is my hand, I do sell it  
here to thee.

With all the profits thereof henceforth to be  
thine,

As free, as full, as large, as ever it was mine.

*Jacob.* Then swear thou hand in hand before  
the living Lord

This bargain to fulfil, and to stand by thy  
word.

*Esau.* Before the Lord I swear, to whom  
each heart is known,

That my birthright that was from henceforth  
is thine own.

*Jacob.* Thou shalt also with me by this  
promise indent,  
With this bargain and sale to hold thyself content.

*Esau.* If each penny thereof might be worth  
twenty pound,  
I willingly to thee surrender it this stound.  
And if each cicle might be worth a whole  
talent,

I promise with this sale to hold me content.

*Jacob.* Come, let us set him on foot, that  
he may go sup.

*Ragan.* Nay, first I will know a thing, ere  
I help him up,  
Sirrah, will ye eat folk, when ye are long fasting?

*Esau.* No, I pray thee help me up, and leave  
thy jesting.

*Ragan.* No, trow, eat your brother Jacob  
now, if you lust;  
For you shall not eat me, I tell you, that is  
just.

*Jacob.* Come, that with my pottage thou  
may'st refreshed be.

*Esau.* There is no meat on earth that so  
well liketh me.

*Ragan.* Yet I may tell you, it is pottage  
dearly bought.

*Esau.* No, not a whit, for my bargain take  
thou no thought.  
I defy that birthright that should be of more  
price  
Than helping of one's self: I am not so un-  
wise.

*Ragan.* And how then, sir, shall poor Ragan have no meat?

*Esau.* Yes, and if thou canst my brother Jacob intreat.

*Jacob.* God grant I have enough for Esau alone.

*Ragan.* Why then I perceive poor Ragan shall have none.

[*Esau, entering into Jacob's tent, shaketh Ragan off.*

Well, much good do it you with your pottage of rice :

I would fast and fare ill, ere I ate of that price. Would I sell my birthright, being an eldest son?

Forsooth then were it a fair thread that I had spun.

And then to let it go for a mess of pottage !

What is that but both unthriftiness and dotage?

Alack, alack, good blessed father Isaac, That ever son of thine should play such a lewd knack !

And yet I do not think but God this thing hath wrought,

For Jacob is as good, as Esau is nought.

But forth cometh Mido, as fast as he can trot :

For a cicle, whether to call me in or not?

## ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

MIDO, *the boy.* RAGAN.

[*Mido cometh in clapping his hands and laughing.*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Now who saw e'er such another as Esau?

By my truth, I will not lie to thee, Ragan—  
Since I was born, I never see any man  
So greedily eat rice out of a pot or pan.  
He would not have a dish, but take the pot and  
sup.

Ye never saw hungry dog so stab pottage up.

*Ragan.* Why, how did he sup it? I pray  
thee, tell me, how?

*Mido.* Marry, even thus, as thou shalt see  
me do now.

*[Here he counterfeiteth supping out of  
the pot.]*

O, I thank you, Jacob: with all my heart,  
Jacob.

Gently done, Jacob: a friendly part, Jacob!

I can sup so, Jacob!

Yea, then will I sup too, Jacob.

Here is good meat, Jacob!

*Ragan.* As ere was eat, Jacob!

*Mido.* As e'er I saw, Jacob!

*Ragan.* Esau a daw, Jacob!

*Mido.* Sweet rice pottage, Jacob!

*Ragan.* By Esau's dotage, Jacob.

*Mido.* Jolly good cheer, Jacob!

*Ragan.* But bought full dear, Jacob!

*Mido.* I was hungry, Jacob.

*Ragan.* I was an unthrift, Jacob.

*Mido.* Ye will none now, Jacob.

*Ragan.* I cannot for you, Jacob.

*Mido.* I will eat all, Jacob.

*Ragan.* The devil go with all, Jacob.

*Mido.* Thou art a good son, Jacob.

*Ragan.* And would he never have done,  
Jacob?

*Mido.* No, but still coggl'd in, like Jack-  
daw that cries *ka kob!*

That to be kill'd I could not laughing forbear :  
And therefore I came out, I durst not abide  
there.

*Ragan.* Is there any pottage left for me,  
that thou wot?

*Mido.* No, I left Esau about to lick the pot.

*Ragan.* Lick, quod thou? now a shame take  
him that can all lick.

*Mido.* The pot shall need no washing, he  
will it so lick;

And by this he is sitting down to bread and  
drink.

*Ragan.* And shall I have no part with him,  
dost thou think?

*Mido.* No, for he pray'd Jacob, ere he did  
begin,

To shut the tent fast, that no mo guests come  
in.

*Ragan.* And made he no mention of me his  
servant?

*Mido.* He said thou were a knave, and bad  
thee hence avaunt :

Go shift, where thou couldest, thou gottest  
nothing there.

*Ragan.* God yield you, Esau, with all my  
stomach cheer !

*Mido.* I must in again, lest perhaps I be  
shent,

For I asked nobody licence, when I went.

[*Exeat.*

*Ragan.* Nay, it is his nature, do what ye  
can for him,

No thank at his hand ; but choose you, sink or  
swim.

Then reason it with him in a meet time and  
place,

And he shall be ready to flee straight in your face.

This proverb in Esau may be understand :  
Claw a churl by the tail, and he will file your hand.

Well i-wis, Esau, ye did know well enou',  
That I had as much need to be meated as you.  
Have I trotted and trudged all night and all day,

And now leave me without door, and so go your way?

Have I spent so much labour for you to provide,

And you nothing regard what of me may be-tide?

Have I run with you while I was able to go,  
And now you purchase food for yourself and no mo?

Have I taken so long pain you truly to serve,  
And can ye be content, that I famish and starve?

I must lacquey and come lugging greyhound and hound,

And carry the weight, I dare say, of twenty pound,

And to help his hunger purchase grace and favour,

And now to be shut out fasting for my labour !  
By my faith, I may say I serve a good master—  
Nay, nay, I serve an ill husband and a waster  
That neither profit regardeth nor honesty—

What marvel I then, if he pass so light on me?  
But, Esau, now that ye have sold your birth-right,

I commend me to you, and God give you good night.

And let a friend tell him his fau't at any time,  
Ye shall hear him chafe beyond all reason or  
rhyme.

Except it were a friend or a very hell-hound,  
Ye never saw the match of him in any ground.  
When I shew him of good-will, what others do  
say,

He will fall out with me, and offer me a fray.  
And what can there be a worser condition,  
Than to do ill, and refuse admonition?  
Can such a one prosper, or come to a good  
end?

Then I care not how many children God me  
send.

Once Esau shall not beguile me, I can tell :  
Except he shall fortune to amend, or do well.  
Therefore why do I about him waste thus  
much talk,

Whom no man can induce ordinally to walk?  
But some man perchance doth not a little  
wonder,

How I, who but right now did roar out for  
hunger,

Have now so much vacant and void time of  
leisure,

To walk and to talk, and discourse all of  
pleasure.

I told you at the first, I would provide for one :  
My mother taught me that lesson a good while  
agone.

When I came to Jacob, his friendship to re-  
quire,

I drew near and near till I came to the fire :  
There hard beside me stood the pottage-pot,  
Even as God would have it, neither cold nor  
hot;

Good simple Jacob could not turn his back so thick,  
But I at the ladle got a gulp or a lick;  
So that, ere I went, I made a very good meal,  
And din'd better cheap than Esau a good deal.  
But here cometh now master Esau forth.

## ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

ESAU and RAGAN.

Ah, sir, when one is hungry, good meat is much worth.

And well fare a good brother yet in time of need,

[*Esau cometh forth, wiping his mouth.*

The world is now meetly well amended indeed.

*Esau.* By my truth, if I had bidden from meat any longer,

I think my very maw would have fret asunder.

Then had I been dead and gone, I make God a vow.

*Ragan.* Surely then the world had had a great loss of you;

For where should we have had your fellow in your place? [Aside.

*Esau.* What should I have done with my birthright in this case?

*Ragan.* Kept it still, and you had not been a very ass. [Aside.

*Esau.* But the best pottage it was yet, that ever was.

It were sin not to sell one's soul for such gear.

*Ragan.* Ye have done no less in my conscience, I fear. [Aside.

*Esau.* Who is this that standeth clattering at my back?

*Ragan.* A poor man of yours, sir, that doth his dinner lack.

*Esau.* Dinner, whoreson knave? dinner at this time a' day?

Nothing with thee but dinner and munching alway.

Why, thou whoreson villain slave, who is hungry now?

*Ragan.* Indeed, sir (as seemeth by your words), not you.

*Esau.* A man were better fill the bellies of some twelfe,

Than to fill the gut of one such whoreson elf;  
That doth none other good but eat, and drink, and sleep.

*Ragan.* He shall do something else, whom ye shall have to keep. [*Aside.*

*Esau.* And that maketh thee so slothful and so lither,

I dare say he was six hours coming hither,  
When I sent him to make provision afore,  
Not passing a mile hence or very little more.  
And yet being so far pass'd the hour of dining,  
See, and the knave be not for his dinner whining!

Fast a while, fast with a mischief, greedy slave,

Must I provide meat for every glutton knave?

*Ragan.* I may fast, for any meat that of you I have. [*Aside.*

*Esau.* Or deserve thy dinner, before thou do't crave.

*Ragan.* If I have not deserved it at this season,

I shall never deserve it in mine own reason.

Ye promised I should eat till I cried ho.

*Esau.* Yea, that was if we took either hare, teg, or doe.

*Ragan.* But when yourself were hungry, ye said, I wot what——

*Esau.* What, thou villain slave, tellest thou me now of that?

*Ragan.* Then, help, run apace, Ragan, my good servant.

*Esau.* Yea, then was then, now is it otherwise: avaunt!

Have I nothing to do but provide meat for you?

*Ragan.* Ye might have given me some part, when ye had enough.

*Esau.* What, of the red rice pottage with Jacob I had?

Why, the crow would not give it her bird—thou art mad,

Is that meat for you? nay, it would make you too rank.

Nay, soft, brother mine, I must keep you more lank.

It hath made me ever since so lusty and fresh, As though I had eaten all delicates of flesh.

I feel no manner faintness whereof to complain.

*Ragan.* Yet to-morrow ye must be as hungry again,

Then must ye and will ye wish again for good cheer:

And repent you, that ever ye bought this so dear.

*Esau.* Repent me? wherefore? then the Lord give me sorrow;

If it were to do, I would do it to-morrow.

For, thou foolish knave, what hath Jacob of me bought?

*Ragan.* But a matter of a straw and a thing of nought!

*Esau.* My birthright and whole title of mine eldership,

Marry, sir, I pray God much good do it his maship,

If I die to-morrow, what good would it do me?

If he die to-morrow, what benefit hath he?

And for a thing hanging on such casualty,

Better a mess of pottage than nothing, pardy!

If my father live long, when should I it enjoy?

If my father die soon, then it is but a toy.

For if the time were come, thinkest thou that Jacob

Should find Esau such a lout or such a lob

To suffer him to enjoy my birthright in rest?

Nay, I will first toss him and trounce him of the best;

I think to find it a matter of conscience,

And Jacob first to have a fart, sir reverence.

When my father Isaac shall the matter know,

He will not let Jacob have my birthright, I trow.

Or if he should keep it as his own, I pray you,

Might not I live without it, and do well enou'?

Do none but men's eldest sons prosper well?

How live younger brethren then, I beseech you, tell?

Once, if anything be by the sword to be got,

This falchion and I will have part to our lot.

But now come on, go we abroad awhile and walk;

Let my birthright go, and of other matters talk.

*Ragan.* Who—I, walk? nay, I trow not, till  
I have better din'd.

It is more time to seek where I may some  
meat find.

*Esau.* What say'st thou, drawlatch? come  
forth, with a mischief!

Wilt thou not go with me? on, forward, whore-  
son thief!

Shall it be as pleaseth you, or as pleaseth me?

*Ragan.* Nay, as pleaseth you, sir, methink  
it must be.

*Esau.* And where be my dogs and my  
hound? be they all well?

*Ragan.* Better than your man, for they be  
in their kennel.

*Esau.* Then go see all be well in my part  
of the tent.

*Ragan.* With a right good will, sir, I go in-  
continent.

*Esau.* And I will to my field, the which I  
cleansed last,

To see what hope there is, that it will yield  
fruit fast.

five

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

JACOB. MIDO. REBECCA. ABRA, *the handmaid.*

*Jacob.* Thou knowest, little Mido, where  
my mother is.

*Mido.* I can go to her as straight as a  
thread, and not miss.

*Jacob.* Go call her, and come again with her  
thine own self.

*Mido.* Yes, ye shall see me scud like a little  
elf.

*Jacob.* Where I have, by the enticement of my mother,  
Bargained and bought the birthright of my brother.

Turn it all to good, O Lord, if it be thy will :  
Thou knowest my heart, Lord, I did it for no ill.

And whatever shall please thee to work or to do,

Thou shalt find me prest and obedient thereto.  
But here is my mother Rebecca now in place.

*Mido.* How say you, master Jacob, ran not I apace?

*Jacob.* Yes, and a good son to go quick on your errand.

*Rebecca.* Son, how goeth the matter? let me understand.

*Jacob.* Forsooth, mother, I did so, as ye me bad,

Esau to sell me all his birthright persuade.

*Rebecca.* Hast thou bought it indeed, and he therewith content?

*Jacob.* Yea, and have his promise, that he will never repent.

*Rebecca.* Is the bargain through? hast thou paid him his price?

*Jacob.* Yea, that I have, a mess of red pottage of rice,

And he ate it up every whit, well I wot.

*Mido.* When he had supp'd up all, I saw him lick the pot;

Thus he licked, and thus he licked, and this way :

I thought to have lick'd the pot myself once to-day;

But Esau beguil'd me, I shrew him for that,

And left not so much as a lick for puss our cat.

*Rebecca.* Son Jacob, forasmuch as thou  
hast so well sped,  
With an hymn or psalm let the Lord be praised.  
Sing we all together, and give thanks to the  
Lord,

Whose promise and performance do so well accord.

*Mido.* Shall we sing the same hymn that  
all our house doth sing?  
For Abraham and his seed to give God praising.

*Rebecca.* Yea, the very same.

*Mido.* Then must we all kneel down thus,  
And Abra, our maid, here must also sing with  
us—

Kneel down, Abra; what, I say, will ye not  
kneel down?

Kneel, when I bid you, the slackest wench in  
this town!

[*Here they kneel down to sing all four,  
saving that Abra is slackest, and Mido  
is quickest.*]

#### THE FIRST SONG.

*Blessed be thou, O the God of Abraham,  
For thou art the Lord our God, and none but  
thou:*

*What thou workest to the glory of thy name,  
Passeth man's reason to search what way or  
how.*

*Thy promise it was Abraham should have seed  
More than the stars of the sky to be told;*

*He believed, and had Isaac indeed,  
When both he and Sara seemed very old.  
Isaac many years longed for a son,*

*Rebecca, thy handmaid, long time was  
barren,*

*By prayer in thy sight such favour he won,  
That at one birth she brought him forth sons  
twain,*

*Wherefore, O Lord, we do confess and believe,  
That both thou canst and wilt thy promise  
fulfil:*

*But how it shall come, we can no reason give,  
Save all to be wrought according to thy will.*

*Blessed be thou, O God of Abraham, &c.*

*Rebecca. Now, doubt not, Jacob, but God  
hath appointed thee*

*As the eldest son unto Isaac to be:*

*And now have no doubt, but thou art sure  
elected,*

*And that unthrift Esau of God is rejected.*

*And to sell thee his birthright since he was so  
mad,*

*I warrant thee the blessing that he should have  
had.*

*Jacob. Yea? how may that be wrought?*

*Rebecca. Yes, yes, let me alone.*

*Our good old Isaac is blind, and cannot see,*

*So that by policy he may beguiled be,*

*I shall devise how for no ill intent ne thought,*

*But to bring to pass that I know God will have  
wrought,*

*And I charge you twain, Abra and little Mido.*

*Mido. Nay, ye should have set Mido before*

*Abra, [I] trow,*

*For I am a man toward, and so is not she.*

*Abra. No, but yet I am more woman toward  
than ye.*

*Rebecca. I charge you both that, whatever  
hath been spoken,*

Ye do not to any living body open.

*Abra.* For my part it shall to no body uttered be.

*Mido.* And slit my tongue, if ever it come out for me :

But if any tell, *Abra* here will be prattling.

For they say, women will ever be clattering.

*Abra.* There is none here that prattleth so much as you.

*Rebecca.* No mo words, but hence we altogether now. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

### ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA PRIMA.

ESAU. ISAAC. MIDO.

*Esau.* Now, since I last saw mine old father Isaac,

Both I do think it long, and he will judge me slack—

But he cometh forth ; I will here listen and see  
Whether he shall chance to speak any word of  
me. *[Steps aside.]*

*Isaac.* On, lead me forth, *Mido*, to the bench on this hand,

That I may sit me down, for I cannot long stand.

*Mido.* Here, sir, this same way, and ye be at the bench now,

Where ye may sit down in God's name, if please you.

*Isaac.* I marvel, where *Esau* my son doth become,

That he doth now of days visit me so seldom.

But it is oft seen, whom fathers do best favour,  
Of them they have least love again for their labour.

I think, since I saw him, it is a whole week.  
In faith, little Mido, I would thou wouldest  
him seek.

*Mido.* Forsooth, Master Isaac, and I knew  
it where,  
It should not be very long ere I would be there.  
But shall I at adventure go seek where he is?

*Esau.* Seek no farther, Mido: already here  
he is.

*Isaac.* Methinketh, I have Esau his voice  
perceived.

*Esau.* Ye guess truly, father, ye are not de-  
ceived.

*Mido.* Here he is come now invisible, by my  
soul:  
For I saw him not, till he spake hard at my  
poll!

*Isaac.* Now, go thou in, Mido, let us two  
here alone.

*Mido.* Sir, if ye command me, full quickly  
I am gone.

*Isaac.* Yet, and if I call thee, see thou be  
not slack.

*Mido.* I come at the first call, good Master  
Isaac.

*Isaac.* Son Esau.

*Esau.* Here, father.

*Isaac.* Is none here but we?

*Esau.* None to harken our talk, father, that  
I do see.

[*Rebecca entereth behind unseen, and  
listens.*]

*Isaac.* Son Esau, why hast thou been from  
me so long?

*Esau.* I cry you mercy, father, if I have  
done wrong,

But I am loth to trouble you, having nothing  
To present you withal, nor venison to bring.

*Isaac.* Son Esau, thou knowest that I do  
thee love.

*Esau.* I thank you for it, father, as doth me  
behave.

*Isaac.* And now thou seest my days draw  
towards an end.

*Esau.* That is to me great ruth, if I could  
it amend.

*Isaac.* I must go the way of all mortal flesh,  
Therefore, while my memory and wit is yet  
fresh,

I would thee endow mine heritage to succeed :  
And bless thee, as I ought, to multiply my  
seed.

The God of my father Abraham and of me  
Hath promised, that our seed as the sand shall  
be.

He is a God of truth, and in his words just,  
Therefore in my working shall be no fault, I  
trust.

Now, therefore, son Esau, get thee forth to  
hunt,

With thy bow and quiver, as erst thou hast  
been wont ;

[And] bring me of thy venison that is good.

*Esau.* Ye shall have of the best that  
runneth in the wood.

*Isaac.* When thou comest home, to dress it  
it shall behave,

And to make for mine own tooth such meat as  
I love.

Thus do, mine own dear son, and then I shall  
thee kiss

With the kiss of peace, and thee for ever bless.

*Esau.* Your will t' accomplish, most dear  
father Isaac,  
With all good haste and speed I shall not be  
found slack.

*Isaac.* Then help lead me home in my tent  
that I were set,  
And then go, when thou wilt.

*Esau.* I shall withouten let.

ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

REBECCA.

*Rebecca.* This talk of Isaac in secret have  
I heard,  
And what end it should come to my heart is  
afeard.

Ne'er had I so much ado to forbear to speak.  
But the Lord, I trust, will Isaac's purpose  
break.

[*Here she kneeleth down and prayeth.*  
O God of Abraham, make it of none effect :  
Let Jacob have the blessing, whom thou hast  
elect.

I for my part shall work what may be wrought,  
That it may to Jacob from Esau be brought,  
And in will I go to see what I can devise,  
That Isaac's intent may fail in any wise.

ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA TERTIA.

RAGAN. ESAU.

*Ragan.* Nay, we must on hunting go yet  
once more again,

[*Here he cometh forth with his hunting  
staff and other things, and a bag of  
victuals.*

And never come home now except we speed  
certain,

But I trow for hunger I have provided here:  
That whatever befall, I, Ragan, shall have  
cheer.

I have no time to tell what delicacies here be,  
But (think this to be true) [they're fit] for better  
men than me.

And what? shall Esau hereof have any part?

Nay, I trust to convey it by such pretty art  
That, till the bag be clear, he shall it never see.  
I shall, and if he faint, feed him as he fed me :  
I shall requite his shutting me out of the door  
That, if he bid me run to get him meat afore,  
I shall run as fast as my feet were made of  
lead,

And tell him there is none, though I may well  
be sped.

I will be even with him for my fare last day,  
When he was with Jacob.

[Esau enters suddenly behind him.

*Esau.* What is it that thou dost say?

*Ragan.* Sir, on your behalf I earnestly wish  
and pray

That, if like need chance, ye may fare as last  
day,

When ye were with Jacob.

*Esau.* Well, come on, let us go.

Ragan. Even when ye will, is there let in  
me or no? [Exeunt ambo.

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

REBECCA. JACOB.

*Rebecca.* Son Jacob, even now is come the  
very hour  
That, if thou have any grace, or heart, or  
power,  
To play thy part well, and stick unto it  
throughout,  
Esau his blessing will be thine without doubt.

*Jacob.* Mother, I know your good-will to  
be unfeigned;  
But I see not which way the thing may be at-  
tained.

*Rebecca.* I have it contrived, how all  
things shall be done,  
Do thou as I shall bid thee, and it will be won.

*Jacob.* Mother, in me shall be no fault or  
negligence.

*Rebecca.* Then harken very well unto this  
my sentence.

I heard old Isaac, in a long, solemn talk,  
Bid thy brother Esau to the field to walk,  
And there with his bow to kill him some  
venison,  
Which brought and dressed, he [is] to have his  
benison.

For I am aged (said Isaac truly),  
And would bless thee, dear son, before that I  
die.

Now is Esau gone to do it even so;  
But while he is away, I would have thee to go  
Abroad unto the flock, and fetch me kids twain,  
Of which I shall with a trice make such meat  
certain,

As shall say, *Come, eat me*, and shall make old Isaac

Lick his lips thereat, so toothsome shall it smack.

I shall make him thereof such as he doth love,  
Which in thy brother's stead to bless thee shall him move.

*Jacob.* O sweet and dear mother, this device is but vain,

For Esau is rough, and I am smooth certain.

And so, when I shall to my father bring this meat,

Perchance he will feel me, before that he will eat.

Old men be mistrustful: he shall the matter take,

That I went about my father a fool to make.

Mother, by such a prank the matter will be worse:

And I instead of blessing shall purchase me his curse.

*Rebecca.* On me be thy curse, my son, let it light on me:

Only fetch thou the kids hither, as I bid thee,  
Do thou thy true devoir, and let God work therein.

*Jacob.* Upon your word, mother, I will the thing begin,

Send me little Mido to help me bear a kid.

*Rebecca.* He shall come by and by, for so I shall him bid.

Now, Lord, and if thou please that this thing shall take place,

Further this our enterprise, helping with thy grace. [Exit.

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

JACOB *and* MIDO.

*Mido.* Are ye here, master Jacob? I came  
you to look,  
And here dame Rebecca hath sent you your  
sheep-crook;  
And hath commanded me to wait on you this  
day,  
But wherefore or why, she would nothing to  
me say.

*Jacob.* Come on then, follow me, Mido, a  
little ways.

*Mido.* Whither ye shall lead me; I am at  
all assays.

*Jacob.* And art thou able to bear a kid on  
thy back?

*Mido.* I am able, I trow, to bear a quarter-  
sack.

How say you to this corpse? is it not fat and  
round?

How say ye to these legs? come they not to  
the ground?

And be not here arms able your matter to  
speed?

Be not here likely shoulders to do such a deed?  
Therefore come, master Jacob, if this your  
doubt be

For bringing home of kids, lay the biggest on  
me,

So that if we make a feast, I may have some  
part.

*Jacob.* Yes, that shalt thou, Mido; right  
worthy thou art.

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

REBECCA. ABRA.

*Rebecca.* I come to see if Jacob be gone  
a-field yet;

A little slacking may all our purpose let.

But now that he is gone, he will be here at  
once,

Therefore I will call my maid Abra for the  
nonce,

That all thing within may be in a readiness.

Abra, where be ye, Abra?

*Abra.* Here within, mistress.

*Rebecca.* Come forth: when, Abra? what,  
Abra, I say!

*Abra.* Anon.

*Rebecca.* Must I call so oft? why come ye  
not by and by?

*Abra.* I was washing my vessel forsooth,  
mistress, I.

*Rebecca.* And in very deed, look that all  
your vessels be clean.

*Abra.* There is not one foul piece in all our  
tent, I ween.

*Rebecca.* Then make a great fire, and make  
ready your pot,

And see there be plenty of water, cold and hot;  
And see the spit be scoured as clean as any  
pearl.

*Abra.* If this be not quickly done, call me  
naughty girl.

*Rebecca.* Nay, soft, whither away? I have  
not yet all done.

*Abra.* I thought ye would have had me as  
quick to be gone,

As when ye call Abra, ye would have me to come.

*Rebecca.* Then see ye have made ready cloves, mace, and cinnamon :

Pepper and saffron ; then fet herbs for the pot ;

*Abra.* We will have the best that by me can be got.

*Rebecca.* And let no foul corner be about all the tent.

*Abra.* If ye find any fault, hardly let me be shent.

Is there anything else but that I may go now ?

*Rebecca.* Nought but that, when I come, I find no fault in you.

*Abra.* No, I warrant you, I will not let my matters sleep.

*Rebecca.* Any good wench will at her dame's bidding take keep.

Now, God of Abraham, as I trust in thy grace, Send Jacob the blessing in Esau his place.

As thou hast ordained, right so must all thing be :

Perform thine own words, Lord, which thou spakest to me.

Now will I go in to see, that mine old husband May of my secret working nothing understand.

Or in case he smell what we have thus far begun,

He may think it all for Esau to be done.

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

ABRA, *the maid.*    DEBORAH, *the nurse.*

*Abra.* He, that were now within, should  
 find all thing, I ween,  
 As trim as a trencher, as trick, as sweet, as  
 clean.  
 And seeing that my dame prepareth such a  
 feast,  
 I will not, I trow, be found such a sluttish  
 beast,  
 That there shall any filth about our tent be  
 kept,  
 But that both within and without it shall be  
 swept.

[*Then let her sweep with a broom, and  
 while she doth it, sing this song, and  
 when she hath sung, let her say thus :*

## THE SECOND SONG.

*It hath been a proverb, before I was born,  
 Young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.  
 Who will be evil, or who will be good ;  
 Who given to truth, or who to falsehood.  
 Each body's youth showeth a great likelihood.  
 For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.*

*Who so in youth will no goodness embrace,  
 But follow pleasure, and not virtue's trace,  
 Great marvel it is, if such come to grace.  
 For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.*

*Such as in youth will refuse to be taught,  
 Or will be slack to work, as he ought,  
 When they come to age, their proof will be  
 nought.  
 For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.*

*If a child have been given to any vice,  
Except he be guided by such as be wise,  
He will thereof all his life have a spice.  
For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.*

*It hath been a proverb, &c.*

*Abra.* Now have I done, and, as it should  
be for the nonce,  
My sweeping and my song are ended both at  
once.  
Now but for fetting mine herbs I might go  
play.  
*Deborah,* nurse *Deborah,* a word, I you pray.

*Enter DEBORAH.*

*Deborah.* What is the matter? who calleth  
me *Deborah*?

*Abra.* Forsooth, gentle nurse, even I, little  
*Abra,*  
I pray you, sweet *Deborah,* take in this same  
broom,  
And look well to all thing, till I return home :  
I must to the garden as fast as I can trot,  
As I was commanded, to fet herbs for the pot.  
But, in the meantime, I pray you, nurse, look  
about,  
And see well to the fire, that it go not out ;  
I will amble so fast, that I will soon be there,  
And here again, I trow, ere an horse lick his  
ear.

[*Exit.*

*Deborah.* There is not a prettier girl within  
this mile,  
Than this *Abra* will be within this little while.  
As true as any steel, ye may trust her with  
gold  
Though it were a bushel, and not a penny told.

As quick about her work, that must be quickly  
sped,

As any wench in twenty mile; about her head  
As fine a piece it is as I know but a few,  
Yet perchance her husband of her may have a  
shrew.

Cat after kind (say'th the proverb) sweet milk  
will lap;

If the mother be a shrew, the daughter cannot  
'scape.

Once our mark she hath: I marvel, if she slip:  
For her nose is growing above her over lip.

But it is time that I into the tent be gone,  
Lest she come and chide me; she will come now  
anon.

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA QUINTA.

ABRA.

*Abra.* How say ye? have not I despatched  
me quickly?

A straw for that wench that doth not somewhat  
likely!

I have brought here good herbs, and of them  
plenty,

To make both broth and farcing, and that full  
dainty.

I trust to make such broth that, when all things  
are in,

God Almighty self may wet his finger therein.

Here is thyme and parsley, spinach and rose-  
mary.

Endive, succory, lacture, violet, clary,

Liverwort, marigold, sorrel, hart's-tongue, and  
sage:

Pennyroyal, purslane, bugloss, and borage,  
With many very good herbs, mo than I do  
name.

But to tarry here thus long I am much to  
blame.

For if Jacob should come, I not in readiness,  
I must of covenant be shent of our mistress.  
And I would not for twenty pound, I tell ye,  
That any point of default should be found in  
me. [Exit.

#### ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SEXTA.

REBECCA. MIDO. JACOB.

*Rebecca.* I come to see if Jacob do not  
return yet.

I cannot marvel enough what should be his let,  
And greatly wonder he is away thus long.  
I fear much of his absence lest something be  
wrong.

As well as heart can wish, all thing is ready  
here;

And now to me each moment seemeth a whole  
year.

But hark, methinketh I hear a young kid blea !  
It is so indeed ; I see Jacob ; well is me !

*Mido.* Hark, master Jacob, heard ye ever  
kid blea so ?

I ween she knoweth aforehand whereto she  
shall go.

*Jacob.* I would not my father Isaac should  
hear :

*Mido.* Nay, she will scarcely be still when  
she is dead, I do fear.

*Jacob.* But lo, I see my mother stand before the tent.

*Enter JACOB and MIDO.*

*Rebecca.* O Lord, methinketh long, son Jacob, since thou went.

*Jacob.* And methinketh, mother, we have hied us well.

*Mido.* I have made many feet to follow, I can tell.

*Rebecca.* Give me thy kid, my son, and now let me alone,  
Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

*Mido.* A stone? how should that be, mistress? I am a lad,  
And a boy alive, as good as e'er ye had :  
And now, in bringing home this kid, I have, I trow,  
Tried myself a man and a pretty fellow.

*Rebecca.* I meant thou shouldest nothing say.

*Mido.* One warning is enough; ye bad us so last day.

*Rebecca.* Well, let me go in, and venison hereof make.

*Jacob.* And hearest thou, Mido? see that good heed thou take  
In any wise to come in my father's sight.

*Mido.* Why, he seeth no better at noon than at midnight.  
Is he not blind long since, and doth his eyes lack?

Therefore go in, dame, I bear an heavy pack.

*Rebecca.* I leave you here, Jacob, and heartily you pray

That, when need shall require, you be not far away.

*Jacob.* I shall be ready, mother, whensoever you call. *[Exit Rebecca.]*

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SEPTIMA.

JACOB. MIDO.

*Jacob.* O, how happy is that same daughter or that son,

Whom the parents love with hearty affection!  
And among all others how fortunate am I,  
Whom my mother Rebecca tend'reth so greatly?

If it lay in her to do any good, ye see,  
She would do her earnest devoir to prefer me.  
But as for this matter, which she doth now intend,

Without thy aid, O Lord, how should it come to end?

Nevertheless, forasmuch as my said mother  
Worketh upon thy word, O Lord, and none other,

It shall become me to show mine obedience,  
And to thy promise, O Lord, to give due credence.

For what is so impossible to man's judgment,  
Which thou canst not with a beck perform incontinent?

Therefore thy will, O Lord, be done for evermore.

*Mido.* O Jacob, I was never so afeard afore.

*Jacob.* Why, what new thing is chanced,  
Mido, I pray thee?

*Mido.* Old Isaac, your father, heard your young kid blea.

He asked what it was : I said, a kid.

Who brought it from the fold? I said you did.

For what purpose? forsooth, sir, said I,

There is some matter that Jacob would remedy.

And where has thou been so long, little *Mido*,  
quod he,

That all this whole hour thou wert not once  
with me?

Forsooth (quod I), when I went from you last  
of all,

You bad me be no more, but be ready at your  
call.

*Jacob.* But of the kid's bleaing he did speak  
no more?

*Mido.* No; but, and if he had called me  
afore,

I must have told him all, or else I must have  
made a lie,

Which would not have been a good boy's part  
truly.

But I will to him, and no longer here remain,

Lest he should happen to call for *Mido* again.

[*Exit Mido.*]

#### ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA OCTAVA.

JACOB. REBECCA. DEBORAH.

*Jacob.* I were best also to get me into the  
tent,

That, if my mother need me, I may be present.

But I see her come forth, and nurse Deborah  
also,

And bring gear with them, whatsoe'er it shall  
do.

*Rebecca.* Where is my son Jacob? I do him  
now espy.

Come apace, Deborah, I pray thee let us hie,  
That all thing were dispatched somewhat to my  
mind.

*Deborah.* It is happy that Jacob ready here  
ye find.

*Jacob.* Mother, what have ye brought, and  
what things are those?

*Rebecca.* Gear that I have prepared to  
serve our purpose;

And because that Esau is so rough with hair,  
I have brought sleeves of kid next to thy skin  
to wear.

They be made glovelike, and for each finger a  
stall:

So that thy father's feeling soon beguile they  
shall.

Then have I brought a collar of rough kid's  
hair,

Fast unto the skin round about thy neck to  
wear.

Come, let me do it on, and if Isaac feel,  
He shall therewith be beguiled wondrous well.

*[Here she doth the sleeves upon Jacob's  
arms.]*

*Jacob.* And what shall this gear do that  
ye have brought?

*Rebecca.* It shall serve anon, I warrant you,  
take no thought.

Now, thoroughly to ravish thy father Isaac,  
Thou shalt here incontinent put upon thy back  
Esau his best apparel, whose fragrant flavour  
Shall conjure Isaac to bear thee his favour.

*Deborah.* Marry, sir, now is master Jacob  
trim indeed,

That is all tricksy and gallant, so God me speed !

Now I see apparel setteth out a man.

Doth it become Esau so? nay, beshrew me then.

*Rebecca.* Ye may now go in, nurse, and leave looking on him.

*Deborah.* I go; marry, sir, Jacob is now gay and trim.

[*Jacob standeth looking on himself.*]

*Jacob.* No, forsooth, mother, this raiment liketh not me.

I could with mine own gear better contented be.

And, but for satisfying of your mind and will, I would not wear it, to have it for mine own still.

I love not to wear another bird's feathers :

Mine own poor homely gear will serve for all weathers.

*Rebecca.* Well, content thyself, and follow my mind this day.

Now the meat by this time is ready, I dare say. Before that with too much *enough* it be all spilt,

Take thy time, and assail thy father, when thou wilt.

*Jacob.* Yea, but have ye provided, mother, I you pray,

That nobody within may your counsel bewray?

*Rebecca.* I warrant the matter all safe from uttering,

I have stopped all mouths fro once muttering. Therefore, while the time serveth, I thee warn; To slack, when all things are ready, may do harm.

*Jacob.* Go before, and I follow: but my  
cheeks will blush red  
To be seen among our folk thus appareled.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA NONA.

ISAAC. MIDO. JACOB.

*Isaac.* Come, Mido, for without thee I can  
nothing do.

*Mido.* What is it, sir, that ye would have  
my help unto?

*Isaac.* Nothing but to sit abroad, and take  
th' open air.

*Mido.* That shall be well done; the weather  
is very fair.

*Isaac.* Praised be the God of my father  
Abraham,  
Who sendeth all thing needful for the use of  
man,  
And most tenderly provideth he for me Isaac,  
Better than I can feel or perceive what I lack.

*Enter JACOB disguised.*

*Jacob.* Where is my most dear father? as I  
would have it;  
Taking the open air, here I see him sit.  
O my most dear father Isaac, well thou be!

*Isaac.* Here I am, my sweet son, and who  
art thou, tell me?

*Jacob.* Dear father, I am Esau, thine eldest  
son,  
According as thou badest me, so have I done.  
Come in, dear father, and eat of my venison,  
That thy soul may give unto me thy benison.

*Isaac.* But how hast thou sped so soon? let me understand.

*Jacob.* The Lord thy God at the first brought it to my hand.

*Isaac.* And art thou Esau, mine elder son indeed?

*Jacob.* To ask that question, father, what doth it need?

*Isaac.* Come near, that I may feel, whether thou be he or not,

For Esau is rough of hair as any goat.

Let me feel thy hand; right! Esau, by the hair:

And yet the voice of Jacob souneth in mine ear.

God bless thee, my son, and so will I do anon,  
As soon as I have tasted of thy venison.

Come on, lead me in; I will eat a pittance:  
A little thing, God wot, to me in suffisance.

[*They go in.*]

*Mido.* I may now go play; Jacob leadeth Isaac.

But I never saw such a pretty knack,  
How Jacob beguiled his father, how sleightly:  
Now I see it true, the blind eat many a fly!

I quaked once for fear, that Jacob would be caught,

But, as hap was, he had his lesson well taught.  
But what will Esau say, when he cometh home?

Choose him; but for me to go in it is wisdom.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA DECIMA.

REBECCA. ABRA.

*Rebecca.* Now I beseech the Lord prosper  
Jacob my son

In our hardy enterprise, which we have begun.  
Isaac is eating such meat as he doth love,  
Which thing to bless Jacob, I doubt not, will  
him move :

If he obtain the blessing, as I trust he shall,  
Then shall my soul give to God laud perpetual.  
But I will in to harken, how the thing doth  
frame.

*Abra.* Come in, dame Rebecca.

*Rebecca.* Who is it, that doth me name?

*Abra.* My master Isaac is coming forth  
straightway.

*Rebecca.* He shall not find me here in no  
wise, if I may.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA VNDECIMA.

ISAAC. JACOB.

*Isaac.* Set me down on the bench, where  
thou didst me first find :

Now forsooth I have ate meat even to my  
mind.

It hath refreshed my soul wonderfully well.  
Nor never drank I better wine that I can tell.

*Jacob.* If it were to your liking I am very  
glad.

*Isaac.* It was the best meat and wine that  
ever I had.

Come kiss me, son Esau, with the kiss of  
peace,

*[Jacob kisseth Isaac; and then kneeleth  
down to have his blessing.]*

That my love towards thee may the more increase.

I bless thee here for ever, my son, in this place,  
The Lord my God of might endue thee with  
his grace.

What sweet flavour my son's raiment doth  
yield!

Even the fragrant smell that cometh from a  
field

Which the Lord hath blessed, and the same  
Lord bless thee

With the dew of heaven! the Lord thy ground  
increase,

That the fatness of the earth may never cease!  
The Lord send thee abundance of corn and  
wine,

And prosper continually all thing that is thine!  
The Lord make great people servants unto  
thee:

And nations to do homage and fealty!

And here, to succeed my place, mine heir I thee  
make,

Of all things that I have possession to take.

Lord and ruler be thou over thy brethren all,  
And bow to thee as head thy mother's children  
shall!

Cursed be that man that shall thee curse or  
missay,

And who that blesseth thee, blessed be he for  
aye!

Thus here have I made my last will and testa-  
ment,

Which the Lord God ratify never to repent.

Serve the Lord our God, and then well shalt  
thou speed,

And he shall keep promise to multiply thy seed.

My day draweth on, for old and feeble I am;

When I die, put me to my father Abraham.

Now kiss me once again, my son, and then  
depart,

And enter upon all whereof now lord thou art.

*Jacob.* The Lord God reward your fatherly  
tenderness,

Which ye have here showed me of your mere  
goodness.

*Isaac.* Go in peace, my dear son, leaving  
me here alone :

And send little Mido to lead me in anon.

[*Exeat Jacob.*

Lord God, when thou shalt see time, as thou  
thinkest best,

Dissolve this feeble carcase, and take me to  
thy rest.

*Enter Mido.*

*Mido.* How do ye, master Isaac? I am here  
now.

For my master Jacob did bid me come to you.

*Isaac.* Nay, boy, it was not Jacob, I dare  
well say so.

*Mido.* Forsooth, it was Jacob, if my name  
be Mido.

*Isaac.* If that be a true tale, somebody is  
come slack,

But, Lord, that I have done I will not now call  
back.

But yet I will go see if I be deceived :

For indeed methought Jacob's voice I per-  
ceived.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA DUODECIMA.

REBECCA.

*[Then she speaketh kneeling, and holding up her hands.]*

Rebecca. O Lord, the God of Isaac and Abraham,  
I render thanks to thee, though a sinful woman,  
Because of thy word and promise true art thou,  
In sending Jacob the blessing of Esau;  
And for thus regarding a sinner, as I am,  
I eftsoons thank thee, O Lord God of Abraham.  
Thy mercy and wisdom shall I sing evermore:  
And magnify thy name, for God's there is no more.  
But I will to my husband Isaac, and see  
That for this matter he take no grief at me.

## ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

RAGAN.

*[Ragan bringeth venison at his back.]*  
Nay, now at last we have well sped, I warrant you:  
Good luck is not evermore against Esau.  
He coursed and coursed again with his dogs here:  
But they could at no time take either hare or deer.  
At last he killed this with his bow, as God would.  
And to say that it is fat venison [I] be bold.  
But dressed it must be at once in all the haste,

That old father Isaac may have his repast.  
Then without delay Esau shall blessed be,  
Then, faith, cock-on-hoop, all is ours! then,  
    who but he?  
But I must in, that it may be dressed in time  
    likely,  
And I trow ye shall see it made ready quickly.

[Exit.]

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

MIDO.

*Mido.* Nay now, old master Isaac (I warrant  
you)  
Hath blessed Jacob in the place of Esau.  
At home here with us it is judged no small  
change,  
But a case wonderful, and also very strange.  
The younger brother is made elder : and again  
The elder must now serve the younger as his  
swain.  
And from henceforth we must all make courtesy  
and bow  
Unto master Jacob, and not to Esau now :  
And Esau himself must under Jacob be,  
At his commandment, even as well as we.  
But I care not, I warrant you : for our house-  
hold  
Love Jacob better than Esau twentyfold.  
None loveth Esau but for his father's sake :  
But all good folks are glad Jacob's part to  
take.  
And now by Esau no man will set a pin,  
But yonder he cometh now ; I will get me in.

## ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

ESAU.

*Esau.* I trow I have now won my spurs for  
ever;  
For once better venison killed I never,  
And though it were somewhat long, ere I could  
it take,  
Yet the goodness thereof doth some recom-  
pense make.  
My father Isaac shall thereof have such meat  
As in all his life he hath not the better eat.  
Whereupon, I doubt not, after tender kissing,  
To be straight endowed with his godly bless-  
ing :  
As his full and true heir in his place to succeed,  
And t' enjoy the promise that God made to his  
seed.  
And when I am once in my place of succession,  
And have all manner things in full possession :  
I shall wring all louts and make them stoop  
(I trow);  
I shall make the slaves couch as low as dog  
to bow.  
I shall ruffle among them of another sort  
Than Isaac hath done, and with another port.  
But now will I go see, what haste within they  
make,  
That part of my hunting my old father may  
take.

[Exit.]

## ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

ISAAC. MIDO. ESAU.

*Isaac.* Mido, come, Mido, where art thou,  
little Mido?

*Mido.* Here ready, master Isaac, what shall  
I do?

*Isaac.* Come, lead me to mine old place,  
that I may sit down.

*Mido.* That can I as well as any boy in this  
town.

*Isaac.* O Lord my God, how deep and un-  
searchable

Are all thy judgments, and how immutable?  
Of thy justice, whom it pleaseth thee, thou dost  
reject;

Of thy mercy, whom [it] pleaseth thee, thou dost  
elect.

In my two sons, O Lord, thou hast wrought  
thy will,

And as thy pleasure hath wrought, so shall it  
stand still.

Since thou hast set Jacob in Esau his place,  
I commit him to the governance of thy grace.

*Enter ESAU.*

*Esau.* Now where is Isaac, that he may  
come and eat?

Lo, where he is sitting abroad upon his seat.

Dear father Isaac, the Lord thy God thee save.

*Isaac.* Who art thou, my son? what thing  
wouldest thou have?

*Esau.* I am your eldest son, Esau by my  
name,

New come home from hunting, where I had  
joyly game,

I have made meat thereof for your own appetite,

Meat for your own tooth, wherein ye will much delight.

Come, eat your part, dear father, that, when ye have done,

Your soul may bless me as your heir and eldest son.

*Isaac.* Ah Esau, Esau, thou comest too late!

Another to thy blessing was predestinate,  
And clean gone it is from thee, Esau.

*Esau.* Alas!

Then am I the unhappiest that ever was,  
I would the savage beasts had my body torn.

*Isaac.* The blessing that thou shouldest have had, another hath.

*Esau.* Alas, what wretched villain hath done me such scath?

*Isaac.* Thy brother Jacob came to me by subtlety,

And brought me venison, and so prevented thee.

I ate with him, ere thou cam'st, and with my goodwill

Blessed him I have, and blessed he shall be still.

*Esau.* Ah Jacob, Jacob, well may he be called so :

For he hath undermined me times two.

For first mine heritage he took away me fro,

And see, now hath he away my blessing also.

Ah father, father, though Jacob hath done this thing :

Yet let me, Esau, also have thy blessing.

Shall all my good huntings for thee be in vain?

*Isaac.* That is done and passed, cannot be called again.

Mine act must now stand in force of necessity.

*Esau.* And hast thou never a blessing then left for me?

*Isaac.* Behold, I have made thy brother Jacob thy lord.

*Esau.* A most poignant sword unto my heart is that word.

*Isaac.* All his mother's children his servants have I made.

*Esau.* That word is to me sharper than a razor's blade.

*Isaac.* I have also 'stablished him with wine and corn.

*Esau.* Woe be the day and hour that ever I was born!

*Isaac.* What am I able to do for thee, my son?

*Esau.* Ah Jacob, Jacob, that thou hast me thus undone!

O unhappy hap: O misfortune! well away!

That ever I should live to see this woful day.

But hast thou one blessing and no mo, my father?

Let me also have some blessing, good sweet father.

*Isaac.* Well, nature pricketh me some remorse on thee to have.

Behold, thy dwelling-place the earth's fatness shall have,

And the dew of heaven, which down from above shall fall:

And with dint of sword thy living get thou shall,

And to thy brother Jacob thou shalt be servant.

*Esau.* O, to my younger brother must I be servant?

O, that ever a man should be so oppressed!

*Isaac.* Thine own fault it is that thou art dispossessed.

*Esau.* Father, change that piece of thy sentence and judgment.

*Isaac.* Things done cannot be undone; therefore be content,

Let me be in quiet, and trouble me no more.

Come, Mido, in God's name, lead me in at the door.

[*Exeunt Isaac and Mido.*]

*Esau.* O, would not this chafe a man, and fret his guts out,

To live as an underling under such a lout?

Ah hypocrite, Ah hedgecreeper, Ah 'sembling wretch!

I will be even with thee for this subtle fetch.

O God of Abraham, what reason is herein,

That to sle one's enemy it should be made sin?

Were not one as good his part of heaven forego,

As not to be revenged on his deadly foe?

God was angry with Cain for killing Abel:

Else might I kill Jacob marvellously well.

I may fortune one day him to dispatch and rid:

The Lord will not see all things; something may be hid.

But as for these misers within my father's tent,

Which to the supplanting of me put their consent,

Not one but I shall coil them till they stink for pain,

And then for their stinking coil them off fresh again.

I will take no days; but, while the matter is  
hot,  
Not one of them shall 'scape, but they shall to  
the pot.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA QUINTA.

RAGAN.

Where are we now become? marry, sir, here is  
array!  
With Esau, my master, this is a black day.  
I told you Esau one day would shit a rag.  
Have we not well hunted, of blessing to come  
lag?  
Nay, I thought ever it would come to such a  
pass,  
Since he sold his heritage like a very ass.  
But, in faith, some of them, I dare jeopard a  
groat,  
If he may reach them, will have on the petti-  
coat.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SEXTA.

ESAU. RAGAN. ABRA. MIDO. DEBORAH.

*[Ragan and the others must be supposed  
to be at the back of the stage, out of  
Esau's sight; but they come forward  
severally, and plead for themselves.]*

Esau. Come out, whores and thieves; come  
out, come out, I say!

Ragan. I told you, did I not, that there  
would be a fray? *[Aside.*

Esau. Come out, little whoreson ape, come  
out of thy den.

*Mido.* Take my life for a penny, whither shall I ren?

*Esau.* Come out, thou little fiend, come out, thou skittish gill.

*Abra.* Out, alas, alas! Esau will us all kill.

*Esau.* And come out, thou mother Mab; out, old rotten witch!

As white as midnight's arsehole or virgin pitch.  
Where be ye? come together in a cluster.

*Ragan.* In faith, and these three will make a noble muster.

*Esau.* Ere ye escape my fingers, ye shall all be taught,

For these be they which have all this against me wrought.

*Mido.* I wrought not a stroke this day, but led Isaac:

If I wrought one stroke to-day, lay me on the jack.

*Esau.* Hence then, get thee in, and do against me no more.

*Mido.* I care as much for you now, as I did before.

[*Aside.*

*Esau.* What sayest thou, little thief? if I may thee catch.

*Mido.* Ye shall run apace then, I ween, so God me snatch.

*Ragan.* Now to go, Mido, ere thou art caught in a trip.

[*Exit Mido.*

*Esau.* Nay, for his sake, Abra, ye shall drink of the whip.

*Abra.* Nay, for God's love, good sweet master Esau,

Hurt not me for Mido: speak for me, Ragan.

*Ragan.* Sir, spare little Abra, she hath done none evil.

*Esau.* A little fiend it is, and will be a right devil,

And she is one of them that love not me a deal.

*Abra.* If ye let me go, I will love you very well.

*Esau.* And never any more ado against me make?

*Abra.* Ragan shall be surety.

*Ragan.* Sir, I undertake.

*Esau.* Then hence, out of my sight at once, and get thee in.

*Abra.* Adieu, I set not a straw by you nor a pin.

*Esau.* What sayest thou, thou fib? once ye shall have a rap.

*Ragan.* The best end of suretyship is to get a clap. [*Aside.*

*Esau.* Now, come on, thou old hag, what shall I say to thee?

*Deborah.* Say what ye lust, so ye do not touch me.

*Esau.* Yes, and make powder of thee, for I dare say thou

Hast been the cause of all this feast to Esau.

*Deborah.* No, it was Jacob's feast that I did help to dress.

*Esau.* Nay, I thought such a witch would do such business.

*Deborah.* But, by my truth, if I should die incontinent,

I knew not of the purpose wherefore it was meant.

*Esau.* But wilt thou tell me truth if I do forgive thee?

*Deborah.* Yea, if I can, Master Esau, believe me.

*Esau.* Is it true that, when I and my brother  
were first born,  
And I by God's ordinance came forth him be-  
forne,  
Jacob came forthwith, holding me fast by the  
heel?

*Deborah.* It is true; I was there, and saw  
it very well.

*Esau.* Is it true? well, Jacob, I pray God I  
be dead,  
But for my heel's sake, I will have thee by the  
head.

What devil was in me, that I had not the grace,  
With kicking back my heel, to mar his mopish  
face?

But my father Isaac will not long live now;  
If he were gone, Jacob, I would soon meet with  
you.

For my soul hateth Jacob even to the death,  
And I will ne'er but hate him while I shall have  
breath.

I may well dissemble until I see a day,  
But trust me, Jacob, I will pay thee when I  
may.

But if ever I hear that thou speak word of this,  
I shall cut out thy tongue, I will not miss.

[*This he speaketh to Deborah.*]

But come on, Ragan, with me: so mote I  
thrive,

I will get a good sword, for thereby must I  
live.

*Ragan.* Live, quod you? we are like to live,  
God knoweth how.

*Esau.* What, ye saucy merchant, are ye a  
prater now? [*Exeunt ESAU and RAGAN.*]

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SEPTIMA.

DEBORAH. REBECCA.

*Deborah.* I am glad that Esau is now gone,  
certès.

For an evil-disposed man he is, doubtless.  
Yet am I no gladder of his departure hence,  
Than I am that Rebecca is come in presence.

*Enter REBECCA.*

*Rebecca.* Deborah, what doest thou, tarry-  
ing here so long?

I came full ill afeard, lest something had been  
wrong;

For Mido and Abra told me of Esau.

*Deborah.* Indeed here he was, and departed  
hence but now :

And one thing I tell you, dame : let Jacob  
beware,

For Esau to mischief Jacob doth prepare.

*Rebecca.* Call Jacob hither, that I may show  
him my mind.

Send him hither quickly, and tarry ye behind.

That he give place awhile, it is expedient,

And how he may be sure, I will the way invent.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA OCTAVA.

JACOB. REBECCA.

*Jacob.* Mother Rebecca, did ye send for me  
hither?

*Rebecca.* Yea, and the cause is this : thou  
must go somewhither,

To hide thee from thy brother Esau a space.

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*Jacob.* Indeed, to men's malice we must sometime give place.

*Rebecca.* He lieth in await to slae thee, if he can :

Thou shalt therefore, by my rede, fle hence to Haran :

And lie with my brother Laban, a man aged,  
Till Esau's wrath be somewhat assuaged.

When all things are forgotten, and his fury passed,

I shall send for thee again in all goodly haste.

*Jacob.* Yea, but how will my father here-with be content?

*Rebecca.* Thou shalt see me win him there-to incontinent.

And here he cometh happily : Jacob, hear me ;  
Make a sign to Mido, that he do not name thee,  
Then get thee in privily, till I do thee call.

*Jacob.* As ye command me, mother Rebecca,  
I shall.

## ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA NONA.

ISAAC. MIDO. REBECCA. JACOB.

*Isaac.* Where be ye, good wife?

*Mido.* My dame Rebecca is here.

*Rebecca.* I am glad, sweet husband, that I see you appear,

For I have a word or two unto you to say.

*Isaac.* Whatsoever it be, tell it me, I you pray.

*Rebecca.* Sir, ye know that now our life-days are but short,

And we had never so great need of comfort.  
Now Esau his wives being Hittites both,

Ye know, to please us are much unwilling and loth.

That if Jacob eke would take any Hittite to wife,

Small joy should we both have or comfort of our life.

*Isaac.* Wife, ye speak this well, and I will provide therefor.

Call Jacob quickly, that he appear me before.

*Mido.* I can run apace for him, if ye bid me go.

*Rebecca.* Go, hie thee at once, then, like a good son, Mido.

*[Exit Mido, but returns directly with Jacob.]*

*Isaac.* O Lord, save thou my son from mis-carrying.

*Mido.* Come, master Jacob, ye must make no tarrying,

For I it is that shall be shent, if you be slack.

Here is your son Jacob now, master Isaac.

*Isaac.* Son Jacob, make thee ready, as fast [as] thou can,

And in all haste possible get thee unto Laban;

He is thine own uncle, and a right godly man,

Marry of his daughters, and not of Canaan.

In Mesopotamia shalt thou lead thy life.

The Lord prosper thee there without debate or strife;

And the God of Abraham prosper thee in peace;

He multiply thy seed, and make it to increase!

Now kiss me, dear son Jacob, and so go thy way.

*Rebecca.* Kiss me also, sweet son, and hence without delay.

*Jacob.* Now, most tender parents, as well  
with heart and word  
I bid you well to fare, and leave you to the  
Lord.

*Mido.* Nay, master Jacob, let me have an  
hand also.

*Jacob.* Even with all my heart : farewell,  
little Mido. [Exit Jacob.]

*Isaac.* Now will I depart hence into the  
tent again.

*Rebecca.* As pleaseth God and you, but I  
will here remain.

### ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA DECIMA.

ESAU. RAGAN. REBECCA. ISAAC. MIDO.

*Esau.* And is he gone indeed to mine uncle  
Laban,

In Mesopotamia at the town of Haran?

And is Jacob gone to the house of Bethuel?

The whirlwind with him, and flinging fiend of  
hell !

But I shall meet with him yet one day well  
enough.

And who is this? my mother? whom I see here  
now.

*Ragan.* She stood here all this while, sir,  
did ye not her see?

*Esau.* Didst thou see her stand here, and  
wouldest not warn me?

*Rebecca.* Son Esau, afore God, thou art  
much to blame,

And to do, as I hear of thee, is a foul shame.

*Esau.* Mother, what is it ye heard of me of  
late?

*Rebecca.* That thou dost thy brother Jacob  
deadly hate.

*Esau.* Hate Jacob? I hate him, and will do,  
till I die,

For he hath done me both great wrong and  
villainy;

And that shall he well know, if the Lord give  
me life.

*Rebecca.* Fie upon thee, to speak so, like a  
lewd caitiff!

*Ragan.* My master Esau is of nature much  
hot,

But he will be better than he saith, fear not.

*Esau.* My birthright to sell did he not make  
me consent?

*Rebecca.* But the same to do were not thy-  
self content?

There is no man to blame for it but thine own  
self.

*Esau.* Yea, mother, [I] see that ye hold with  
that mopish elf.

It is your dainty darling, your prinkox, your  
golpol;

He can never be praised enough of your soul;

He must ever be extolled above the moon:

It is never amiss that he hath said or done.

I would he were rocked or dandled in your lap;

Or I would with this falchion I might give him  
pap.

I marvel why ye should so love him, and me  
not?

Ye groaned as well for the one as th'other, I  
wot.

But Jacob must be advanced in any wise:

But I shall one day handle him of the new  
guise.

*Rebecca.* Both on thy father's blessing and mine, I charge thee  
That thy soul intend never such iniquity;  
Beware by the example of Cain, I thee rede,  
That thou bring not the Lord's curse upon thy head.

*Esau.* And what, should I take all this wrong at Jacob's hand?

*Rebecca.* Forgive, and the Lord shall prosper thee on the land.

My son Esau, hear me; I am thy mother :  
For my sake, let pass this grudge against thy brother.

*Ragan.* Sir, your mother's request is but reasonable,

Which for you to grant shall be much commendable.

*Esau.* Mother, though it be a great thing that ye require :

Yet must all malice pass at your desire;  
And for your cause, mother, this mine anger shall slake.

*Rebecca.* I thank thee, my son, that thou dost it for my sake.

*Esau.* For your sake, with Jacob I will be at accord.

*Rebecca.* And shall I call thy father to be as record?

*Esau.* As pleaseth you, mother, I can be well content.

*Rebecca.* Then will I go call him hither incontinent.

And where he doth already love thee very well,  
This will make him to love thee better a great deal.

*Ragan.* Truly, sir, this is of you a right gentle part :

At least, if it come from the bottom of your heart.

*Esau.* It must now be thus ; but when I shall Jacob find,

I shall then do as God shall put into my mind.

*Enter ISAAC and MIDO with REBECCA.*

*Rebecca.* He hath at my word remitted all his quarrel.

*Isaac.* Forsooth, I love him the better a great deal.

And if he be here, I would commend his doing.

*Esau.* All prest here, father, to tarry on your coming.

*Isaac.* Son Esau, thou hast thyself well acquitted,

That all quarrel to Jacob thou hast remitted.

It was the Lord's pleasure that it should thus be,

Against whose ordinance to stand is not for thee :

But now, to the intent it may please the Lord,  
To knit your hearts one day in a perfect concord,

We shall first in a song give laud unto His name,

And then with all gladness within confirm the same.

*Rebecca.* As ye think best, dear husband, I agree thereto.

*Esau.* Me ye may command to what ye will have me to do :

And so may ye do also Ragan my man.

*Isaac.* I see none; but praise we the Lord  
the best we can.

Call forth all our household, that with one  
accord

We may all with one voice sing unto the Lord.

[*Ragan calleth all to sing.*

*This song must be sung after the prayer.*

*O Lord, the God of our father Abraham,  
How deep and unsearchable are thy judgments!  
Thy almighty hand did create and frame  
Both heaven and earth, and all the elements.  
Man of the earth thou hast formed and create;  
Some do thee worship, and some stray awry,  
Whom pleaseth thee, thou dost choose or re-  
probate,*

*And no flesh can ask thee wherefore or why?  
Of thine own will thou didst Abraham elect,  
Promising him seed as stars of the sky,  
And them as thy chosen people to protect,  
That they might thy mercies praise and mag-  
nify.*

*Perform thou, O Lord, thine eternal decree  
To me and my seed, the sons of Abraham;  
And whom thou hast chosen thine own people  
to be,*

*Guide and defend to the glory of thy name.*

FINIS.

[*Then entereth the Poet, and the rest  
stand still till he have done.*

*The Poet.* When Adam, for breaking God's  
commandment,  
Had sentence of death, and all his posterity:  
Yet the Lord our God, who is omnipotent,

Had in his own self by his eternal decree  
Appointed to restore man, and to make him  
free.

He purposed to save mankind by his mercy,  
Whom he once had created unto his glory.  
Yet not all flesh did he then predestinate,  
But only the adopted children of promise :  
For he foreknew that many would degenerate,  
And wilfully give cause to be put from that  
bliss,

So on God's behalf no manner default there is ;  
But where he chooseth, he showeth his great  
mercy :

And where he refuseth, he doth none injury,  
But thus far surmounteth man's intellection,  
To attain or conceive, and (much more) to dis-  
cuss :

All must be referred to God's election  
And to his sacred judgment. It is meet for us,  
With Paul the apostle, to confess, and say  
thus :

O, the deepness of the riches of God's wisdom !  
How unsearchable are his ways to man's  
reason ?

Our part therefore is first to believe God's  
word,

Not doubting but that he will his elected save :  
Then to put full trust in the goodness of the  
Lord,

That we be of the number, which shall mercy  
have :

Thirdly, so to live, as we may his promise  
crave.

Thus if we do, we shall Abraham's children be,  
And come with Jacob to endless felicity.

*[All the rest of the actors answer, Amen.]*

*Then followeth the prayer.*

*Isaac.* Now unto God let us pray for all the  
whole clergy,  
To give them grace to advance God's honour  
and glory.

*Rebecca.* Then for the Queen's majesty let  
us pray  
Unto God to keep her in health and wealth  
night and day,  
And that, of his mere mercy and great be-  
nignity,  
He will defend and maintain her estate and  
dignity;  
That she, being grieved with any outward hos-  
tility,  
May against her enemies always have victory.

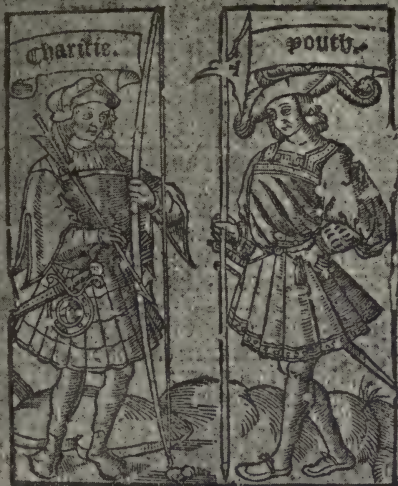
*Jacob.* God save the Queen's councillors  
most noble and true,  
And with all godliness their noble hearts endue.

*Esau.* Lord save the nobility and preserve  
them all :  
And prosper the Queen's subjects universal.

AMEN.

*Thus endeth this Comedy or Interlude of  
Jacob and Esau.*

# Theteclude of youth.



**I**f thou that his armes dyd spiede  
 And on a tree was done to dead  
 From all perils he you defende  
 I desyre audience til I haue made an ende  
 For am come from God aboue  
 To occuppe his lawes to your behoue  
 And am named Charitie  
 There maye no man saued be  
 without the helpe of me  
 For he that Charitie doth refuse  
 Of her vertues thought he do vse

[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Youth" (c. 1557),  
 printed by John Waley, from a Copy now in the  
 British Museum.]

# The Enterlude

of Youth.



**T**hus that his armes hpd sprede  
 And on a tree was done to dead  
 From all perils he you defende  
 I desire audiere til I haue made an ende  
 For I am come from God above  
 To occupie his lawes to your behou  
 And am named Charitie  
 There maye no man saued be  
 without the helpe of me  
 For he that Charitie doth refuse  
 O ther betrays though he do vse  
 without Charitie it wyl not be  
 For it is written in the saith

[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Youth" (c. 1560),  
 printed by William Copland, from a Copy now in the  
 British Museum.]



## INTERLUDE OF YOUTH

[Enter Charity.]

Charity. Jesu that his arms did spread,  
And on a tree was done to dead,  
From all perils he you defend !  
I desire audience till I have made an end,  
For I am come fro God above  
To occupy his laws to your behove,  
And am named Charity ;  
There may no man saved be  
Without the help of me,  
For he that Charity doth refuse,  
Other virtues though he do use,  
Without Charity it will not be,  
For it is written in the faith :  
*Qui manet in charitate in Deo manet.*  
I am the gate, I tell thee,  
Of heaven, that joyful city ;  
There may no man thither come,  
But of charity he must have some,  
Or he may not come, i-wis,  
Unto heaven, the city of bliss ;  
Therefore Charity, who will him take,  
A pure soul it will him make  
Before the face of God :  
In the A B C, of books the least,  
It is written *Deus charitas est.*

Lo ! charity is a great thing,  
 Of all virtues it is the king :  
 When God in earth was here living,  
 Of charity he found none ending.  
 I was planted in his heart ;  
 We two might not depart.  
 Out of his heart I did spring,  
 Through the might of the heaven king :  
 And all priests that be,  
 May not live without charity :  
 And charity to them they do not take,  
 They may not receive him, that did them make  
 And all this world of nought.

[Enter Youth.

*Youth.* Aback, fellows, and give me room,  
 Or I shall make you to avoid soon !  
 I am goodly of person ;  
 I am peerless, wherever I come.  
 My name is Youth, I tell thee,  
 I flourish as the vine-tree :  
 Who may be likened unto me,  
 In my youth and jollity ?  
 My hair is royal and bushed thick ;  
 My body pliant as a hazel-stick ;  
 Mine arms be both big and strong,  
 My fingers be both fair and long ;  
 My chest big as a tun,  
 My legs be full light for to run,  
 To hop and dance, and make merry.  
 By the mass, I reckon not a cherry  
 Whatsoever I do !  
 I am the heir of all my father's land,  
 And it is come into my hand :  
 I care for no more.

*Charity.* Are you so disposed to do,  
 To follow vice, and let virtue go ?

*Youth.* Yea, sir, even so :  
For now-a-days he is not set by,  
Without he be unthrifty.

*Charity.* You had need to ask God mercy ;  
Why did you so praise your body ?

*Youth.* Why, knave, what is that to thee ?  
Wilt thou let me to praise my body ?

Why should I not praise it, and it be goodly ?

I will not let for thee. [flit

*Charity.* What shall it be, when thou shalt  
Fro thy wealth into the pit ?

Therefore of it be not too bold,  
Lest thou forthink it, when thou art old :

Ye may be likened to a tree,  
In youth flourishing with royalty,

And in age it is cut down,

And to the fire is thrown :

So shalt thou, but thou amend,

Be burned in hell without end !

*Youth.* Ye whoreson ! trowest thou so ?

Beware, lest thou thither go !

Hence, caitiff ! go thy way,

Or with my dagger I shall thee slay !

Hence, knave ! out of this place,

Or I shall lay thee on the face !

Sayest thou that I shall go to hell,

For evermore there to dwell ?

I had liever thou had evil fare.

*Charity.* Ah, yet, sir, do by my rede,

And ask mercy for thy misdeed,

And thou shalt be an heritor of bliss,

Where all joy and mirth is ;

Where thou shalt see a glorious sight

Of angels singing, with saints bright,

Before the face of God.

*Youth.* What, sirs, above the sky ?

I had need of a ladder to climb so high !  
 But what and the ladder slip ?  
 Then I am deceived yet,  
 And if I fall, I catch a queck ;  
 I may fortune to break my neck,  
 And that joint is ill to set :  
 Nay, nay, not so.

*Charity.* Oh, yet remember, and call to thy  
 mind,  
 The mercy of God passeth all thing.  
 For it is written by noble clerks,  
 The mercy of God passeth all works ;  
 That witnesseth Holy Scripture, saying thus :  
*Miserationes domini super omnia opera ejus :*  
 Therefore doubt not God's grace ;  
 Thereof is plenty in every place.

*Youth.* What, methink ye be clerkish,  
 For ye speak good gibb'rish !  
 Sir, I pray you, and you have any store,  
 Soil me a question, ere ye cast out any more,  
 Lest when your cunning is all done,  
 My question have no solution.  
 Sir, and it please you this,  
 Why do men eat mustard with salt fish ?  
 Sir, I pray you soil me this question  
 That I have put to your discretion.

*Charity.* This question is but a vanity ;  
 It longeth not to me  
 Such questions to assoil.

*Youth.* Sir, by God, that me dear bought,  
 I see your cunning is little or nought ;  
 And I should follow your school,  
 Soon ye would make me a fool !  
 Therefore crake no longer here,  
 Lest I take you on the ear,  
 And make your head to ache !

*Charity.* Sir, it falleth not for me to fight,  
Neither by day, ne by night;  
Therefore do by my counsel, I say,  
Then to heaven thou shalt have the way.

*Youth.* No, sir, I think ye will not fight;  
But to take a man's purse in the night  
Ye will not say nay;  
For such holy caitiffs  
Were wont to be thieves,  
And such would be hanged as high  
As a man may see with his eye:  
In faith, this same is true.

*Charity.* God save every Christian body  
From such evil destiny,  
And send us of his grace  
In heaven to have a place!

*Youth.* Nay, nay, I warrant thee,  
He hath no place for thee;  
Weenest thou he will have such fools  
To sit on his gay stools?  
Nay, I warrant thee, nay!

*Humility.* Well, sir, I put me in God's will,  
Whether he will me save or spill;  
And, sir, I pray you do so,  
And trust in God, whatsoever you do.

*Youth.* Sir, I pray thee hold thy peace,  
And talk to me of no goodness;  
And soon look thou go thy way,  
Lest with my dagger I thee slay!  
In faith, if thou move my heart,  
Thou shalt be weary of thy part,  
Ere thou and I have done.

*Charity.* Think what God suffered for thee,  
His arms to be spread upon a tree;  
A knight with a spear opened his side,  
In his heart appeared a wound wide,

That bought both thee and me !

*Youth.* God's fast ! what is that to me ?  
Thou daw, wilt thou rede me  
In my youth to lose my jollity ?  
Hence, knave, and go thy way,  
Or with my dagger I shall thee slay !

*Charity.* O sir, hear what I will you tell,  
And be ruled after my counsel,  
That ye might sit in heaven on high  
With God and his company.

*Youth.* Ah, yet of God wilt thou not cease  
Till I fight in good earnest ;  
On my faith I tell thee true,  
If I fight, thou wilt it rue  
All the days of thy life.

*Charity.* Sir, I see it will none otherwise  
be ;  
I will go to my brother Humility,  
And take counsel of him,  
How it is best to be do therein.

*Youth.* Yea, marry, sir, I pray you of that ;  
Methink it were a good sight of your back ;  
I would see your heels hither,  
And your brother and you together  
Fettered fine fast !  
I-wis, and I had the kay,  
Ye should sing well-away,  
Ere I let you loose !

*Charity.* Farewell, my masters everychone !  
I will come again anon,  
And tell you how I have done. [Exit Charity.

*Youth.* And thou come hither again,  
I shall send thee hence in the devil's name.  
What ! now I may have my space  
To jet here in this place ;  
Before I might not stir,

When that churl Charity was here;  
But now, among all this cheer,  
I would I had some company here;  
I-wis my brother Riot would help me,  
For to beat Charity  
And his brother too.

[*Enter Riot.*

*Riot.* Huffa! huffa! who calleth after me?  
I am Riot, full of jollity.  
My heart is light as the wind,  
And all on riot is my mind,  
Wheresoever I go.  
But wot ye what I do here?  
To seek Youth my compeer:  
Fain of him I would have a sight,  
But my lips hang in my light.  
God speed, master Youth, by my fay.

*Youth.* Welcome, Riot, in the devil way!  
Who brought thee hither to-day?

*Riot.* That did my legs, I tell thee:  
Methought thou didst call me,  
And I am come now here  
To make royal cheer,  
And tell thee how I have done.

*Youth.* What! I weened thou hadst been  
hanged,  
But I see thou art escaped,  
For it was told me here  
You took a man on the ear,  
That his purse in your bosom did fly,  
And so in Newgate you did lie.

*Riot.* So it was, I beshrew your pate:  
I come lately from Newgate,  
But I am as ready to make good cheer  
As he that never came there;  
For and I have spending,  
I will make as merry as a king,

And care not what I do ;  
For I will not lie long in prison,  
But will get forth soon,  
For I have learned policy  
That will loose me lightly,  
And soon let me go.

*Youth.* I love well thy discretion,  
For thou art all of one condition ;  
Thou art stable and steadfast of mind,  
And not changeable as the wind.  
But, sir, I pray you at the least,  
Tell me more of that jest,  
That thou told me right now.

*Riot.* Moreover, I shall tell thee,  
The Mayor of London sent for me  
Forth of Newgate for to come,  
For to preach at Tyburn.

*Youth.* By our Lady ! he did promote thee,  
To make thee preach at the gallow-tree !  
But, sir, how didst thou 'scape ?

*Riot.* Verily, sir, the rope brake,  
And so I fell to the ground,  
And ran away, safe and sound :  
By the way I met with a courtier's lad,  
And twenty nobles of gold in his purse he had :  
I took the lad on the ear,  
Beside his horse I felled him there :  
I took his purse in my hand,  
And twenty nobles therein I fand.  
Lord, how I was merry !

*Youth.* God's foot ! thou didst enough there  
For to be made knight of the collar.

*Riot.* Yea, sir, I trust to God Almighty  
At the next sessions to be dubbed a knight.

*Youth.* Now, sir, by this light !  
That would I fain see,

And I plight thee, so God me save,  
That a surer collar thou shalt have;  
And because gold collars be so good cheap,  
Unto the roper I shall speak  
To make thee one of a good price,  
And that shall be of warrantise.

*Riot.* Youth, I pray thee have ado,  
And to the tavern let us go,  
And we will drink divers wine,  
And the cost shall be mine;  
Thou shalt not pay one penny, i-wis,  
Yet thou shalt have a wench to kiss,  
Whensoever thou wilt.

*Youth.* Marry, Riot, I thank thee,  
That thou wilt bestow it on me,  
And for thy pleasure so be it;  
I would not Charity should us meet,  
And turn us again,  
For right now he was with me,  
And said he would go to Humility,  
And come to me again.

*Riot.* Let him come, if he will;  
He were better to bide still;  
And he give thee crooked language,  
I will lay him on the visage,  
And that thou shalt see soon,  
How lightly it shall be done;  
And he will not be ruled with knocks,  
We shall set him in the stocks,  
To heal his sore shins!

*Youth.* I shall help thee, if I can,  
To drive away that hangman;  
Hark, Riot, thou shalt understand  
I am heir of my father's land,  
And now they be come to my hand,  
Methink it were best, therefore,

That I had one man more  
To wait me upon.

*Riot.* I can speed thee of a servant of price,  
That will do thee good service;  
I see him go here beside;  
Some men call him Master Pride;  
I swear by God in Trinity  
I will go fetch him unto thee,  
And that even anon.

*Youth.* Hie thee apace and come again,  
And bring with thee that noble swain.

*[Riot goes out, returning with Pride.]*

*Riot.* Lo, Master Youth, here he is,  
A pretty man and a wise;  
He will be glad to do you good service  
In all that ever he may.

*Youth.* Welcome to me, good fellow,  
I pray thee, whence comest thou?  
And thou wilt my servant be,  
I shall give thee gold and fee.

*Pride.* Sir, I am content, i-wis,  
To do you any service  
That ever I can do. [enou';

*Youth.* By likelihood thou shouldst do well  
Thou art a likely fellow.

*Pride.* Yes, sir, I warrant you,  
If ye will be ruled by me,  
I shall you bring to high degree.

*Youth.* What shall I do, tell me,  
And I will be ruled by thee.

*Pride.* Marry, I shall tell you :  
Consider ye have good enou'  
And think ye come of noble kind;  
Above all men exalt thy mind;  
Put down the poor, and set nought by them;  
Be in company with gentlemen;

Jet up and down in the way,  
And your clothes look they be gay;  
The pretty wenches will say then,  
Yonder goeth a gentleman;  
And every poor fellow that goeth you by,  
Will do off his cap, and make you courtesy :  
In faith, this is true.

*Youth.* Sir, I thank thee, by the rood,  
For thy counsel that is so good ;  
And I commit me even now  
Under the teaching of Riot and you.

*Riot.* Lo, Youth, I told you  
That he was a lusty fellow.

*Youth.* Marry, sir, I thank thee  
That you would bring him unto me.

*Pride.* Sir, it were expedient that ye had a  
wife,  
To live with her all your life.

*Riot.* A wife? nay, nay, for God avow,  
He shall have flesh enou',  
For, by God that me dear bought,  
Over-much of one thing is nought ;  
The devil said he had liever burn all his life  
Than once for to take a wife ;  
Therefore I say, so God me save,  
He shall no wife have :  
Thou hast a sister fair and free,  
I know well his leman she will be ;  
Therefore I would she were here,  
That we might go and make good cheer  
At the wine somewhere.

*Youth.* I pray you hither thou do her bring,  
For she is to my liking.

*Pride.* Sir, I shall do my diligence  
To bring her to your presence.

*Youth.* Hie thee apace, and come again ;

To have a sight I would be fain  
Of that lady free. [Exit *Pride*.

*Riot*. Sir, in faith I shall tell you true,  
She is afresh and fair of hue,  
And very proper of body;  
Men call her Lady Lechery.

*Youth*. My heart burneth, by God of might,  
Till of that lady I have a sight.

*Intret Superbia cum Luxuria et dicat Superbia*.

*Pride*. Sir, I have fulfilled your intent,  
And have brought you in this present,  
That you have sent me for.

*Youth*. Thou art a ready messenger;  
Come hither to me, my heart so dear,  
Ye be welcome to me as the heart in my body.

*Lechery*. Sir, I thank you, and at your  
pleasure I am;  
Ye be the same unto me.

*Youth*. Masters, will ye to tavern walk?  
A word with you there will I talk,  
And give you the wine.

*Lechery*. Gentleman, I thank you verily,  
And I am all ready  
To wait you upon.

*Riot*. What, sister Lechery?  
Ye be welcome to our company.

*Lechery*. Well, wanton, well, fie for shame!  
So soon ye do express my name:  
What! if no man should have known,  
I-wis I shall you beat! well, wanton, well!

*Riot*. A little pretty niset,  
Ye be well nice, God wot!  
Ye be a little pretty pye! i-wis, ye go full  
gingerly.

*Lechery*. Well, I see your false eye

Winketh on me full wantonly ;  
Ye be full wanton, i-wis.

*Youth.* Pride, I thank you of your labour  
That you had to fetch this fair flow'r.

*Pride.* Lo, youth, I told thee  
That I would bring her with me.  
Sir, I pray you tell me now,  
How doth she like you?

*Youth.* Verily, well she pleased me,  
For she is courteous, gentle, and free.  
How do you, fair lady?  
How fare you, tell me.

*Lechery.* Sir, if it please you, I do well enou',  
And the better that you will wit.

*Youth.* Riot, I would be at the tavern fain,  
Lest Charity us meet and turn us again :  
Then would I be sorry, because of this fair lady.

*Riot.* Let us go again betime,  
That we may be at the wine,  
Ere ever that he come.

*Pride.* Hie thee apace, and go we hence ;  
We will let for none expense.

*Youth.* Now we will fill the cup and make  
good cheer ;

I trust I have a noble here.  
Hark, sirs, for God Almighty,  
Hearest thou not how they fight?  
In faith we shall them part.  
If there be any wine to sell,  
They shall no longer together dwell ;  
No, then I beshrew my heart.

*Riot.* No, sir, so mot I the,  
Let not thy servants fight within thee ;  
For it is a careful life  
Evermore to live in strife ;  
Therefore, if ye will be ruled by my tale,

We will go to the ale,  
And see how we can do;  
I trust to God that sitteth on high,  
To lese that little company  
Within an hour or two.

*Pride.* Now let us go, for God's sake,  
And see how merry we can make.

*Riot.* Now let us go apace;  
And I be last there, I beshrew my face!

*Youth.* Now let us go: that we were there  
To make this lady some cheer.

*Lechery.* Verily, sir, I thank thee,  
That ye will bestow it on me,  
And when it please you on me to call,  
My heart is yours, body and all.

*Youth.* Fair lady, I thank thee;  
On the same wise ye shall have me,  
Whensoever ye please.

*Pride.* Riot, we tarry long.

*Riot.* We will go even now with a lusty  
song.

*Pride.* In faith, I will be rector chorye.

*Youth.* Go to it then hardily, and let us be  
agate. [*Enter Charity.*

*Charity.* Abide, fellow; a word with thee:  
Whither go ye, tell me?

Abide, and hear what I shall you tell,  
And ruled by my counsel.

*Pride.* Nay, no fellow ne yet mate,  
I trow thy fellow be in Newgate;  
Shall we tell thee whither we go?  
Nay, i-wis, good John-a-Peepe!  
Who learned thee, thou mistaught man,  
To speak so to a gentleman?  
Though his clothes be never so thin,  
Yet he is come of noble kin;

Though thou give him such a mock,  
Yet he is come of a noble stock,  
I let thee well to wit.

*Riot.* What ! Sir John, what say ye !  
Would you be fettered now ?  
Think not too long, I pray ye ;  
It may fortune come soon enou' ,  
Ye shall think it a little soon.

*Charity.* Yet, sirs, let this cease,  
And let us talk of goodness.

*Youth.* He turned his tail, he is afeard ;  
But, faith, he shall be skeared ;  
He weeneth by flattering to please us again,  
But he laboureth all in vain.

*Charity.* Sir, I pray you me not spare,  
For nothing I do care  
That ye can do to me.

*Riot.* No, whoreson ? sayest thou so ?  
Hold him, Pride, and let me go ;  
I shall fet a pair of rings,  
That shall sit to his shins,  
And that even anon.

*Pride.* Hie thee apace and come again,  
And bring with thee a good chain,  
To hold him here still.

*Charity.* Jesu, that was born of Mary  
mild,  
From all evil he us shield,  
And send you grace to amend,  
Ere our life be at an end ;  
For I tell you truly,  
That ye live full wickedly ;  
I pray God it amend !

*Riot.* Lo, sirs, look what I bring.  
Is not this a jolly ringing ?  
By my troth, I trow it be :

I will go wit of Charity.  
 How say'st thou, Master Charity?  
 Doth this gear please thee?

*Charity.* They please me well indeed!  
 The more sorrow, the more meed!  
 For God said, while he was man,  
*Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter*  
*justitiam;*

Unto his apostles he said so,  
 To teach them how they should do.

*Pride.* We shall see how they can please;  
 Sit down, sir, and take your ease;  
 Methink these same were full meet  
 To go about your fair feet.

*Youth.* By my truth, I you tell  
 They would become him very well;  
 Therefore hie that they were on,  
 Unto the tavern that we were gone.

*Riot.* That shall ye see anon,  
 How soon they shall be on;  
 And after we will not tarry long,  
 But go hence with a merry song.

*Pride.* Let us begin all at once.

*Youth.* Now have at it, by Cock's bones,  
 And soon let us go!

[*Exeunt Pride, Youth, Riot, and Lechery.*

*Charity.* Lo, masters, here you may see be-  
 forne,  
 That the weed overgroweth the corn:  
 Now may ye see all in this tide,  
 How vice is taken, and virtue set aside.  
 Yonder ye may see youth is not stable,  
 But evermore changeable;  
 And the nature of men is frail,  
 That he wotteth not what may avail

Virtue for to make.

O good Lord, it is a pitiful case,  
Sith God hath lent man wit and grace  
To choose of good and evil,  
That man should voluntarily  
To such things himself apply,  
That his soul should spill. [*Enter Humility.*

*Humility.* Christ that was crucified, and  
crowned with thorn,  
And of a virgin for man was born,  
Some knowledge send to me  
Of my brother Charity.

*Charity.* Dear brother Humility,  
Ye be welcome unto me;  
Where have ye be so long?

*Humility.* I shall do you to understand,  
That I have said mine evensong;  
But, sir, I pray you tell me now,  
How this case happened to you?

*Charity.* I shall tell you anon;  
The fellows that I told you on,  
Have me thus arrayed.

*Humility.* Sir, I shall undo the bands  
From your feet and your hands.  
Sir, I pray you tell me anon  
Whither they be gone,  
And when they come again.

*Charity.* Sir, to the tavern they be gone,  
And they will come again anon,  
And that shall you see.

*Humility.* Then will we them exhort  
Unto virtue to resort, and so forsake sin.

*Charity.* I will help you that I can  
To convert that wicked man.

[*Enter Youth, Riot, and Pride.*

*Youth.* Aback ! gallants, and look unto me,

And take me for your special,  
 For I am promoted to high degree,  
 By right I am king eternal;  
 Neither duke ne lord, baron ne knight,  
 That may be likened unto me,  
 They be subdued to me by right,  
 As servants to their masters should be.

*Humility.* Ye be welcome to this place  
 here;

We think ye labour all in vain;  
 Wherefore your brains we will stir,  
 And kele you a little again.

*Youth.* Sayest thou my brains thou wilt  
 stir,

I shall lay thee on the ear,  
 Were thou born in Trumpington,  
 And brought up at Hogsnorton?  
 By my faith it seemeth so;  
 Well, go, knave, go!

*Charity.* Do by our counsel and our reed,  
 And ask mercy for thy misdeed;  
 And endeavour thee, for God's sake,  
 For thy sins amends to make  
 Ere ever that thou die.

*Riot.* Hark, Youth, for God avow,  
 He would have thee a saint now;  
 But, Youth, I shall you tell  
 A young saint an old devil;  
 Therefore I hold thee a fool,  
 And thou follow his school.

*Youth.* I warrant thee I will not do so;  
 I will be ruled by you two.

*Pride.* Then shall ye do well,  
 If ye be ruled by our counsel;  
 We will bring you to high degree,  
 And promote you to dignity.

*Humility.* Sir, it is a pitiful case,  
That ye would forsake grace,  
And to vice apply.

*Youth.* Why, knave, doth it grieve thee?  
Thou shalt not answer for me.  
When my soul hangeth on the hedge once,  
Then take thou, and cast stones  
As fast as thou wilt !

*Charity.* Sir, if it please you to do thus,  
Forsake them and do after us,  
The better shall you do.

*Riot.* Sir, he shall do well enou',  
Though he be ruled by neither of you ;  
Therefore crake no longer here,  
Lest thou have on the ear,  
And that a good knock.

*Pride.* Lightly see thou avoid the place,  
Or I shall give thee on the face.  
Youth, I trow that he would  
Make you holy, ere ye be old ;  
And, I swear by the rood,  
It is time enough to be good,  
When that ye be old.

*Youth.* Sir, by my truth, I thee say  
I will make merry, whiles I may,  
I cannot tell you how long.

*Riot.* Yea, sir, so mote I thrive,  
Thou art not certain of thy life ;  
Therefore thou were a stark fool  
To leave mirth and follow their school.

*Humility.* Sir, I shall him exhort  
Unto us to resort,  
And you to forsake.

*Pride.* Ask him if he will do so,  
To forsake us and follow you two ;  
Nay, I warrant you, nay !

*Humility.* That shall you see even anon;  
I will unto him gone,  
And see what he will say.

*Riot.* Hardily go on thy way;  
I know well he will say nay.

*Youth.* Yea, sir, by God that me dear  
bought,  
Methink ye labour all for nought;  
Weenest thou that I will for thee  
Or thy brother Charity  
Forsake this good company?  
Nay, I warrant thee.

*Pride.* No, master, I pray you of that,  
For anything forsake us nat,  
And all our counsel rule you by;  
Ye may be emperor, ere ye die.

*Youth.* While I have life in my body,  
Shall I be ruled by Riot and thee.

*Riot.* Sir, then, shall ye do well,  
For we be true as steel;  
Sir, I can teach you to play at the dice,  
At the queen's game and at the Irish;  
The treygobet and the hazard also,  
And many other games mo;  
Also at the cards I can teach you to play,  
At the triumph and one-and-thirty,  
Post, pinion, and also aums-ace,  
And at another they call dewce-ace;  
Yet I can tell you more, and ye will con me  
thank,  
Pink and drink, and also at the blank,  
And many sports mo.

*Youth.* I thank thee, Riot, so mote I the,  
For the counsel thou hast given me;  
I will follow thy mind in every thing,  
And guide me after thy learning.

*Charity.* Youth, leave that counsel, for it is  
nought,  
And amend that thou hast miswrought,  
That thou may'st save that God hath bought.

*Youth.* What say ye, Master Charity?  
What hath God bought for me?  
By my troth, I know not  
Whether that he goeth in white or black;  
He came never at the stews,  
Nor in no place, where I do use;  
I-wis he bought not my cap,  
Nor yet my jolly hat;  
I wot not what he hath bought for me;  
And he bought anything of mine,  
I will give him a quart of wine  
The next time I him meet.

*Charity.* Sir, this he did for thee;  
When thou wast bond he made thee free,  
And bought thee with his blood.

*Youth.* Sir, I pray you tell me  
How may this be:  
That I know, I was never bond  
Unto none in England.

*Charity.* Sir, I shall tell you—  
When Adam had done great trespass,  
And out of Paradise exiled was,  
Then all the souls, as I can you tell,  
Were in the bondage of the devil of hell;  
Till the Father of heaven, of his great mercy,  
Sent the Second Person in Trinity  
Us for to redeem;  
And so with his precious blood  
He bought us on the rood,  
And our souls did save.

*Youth.* How should I save it, tell me now,  
And I will be ruled after you my soul to save.

*Riot.* What, Youth; will you forsake me?  
I will not forsake thee.

*Humility.* I shall tell you shortly;  
Kneel down and ask God mercy,  
For that you have offended.

*Pride.* Youth, wilt thou do so—  
Follow them, and let us go?  
Marry, I trow, nay.

*Youth.* Here all sin I forsake,  
And to God I me betake;  
Good Lord, I pray thee have no indignation,  
That I, a sinner, should ask salvation.

*Charity.* Now thou must forsake Pride,  
And all Riot set aside.

*Pride.* I will not him forsake,  
Neither early ne late;  
I ween'd he would not forsake me;  
But if it will none otherwise be,  
I will go my way.

*Youth.* Sir, I pray God be your speed,  
And help you at your need. [*Exit Pride.*]

*Riot.* I am sure thou wilt not forsake me,  
Nor I will not forsake thee.

*Youth.* I forsake you also,  
And will not have with you to do.

*Riot.* And I forsake thee utterly:  
Fie on thee, caitiff, fie!  
Once a promise thou didst me make,  
That thou wouldst me never forsake,  
But now I see it is hard  
For to trust the wretched world;  
Farewell, masters, everychone [*Exit Riot.*]

*Humility.* For your sin look ye mourn,  
And evil creatures look ye turn;  
For your name, who maketh inquisition,  
Say it is Good Contrition

That for sin doth mourn.

*Charity.* Here is a new array,  
For to walk by the way,  
Your prayer for to say.

*Humility.* Here be beads for your devotion,  
And keep you from all temptation ;  
Let not vice devour.

When ye see misdoing men,  
Good counsel give them,  
And teach them to amend.

*Youth.* For my sin I will mourn,  
All creatures I will turn ;  
And when I see misdoing men,  
Good counsel I shall give them,  
And exhort them to amend.

*Charity.* Then shall ye be an heritor of bliss,  
Where all joy and mirth is.

*Youth.* To the which eternal  
God bring the persons all  
Here being, Amen !

*Humility.* Thus have we brought our matter  
to an end  
Before the persons here present ;  
Would every man be content,  
Lest another day we be shent.

*Charity.* We thank all this present  
Of their meek audience.

*Humility.* Jesu that sitteth in heaven so  
high,  
Save all this fair company :  
Men and women that here be,  
Amen, amen, for Charity.

FINIS.

[For the Colophons of both editions see next page.]

[COLOPHONS TO  
THE INTERLUDE OF  
YOUTH, &c.]

Imprinted at London, by Iohn Waley  
dwellyng in Foster lane

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Imprinted at London in Lothbury over a-  
gainst Sainct Margarytes church by me  
Wyllyam Copland

[A FRAGMENT OF "A MORAL  
PLAY, BOTH PITHY AND  
PLEASANT,  
OF  
ALBION, KNIGHT"]

[The Players' Names:

ALBION, KNIGHT	}	<i>these appear</i>
JUSTICE		
INJURY		
DIVISION		
PRINCIPALITY	}	<i>are mentioned in text]</i>
PEACE		
MAINTENANCE		
REST		
OLD DEBATE		
DOUBLE DEVICE		
DAME PLENTY		



## [ALBION, KNIGHT ;

### A MORAL PLAY]

[*The manuscript commences here imperfectly*]

[*Injury.*] Nay, I will taste of other assays  
And spare our dame for holy days ;  
So that, for very need, she must use her feet  
With other of her house, and such as she can  
get.

Yet is she not much to blame,  
Though she increase her husband's name,  
Such children to bring as now ye see me,  
Tall man as I am, unworthy though I be.

*Justice.* Thou speakest like a lorel full  
large and full lewdly,  
And not like a child gotten of true matrimony ;  
And yet, though thy person induce no likeli-  
hood  
That in thee should be any manhood,  
Yet, beside that, thou seemest of manhood  
frail,  
Because so abused is thy light apparel.

*Injury.* Apparel, good sir, what fault is  
that?  
Though grey be her coat why blame ye the wild  
cat?

Why should ye him deem of nature frail  
Though as wise as ye would wear a fox-tail?

Or a coat after the common usage?  
 Or have by nature a mad visage?  
 These be no witness for Justice to discern,  
 Nor certain knowledge of nature to learn;  
 And Christ taught you, sir, how ye should  
     judge men,  
 Saying, *Nolite judicare secundum faciem*.  
 And yet in nature better knowledge should be  
 Than is in apparel ye know, perdy.

*Justice.* O yet in apparel is great abusion  
 If it be framed without discretion;  
 For, in apparel there may a great token be  
 Of frailness, of pride, and instability,  
 If common assize therein use no measure.  
 For then is apparel a wanton foolish pleasure  
 And folly; best meed is of presumption  
 When nature of reason used resumption;  
 And therefore Christ taught a great wise prose  
 Saying, *Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos*.

*Injury.* Yet, with the same text I pray you  
     wipe your nose!  
 He said not, *Ex vestibus eorum cognoscetis*  
     *eos*.

*Albion.* Yet, friends, I pray you once again  
 To cease your travice that breeds disdain;  
 And heartily both I do you pray  
 That both your friendships have I may.

*Injury.* Sir, as for mine ye shall not miss;  
 But this gentleman, I think, will go piss.

*Justice.* Nay, sir Albion, I will not draw  
     back

If that of me ye have lack,  
 So that I were in perfect surety  
 That this man here should Manhood be.

*Injury.* Now, Christ's benedicite!  
 How Albion and Justice hath forgot me

Because of me they had no exercise  
Of long time by any enterprise !  
Wherefore sithen ye cannot know me by experience,  
I wot not how ye should know me but by my credence ;

Therefore, by my truth and by my honesty,  
Believe me, for Manhood truly I am he !

*Albion.* Then, by your oath I am content  
To have your friendship with good assent ;  
And, Justice, I pray you to do the same.

*Justice.* Sir, if Manhood be his name,  
As he hath sworn, I would be glad  
That his friendship also I had.

*Albion.* Then, Justice, I pray you both  
Let me knit you both upon his oath.

*[And then he taketh both their hands together, saying :*

Now friends I trust we be, all three,  
And with this knot I pray you contented to be.

*Injury.* Sir, ye ought to be contented best  
of all

Where justice is treated with due equity ;  
And where no favour nor meed should be ;  
And, when reason hath tried there every deal,  
That such an act were good for the common weal.

If therein any loss may be  
To the disadvantage of Principality,  
Such an act loseth all his suit  
With a little inducing of reason astute ;  
And, if it touch the Lords spiritual,  
Or be disadvantage to the Lords temporal—  
Farewell, go bet ! this bill may sleep  
As well as through the parliament creep ;  
And, if that merchants be moved withal,

Or any multitude of the common hall—  
This is not for us, say they then,  
This bill is naught but for to wipe a pan ;  
And this is all your new equity,  
And for all your message yet thus will it be.

*Albion.* Alas ! if this may not reformed be  
I shall never be sure of prosperity.

*Injury.* Yea, and what followeth hereof,  
Master Albion ?

To your person universal derision !

*Albion.* Why to me derision ?

*Injury.* For all other strange nations  
They will rail on ye with open proclamations ;  
Saying, whosoever do as he does  
Is half a man and half a wild goose !

*Albion.* Why half a man and half a wild  
goose ?

*Injury.* For, with high reason, they say ye  
can dispute

And try out perils with laborious suit ;  
And eke the treasure for the common vail  
As far as wit or reason can assail ;  
But, when all is done, and your statute made,  
Then forth ye go in a wise trade  
To bring it all to good conclusion ;  
And put it never in execution.  
Then speak they further, instead of a mock  
They have made a statute like a woodcock !  
That hath but one eye, and the other blind,  
And it will turn with every wind ;  
And for because ye study but for the beginning,  
And never provide for a sure ending—  
Beginning like a man, ye take great assay,  
At last, like a wild goose, even but to fly away.  
*Justice.* Well, if this be true it is more pity.  
Yet, let us endeavour, both ye and I,

To taste our message that it were done  
To help here of some reformation.

*Albion.* Yea, that to do I pray you both ;  
And to you two I promise, by oath,  
I shall me endeavour with the commonalty  
Their whole allegiance to keep in unity.

*Justice.* Then God be your speed, for I will  
forth my way.

*Albion.* And I will after, God guide us that  
best may.

*Injury.* And I will tarry no longer while  
But as I see you over the stile.

[*Then departeth Albion and Justice both.*]

*Injury.* Now, here beginneth a game, i-wis ;  
For Manhood they ween my name is.  
But, trust me, sirs, if I should not lie,  
My name is called Injury.

Which name, to hide I thought it policy,  
And turn it to Manhood, and wot you why ?  
It is a part of our new experience,  
When I against right make stiff defence,  
That Justice in his seat may not be enstabled ;  
Then am I, Injury, Manhood called.

O ! then of me croaketh every man—  
How like a lord this fellow stare can  
The law to defend without a fall,  
For all their pleading in Westminster Hall ;  
Or say what they will, and babble there,  
Yet Maintenance and I will keep the chair.  
If it come once to the country,  
Then, as I will, so shall it be.

A very cause, sirs, why I hide my name  
Was they should not suspect my fame ;  
Because I would spy all their intent,  
To change their purpose after my judgment.  
And so will I do, for this is their pretence—

By means of Justice, to bring in experience,  
 That Peace should continue the people among ;  
 And so, by that means, to banish me wrong.  
 But trust me, sirs, I will none of that,  
 But rather by their faces I will them scat !  
 And me to maintain in this opinion  
 I have an old mate, called Division,  
 That shall be of my council in this case ;  
 Which I trust will not turn his face  
 Till Peace be driven clean from Albion.  
 And then let Justice and me alone,  
 For I trust, or he and I have done,  
 He shall go whistle in a marrow bone  
 As for any rightful judgment  
 That, after this, shall follow his intent.  
 And now, sirs, will I go my way  
 My fellow to seek, find him if I may.

*[Here Injury goeth out and then Division  
 cometh in with a bill, a sword, a  
 buckler, and a dagger.]*

*Division.* Have in a rusk  
 Out of the busk  
 A lusty captain.  
 A boar with a tusk  
 A sturdy lusk  
 Any battle to derain.  
 A stallion stout  
 To bear it out  
 In everywhere.  
 And never to lout  
 For a knave's clout  
 Though my head it bear.  
 As stiff as a stake  
 Battle to make  
 As never appeared.

I can awake  
 These knaves and take  
 Them fast by the beard.  
 For peace is bent,  
 Nor full intent  
 To live at ease  
 Shall not prevent  
 Let of my judgment  
 To alter in disease.  
 Such cast I have  
 To conjure a knave  
 Out of his skin.  
 Though justice rave  
 To hang or save—  
 Fie on him, whoreson !

*[Here cometh Injury in again.]*

*Injury.* Marry, fie on him, whoreson !  
 What ! art thou mad again ?

*Division.* What, mine old friend Injury !  
 How were other hanged and thou let go by ?

*Injury.* By God ! because I took delay  
 For lack of thee to be mine attorney.

*Division.* What, whoreson ! wouldest thou  
 have me  
 Be trussed up instead of thee ?

*Injury.* Yea, by God ! but even for a say,  
 That I might learn of you to know the play.

*Division.* To play, whoreson ! what meanest  
 thou by that ?

*Injury.* By God ! methought, even now, you  
 were in a snare,  
 Or else an hunting to catch an hare.  
 But, hark ! I say, do together and spell—  
 Beware ever among of the friary clerk's bell !

*Division.* It is doubtful to me all that thou speakest.

I pray thee spell it thyself, and tell me what thou meanest.

*Injury.* But, wouldest thou needs so fain know it?

I tell thee, with Albion and Justice I am knit ;  
Therefore, it were wisdom for thee

To beware what thou sayest before me.

*Division.* What, whoreson ! then thou hast forsaken me?

*Injury.* Nay, I had liefer ye were skinned all three,

For I have turned the wrong side of my hood  
And told them my name was Manhood.

And now, by God ! in any wise,

For both our eases, I must have thine advice.

*Division.* What, hast thou now changed thine old copy—

To Justice and Albion to be a common hobby?

Or, art thou affeared of thy old name,

That in every place is had in fame,

And is supported in such suffrency

From the lowest unto the highest degree?

*Injury.* Nay, by God ! I was not affeared.

It was but for to claw their beard,

Or rub it of all that they meant

That I might know all their intent ;

Whereof, the matter is too long to tell,

For the time that we did mell ;

But, shortly to show thee for a conclusion,

Their mind is to bring us both to confusion.

*Division.* I pray thee, by what means?

*Injury.* Albion hath sent Justice to Principality

To have assistance, and me to suffrency

Of the Lords temporal to have their aid,  
That Justice in no wise should be delayed.  
And this thou knowest well enough, perdy !  
Thus they mean to destroy thee and me.  
And as for Justice forth is gone,  
Speed as he can, but I tarried alone ;  
And yet I would no messenger be  
Till I had the advice of thee.

Therefore, how sayest thou, now in this case?  
We shall not be idle to play at this base.

*Division.* Tush ! as for this, I care not a  
pudding prick ;

For we two will go through thin and thick,  
May grease their heads every one  
Though they be as hard as rock or stone.

*Injury.* I pray thee, tell me how.

*Division.* First, I myself will enterprise  
That Peace shall have no exercise  
Between the commons and Principality ;  
Nor between lords spiritual and lords of the  
temporality.

*Injury.* Or you go any further, tell me by  
what means.

*Division.* I have two spies of great exercise,  
The one is called Double Device ;  
Him will I send, I may tell thee,  
Unto the court to Principality ;  
And him will I charge that, with his provision,  
Principality and the commons to set at division.  
The second spy is called Old Debate—  
A singular fellow, with a bald pate—  
Him will I send to the lords spiritual  
To cause them to wrangle with the lords tem-  
poral.

*Injury.* What shall they use in their device?

*Division.* The one, to Principality shall sur-  
mise

That the commons' hearts do arise  
 Against him, when that he doth ask,  
 In time of need, our money for task ;  
 His heart to move with such unkindness.  
 Then, the same spy shall use like doubleness,  
 And go to the commons, and to them tell  
 That Principality, with equity, doth rebel  
 More to his lucre in every deal,  
 Applying his affection then to the common  
                   weal ;

And how that he, of negligence,  
 Doth not apply for their defence,  
 Neither by sea nor by land ;  
 Neither by high waves, neither by strand ;  
 But thieves and raveners, and murderers eke,  
 Daily true men they pursue and seek ;  
 And that his laws indifferently  
 Be not used ; but maintenance and bribery  
 Is suffered alone, without reformation ;  
 That the poor commons is in altercation  
 Of this matter, and wot not what to say ;  
 Bringing them in opinion that they ought not to  
                   pay

To Principality their duty of very desert,  
 Except like duty be ministered on his part.

*Injury.* I make God a vow this is a  
                   sovereign bait

To bring our purpose to a narrow strait.  
 But what shall the other spy then do ?  
 A fellowship ! tell me that also.

*Division.* Marry ! he shall inform the lords  
                   temporal

That the spiritual men would rule all ;  
 And say, it were shame to them, by the rood !  
 That being descended from the noble blood  
 To suffer any other of such power to be ;

To have the governance about Principality,  
 Sithen they inheritors are born to be  
 Of the high counsel, by blood and dignity ;  
 Which medicine, I trow, will not likely start  
 Till it hath tickled them all by the heart.  
 Then shall the same spy taste the other part,  
 And turn to them the wrong side of the cart ;  
 And say, that God of His high great grace  
 To them hath given good fortune and space,  
 By learning sadness and gravity,  
 And for their due reward in honour to be ;  
 And bear to them boldly in hand  
 That they ought, by reason, to rule this land ;  
 Because the power of temporality  
 Hath no knowledge in cunning, perdy !  
 Neither in youth will labour the passage  
 Of pain for virtue to rule in age ;  
 So that, if they rulers would be,  
 They know not how, for insufficiency.  
 Thus will I divide, by this proper train,  
 That peace amongst them shall not reign.

*Injury.* Marry ! this is a cast of a new horse  
 comb

To rub any on the navel that hath a tickle  
 womb ;

This gear will work, after my fantasy,  
 To make of an old grudge a new frenzy ;  
 And this openeth the gate, even for me,  
 That both the one and the other degree  
 Shall wrestle with themselves, in such afflictions,

That everyone shall disdain all other jurisdictions.

*Division.* What wilt thou do then ? let me  
 hear thy cast !

*Injury.* This gentle seed will I sow, at the last,  
When Peace by thee is in perplexity ;  
And wot not in what part quiet to be.  
Then Justice must ever be in doubt  
Which part, at need, shall bear him out ;  
So that, for my part, he shall stand still.  
While I run at large, and have all my will.

*Division.* But to what conclusion wilt thou bring it then ?

*Injury.* Why, knowest not thou ? then hark me, man !  
This Justice is a fellow of a far cast,  
And driveth such drifts to rule at the last ;  
And Peace is his brother, of one degree,  
Which hath a fair daughter that is called  
Plenty ;  
And Albion, as long as Rest him treats,  
He loveth fair flesh of all meats ;  
And it is a common saying that Justice, Peace,  
and he  
Will conclude a marriage with fair Dame  
Plenty.  
And then will Albion, that old sot,  
With Rest and Peace, so on her dote  
That then she, by her and her friends,  
Shall sail in storms at all winds.

*Division.* By God's bread ! thou sayest truth—

But this to help we must not use sloth.

*Injury.* No ! and therefore hark me to an end !

Thou and I shall this matter defend ;  
For thou shalt to Albion a messenger be,  
And say thou were present when Principality  
With Justice fell at great debate ;

When that his message he did dilate  
From Albion ; and tell him that Principality in  
no wise

His will with equity will grant to exercise ;  
But that the law should be but after his liking,  
And every writ after his entitling ;  
And that his will, who ever list to strive,  
Should be the best part for his prerogative ;  
And then they both suddenly, upon this,  
In great rages departed, i-wis.

Wherefore, Justice said I am in such confusion  
That I am ashamed to turn again to Albion.  
And when this message thou hast done soberly,  
Tell him thy name is Policy.

*Division.* What the devil meanest thou by  
that !

Should I dissemble from a wild cat,  
That ever before this have used patching,  
And now to play the wise man and leave  
scratching ?

*Injury.* Why, whoreson ! it is a point of  
high madness,

For a time, to dissemble sadness ;  
And, though thou be already as mad as a hart  
Yet will I make thee madder than thou art.

*Division.* Well, say on then !

*Injury.* Marry ! then even thus I say :  
When that to Albion thou hast taken thy way,  
And done thy message as thee I bade,  
He will for a while be pensive and sad ;  
And he will ask thine advice—  
Then must thou dissemble thyself wise.

*Division.* I make God a vow, that is im-  
possible !

That I, and wisdom, should knit in one quyneble  
Or, in my brain to print such abusion

That wisdom and I should be in one conclusion ;

For, when I was young my mother charged me  
And said, beware wit son though thou never  
thee.

*Injury.* And I am not disposed to change  
much your life—

But hear me speak an end though you never  
thrive.

*Division.* Well, say on then ! and tell me  
what counsel

I shall give Albion that may sound well  
To both our profits—that would I know.

[*Injury.*] Thou shalt teach him a wrong cross  
row ;

And tell him best it is, after thine advice,  
With mirth and prodigality him to exercise ;  
And take of his own good while he may  
Lest all at last be bribed away.

[*The Manuscript ends here imperfectly.*]

A mery and  
[pleasaunt Comedie called]

**Misogonus.**

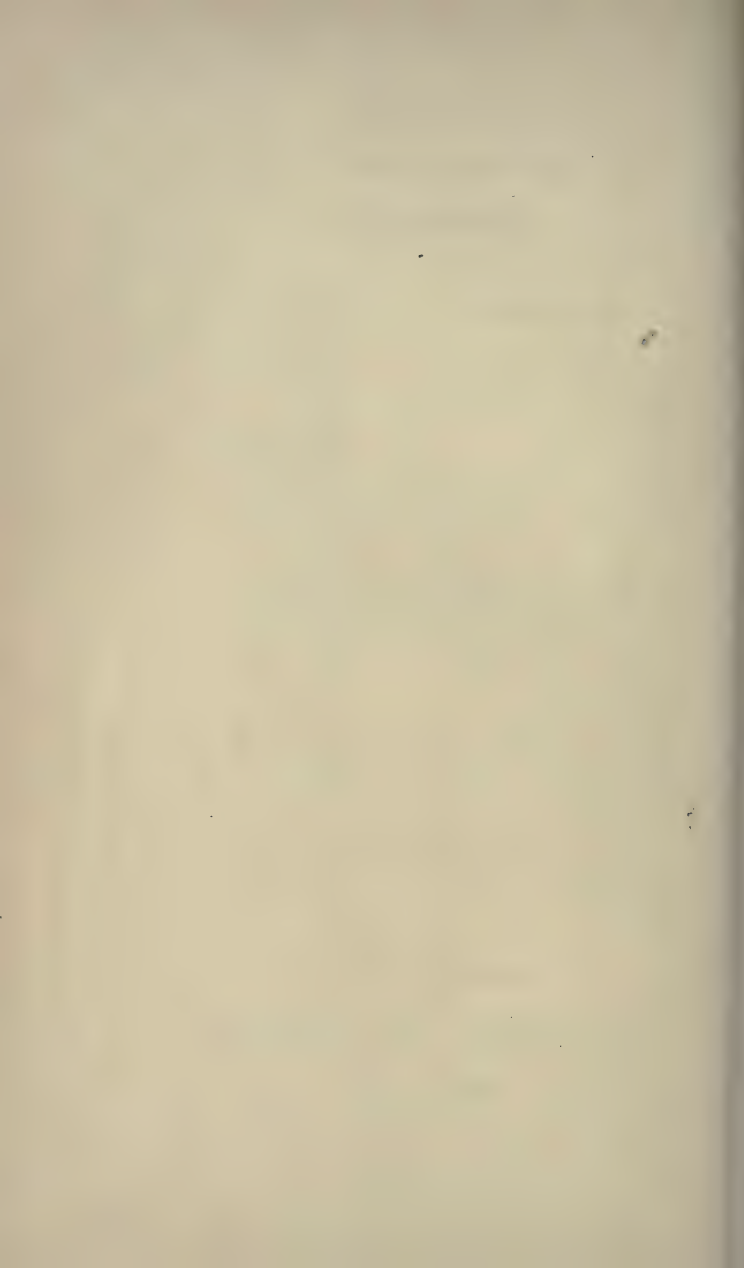
**The Names of the Speakers:**

PROLOGUS.	PH[ILOGONUS	1.]
PHILOGONUS, PATER.	EUPEL[AS	2.]
EUPELAS, FIDELIS PATRIS VICINUS.	MISOGONUS	[3.]
CACURGUS, MORIO.	CACURGUS	}
MISOGONUS, FILIUS DOMES- TICUS.	PROLOGUS	
ORGELUS, SERVUS MISOGONI.	EUGONUS	}
ÆNOPHILUS, CONSERVUS EIUS.	CODRUS	
LITURGUS, SERVUS PHILOGONI.	S/R JOHN	}
MELISSA, MERITRIX.	EPILOGUS	
S/R JOHN, SACERDOS.	ORGELUS	}
JACK, CLARKE.	ISBELL	
CEISTER CODRUS, RUSTICUS.	ÆNOPHILUS	}
ALISON, EIUS VXOR, OBSTITRIX.	MADGE	
ISBELL BUSBEY } TESTES	MELISSA	}
MADGE CARO } VETULÆ.	CRITO	
EUGONUS, FILIUS PEREGRINUS.	ALISON	}
CRITO, PEREGRINUS.	JAKE	
EPILOGUS.	LITURGUS	10.

LAURENTIUS BARIWNA.

KETTHERINGE. DIE 20 NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO 1577.





## MISOGONUS

### [PROLOGUS.]

. . . . . [which do frequent P]ernassus'  
sacred mount  
. . . [h gift] of eloquence and versifying skill.  
. . . [your] nymphs which haunt the springs  
of Aganippe fount  
. . . [which] were wont comical rhymes in  
poets to distil :  
[You] ladies all, and sisters nine, I humbly you  
request  
That you would now vouchsafe to guide your  
client's silly style  
In this poetical attempt, with bravery unad-  
dressed ;  
And so it will seem to all that hear's, unless  
you do it file.  
You know I never climb[ed] the top of that  
your hallowed hill,  
Ne slumbered there, nor tasted once those  
dulsum nectar drops,  
That now I might my verse indite with poet's  
painting quill,  
Or find the same by virtue of Sir Phoebus'  
laurel crops.

You that are here most excellent, and you most  
honest auditors,  
Think not I have the laurel boughs or ivy  
berries got,  
That I should vaunt myself to be like to  
Apollo's orators;  
To speak in brief I think it best: of truth I  
meant it not.  
If any ask then why I deck my temples thus  
with bays,  
Or why this garland here I wear, not being  
Laureat,  
Forsooth! I come in Homer's hue our history  
forth to blaze,  
[A]s custom is, and ever was: well, mark  
thereof the state!  
Whilom there in Laurentum dwelt—a town of  
antique fame  
In Italy, a country erst renowned with Trojan  
knights—  
A gentleman whom lot assigned Philogonus  
to name:  
Of this man's destinies this time our author  
only writes.  
In lusty youth a wife he took, a dame of  
flourishing green,  
Who soon after conceived and brought him  
forth at once two twins.  
Th'eldest she sent away, whereof her husband  
did not ween.  
Forthwith she died: at th'other son our  
comedy begins.  
Through wanton education he began to be con-  
temptuous,  
And sticked not with taunting terms his father  
to miscall;

And straightway, in lascivious lust, he waxed  
so licentious

That's father he did often vex, and brought  
him to great thrall.

By lucky lot, yet at the length, his eldest son  
he knew;

And, that he might his comfort be, sent for  
him in great haste.

Then, after this, the younger son his life doth  
lead anew,

Whereat together all the joy and banquet at  
the last.

I am now to request you all, that here be met  
in place,

That you would our beginning like in practice  
musical,

And speak the best, though it be done with  
rude and homely grace.

If faults we make, we will them mend when  
we're herein more usual.

Which, if ye do, while Phoebus shines above in  
azure skies,

[Or] while Dame Luna with her horns her  
monthly pagins plays,

[We] will not cease the trump of fame to blow  
in humble wise

[For] all you here—but now it's time, I must  
needs go my ways.

*Exit.*

Thomas Richards.

ACTUS PRIM[US. SCENA PRIMA].

PHILOGONUS. E[UPELAS. CACURGUS.]

*Phi.* The unfeigned friendship and honest demeanour

Which I, in you, dear Eupelas, have always proved,

To render unto you some part of the tenor  
Of my mind, at this time especially hath moved;

Hoping thereby that somewhat I shall find  
By your godly counsel and loving exhortation,  
Whereof presently my pensive heart and mind  
May feel some comfort and consolation.

Good counsel, you know, to a mind with care  
oppressed,

Is like to wholesome medicine taken at need,  
Which helpeth the stomach evil humours to  
digest,

Lest thereof at any time some malady may  
breed.

Wherefore, I request you, O trusty friend  
Eupelas!

To minister to my grief such medicine as you  
may,

Promising the like to you, in like case,  
If at any time you need in any assay.

*Eu.* Right worthy Philogonus, my trusty  
fidelity

And friendly behaviour to you, from my youth,  
Hath not been so great as your courteous  
humanity

To me-ward hath ever deserved, of a truth!

For your demerits hath always been such

To pleasure me in anything that possibly you  
might,

That I can think no pain or labour too much  
To pleasure you again, by day or by night.  
And, would to God I knew that cordial con-  
fection,

Were it never so costly in Italy to be sold,  
Which would ease you of this dolorous affec-  
tion—

You should have it, though the price were a  
talent of gold.

Otherwise, to give you good counsel and advice  
Is a hard thing to him which hath no such  
science;

'Tis the part, you know, of philosophers that  
be wise,

Which study for the same with great care and  
diligence.

Where, albeit how much my ability doth want,  
So much true amity the lack shall supply;  
My love is perfect, though my cunning be but  
scant;

Say on, therefore, I will answer accordingly.

*Phi.* With condign thanks for your gentle  
oration,

Your modesty herein I do greatly commend;  
Refusing those titles whereof the probation,  
Even the denial itself, doth extend.

Wherefore, to be short, I will show you my  
grievan[ce],

And what is the drift and intent of my reason,  
Desiring you awhile to give heed[er]y attenda[nce]

. . . . . as shall be meet to answer in . . . . .

. . . . . [man] hath in this mortal life

. . . . . e the joys which in Christ we obtain

[C]onsisteth in true loving children and wife,

Which lovingly, at all times, together should  
remain.

And so, by the contrary always doth arise—  
By discords I mean and dissension—in those  
Such pitious heartbreaks as none can devise,  
No pen can discribe, no tongue can disclose,  
I had one—I speak by experience too true—  
So faithful a mate, and so honest a spouse,  
The lack whereof often, poor wretch ! I do rue,  
As not whole Laurentum a better can house.  
But her, cruel Death sith thence long hath  
slain,

And me of my true love the fates hath bereft ;  
Who yet, for my comfort, with me to remain,  
A motherless infant of their courtesy left.  
Whom first, in his youth, I did fatherly tender,  
The more because her he did much represent ;  
I cockered and dandled him a great while the  
lenger,

Whereof, like a fool, too late I repent.  
I could not suffer the cold wind to blow  
Without happing and lapping my youngling  
too much ;

What correction was, he never did know ;  
No man durst scarce this wag wanton touch.  
An unwise man I was, for thus then I thought :  
What needs he tutors or masters to have ?  
For larning and discipline he shall not care  
ought ;

He shall learn to look big, stand stout, and go  
brave.

What should I do with my lands and posses-  
sions ?

I am able to keep him gentleman wise ;  
I esteem not grammar and these Latin lessons ;  
Let them study such which of meaner sort rise.  
And, as for his conditions, I am sure they will  
be

Both honest and gentle, as all his kin were;  
The like breeds the like (each man said to me);  
His nature to be good you need not to fear.  
With these fond persuasions I flattered myself,  
Nu[r]sling him with liberty, in youth, like a  
Till, in process of time, the malapert elf [daw;  
[Este]med me not the value of a straw.

And, the more he perceived I loved him,  
[then]

The less he regarded my wo[rds e]very day;  
The gentler I used him, the mo[re he] began  
Stubbornly to condemn me for all I could say.  
And now, since he is grown to stripping  
years,

He is waxed so stomachful, and haughty of  
mind,

That neither God nor man, nor anything, he  
fears;

He sets me as light as a feather in the wind.  
A company of knaves he hath also on his hand  
Which leads him to all manner lewdness apace;  
With harlots and varlets and bauds he is  
manned;

To the gallows, I fear me, he is tradding the  
trace.

*Eu.* Alas, good Philogonus! it pitieth me  
sore

To see you, my dear friend, in this heavy  
plight;

Comfort yourself! I pray you, weep no more;  
The worst is, I warrant you, but a little fright.  
And consider, I beseech you, the comfortable  
words

Which Christ our Saviour hath left us in store:  
Who, all griping griefs, his testament records,  
Will mitigate in those which follow his lore.

And what though your son doth spend his  
youthful days

In dullish delights and riotous excess?

He will not continue in that trade always;

In time he himself will his manners redress.

He goeth far that never turns again, as folk  
say;

I could tell you of many that have gone as  
wide;

The best of us all, before God, goeth astray;

And he that stand surest may fortune to slide.

Wherefore, be not dismayed all outright,

But comfort yourself, and hope still the best;

Pluck up your heart, man! recover your might;

To do for you what I can, I will not rest.

*Phi.* Lord! how my spirits by your talk are  
appeased.

Nothing, I see well, to a friend may be  
counted;

My stomach is lightened, my mind is well  
eased,

All treasures true friendship, I perceive, far  
surmounted.

And if I might see that thing come to pass

Which you, as you would, have divined  
e[rewhi]le,

No man, how much happier soever he was,

Would sooner all pensiveness and cares qu[ite]  
exile.

. . . doubt that such deepness of rout

. . . . [and] idleness i[n his m]ind hath  
framed

. . . . seldom or ne'er [they] will clean be  
plucked out;

[I fear] me, I fear [me], he will ne'er be re-  
claimed!

*Eu.* And why should you so doubt? declare  
me the cause!

Is his years so far spent that no good can be  
done?

He will not (if you say) is no reasonable clause.  
I hope I persuade him, and that right soon.

*Phi.* Persuade him? (quoth you!) nay, if he  
had the grace

By persuasion to amend his lewd behaviour,  
My persuasion, I trow, would have taken some  
place,

Which always I uttered with lenity and favour.

*Eu.* With too-too much favour, I think, a  
great deal,

Which caused him so lightly you to esteem;  
But what though with favourable means I will  
feel

If yet I can make him the time to redeem?

*Phi.* Your saying is too true; but what if in  
fine

He neglecteth your words with contempt and  
disdain,

As oftentimes, heretofore, he hath done mine,  
When I would with gentle means have won  
him full fain?

*Eu.* It is not likely that he should upbraid  
A man which exhorts him to such a good  
thing;

If he should, perhaps I would make him afraid  
With conscience, and duty, and laws of the  
king.

*Phi.* This devise, Eupelas, I like best of  
all;

But use your discretion in every attempt.

He is a sturdy merchant, stick not to brawl

If he do misuse with any contempt.

*Eu.* But tell me, I pray you, what age is he now?

Is he so headstrong that he cannot be tamed?  
I warrant you we'll make him both bend and bow;

We will, indeed, (fear not!) or we'll make him ashamed.

*Phi.* An endless labour you then go about;  
Can you bend a big tree which is sappy and sound?

He is too old, I tell you, too stubborn and too stout;

Take heed what you say, lest he lay you on the ground!

*Eu.* A pin for his laying! care I for his hands?

I'll hamper him, indeed, if he make much ado.

If I were as you, I would have him in bands;

With your sufferance, you spoil yourself and him too.

*Phi.* When you meet him, I pray you, do as you think good;

[Your] policy, I know, is prudent and wise.

. . . . [thi]ng I will [tell] you: if he be in his mood,

[He will not stick to swear and make many cries].

[*Eu.*] . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . . [Ph]ilologon[us] . . . . .

*Phi.* . . . . . servant Liturg[us] . . . . .

[Who hat]h oftentimes secretly . . . . .

By whose means if myself had . . . . .

I had eschewed these miseries I w . . . . .

*Eu.* If you have tried his trustiness here . . . . .

Make much of such a one and spare. . . . .

A good servant is worth great rich[es] . . .  
 If you lesse him you cannot tell . . .

*Phi.* I have another, a simple thing, God  
 [wot !]  
 Who, for his simplicity, a fool's coat [doth  
 wear,]

Had as lief have a counter as a qu[erellous sot,]  
 Yet sometimes he whispers a tale in m[y ear.]

*Eu.* Children and fools, they say, cannot  
 l[ie], . . .

If he talks of your son, c[onsider] . . .  
 And cause him to show what [he] . . .  
 You shall perceive somewhat [by] . . .

*Phi.* And sometimes also he makes me  
 g[reat sport]

By telling some tale, or singing some song.  
 [It's ma]rvel that hither he doth not resort;  
 If he knew I were here, he would not be long.

*Ca.* Founder ! founder !

*Eu.* Hark ! is not this the silly soul that  
 doth speak?

*Ca.* What, vounder !

*Phi.* It is even very he ; hark ! how the  
 noddy doth creak.

*Ca.* Where is my vounder?

*Eu.* Alas, what mean you? give the fool his  
 answer.

*Phi.* What is the matter, Will Summer?  
 It's marvel but you shall hear him tell a tale of  
 his ganser.

*Ca.* Vounder ! you must come zupper, the  
 pig is laid o' th' stable.

*Phi.* Alas, poor fool ! he means the pig is  
 laid on table.

*Ca.* Will you not? I will tell my vounder.

*Phi.* What aileth thee, Will [Summer]?

Ca. Dick Duckling and Will Wasp will not give me my lowance.

Phi. Give it him, knaves ! or I will make you give it, with a vengea[nce] !

Ca. Chat now ! Aliquis intus, the devil choke him !

[Phi.] Come me, Will, come me.

. . . . [now] . . . .

[Some lines are lost here.]

. . . . [as] your man [ha] . . . .

. . . . [t]his night you shall [in d . . do] not mock

. . . . . [su]pper there your company [sp]ared.

. . . . . my vounder to-night

. . . . . ust needs at thy request

. . . . . s your fare is but homely

. . . . . the best.

*Exeunt Eupelas et Philogonus.*

## [A]CTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

[CACURGUS.]

[Cacurgus]. . . . . e

. . . . . gone.

. . . . . ble

. . . . . [ee]

. . . . . [d]ead.

I[f I . . . . ghi]ng as oft as I think

How [like . . . a . . . fool I p]ut out my head,  
With bacon in my hand, and my bowl full of  
drink.

Ha, Ha, Ha !

A couple of wise wizards, I tell you ; but wot  
you what—

God's bodykins ! methink we are all scase dry ;

I have bepissed my hose, twenty pound to one  
groat !

I laugh at the old fools so heartily.

Ha, Ha, Ha !

You may perceive what I am, so much I do  
laugh :

A fool, you know, can keep no measure ;

My master is Waltham, and I, Waltham's calf ;

A fool in laughter putteth all his pleasure.

A fool ! (quoth you) nay, he is no fool.

Did you not see what pity he did take ?

He is able to set your doctors to school.

No small point of wisdom for me such gear to  
make.

If you knew what delights he taketh in my  
presence

You would laugh, I dare say now, everyone.

He talketh of me, I warrant you, in my  
absence :

Who but I to make him pastime, who cham his  
nown son ?

And proudly, I tell you, to every incomer

He brags what a natural his luck was to have ;

What, ho ! with his man's voice he calls for

Will Summer !

[Wh]ere have you put him ? bring him hither,  
you knave !

[And] when I am come, my properties he tells—

[How sim]ple, how honest, how fáithful, and  
true ;

[And sheweth] my points and many things else.

*[Some more lines are missing.]*

Persuading himself that I tell him all

What I can hear his servants to clatter

[Of Miso]gonus, his son, in kitchen or hall.

[A fool], he think[s], can neither lie nor flatter.  
I tell him that I hear a very good rumour;  
He is wild, but what though? he is not yet  
come to age :

I know that this tale will delight his humour.  
Hereafter, they say, he'll be sober and sage.  
And when I have done, I go show my young  
master

What he suspecteth, and bid him beware;  
For he is a ruffian, a spendall and waster,  
He can do nothing but get strout and stare.  
And so, by my policy, he taketh some heed;  
And showeth not his madness to his father  
always,

Which otherwise will cause his part for to  
bleed,

And make him his knavery abroad for to blaze.  
Think you not that I heard their whole com-  
munication?

Yes, I warrant you ! I ha't every whit.

I have it even from the first salutation.

Well ! I'll to my master and tell him of it.

But, before I go hence, I'll bestow some of my  
points;

Come off, with a vengeance ! here is pretty  
toys.

What, Will ! what, Dick ! be hanged, stir your  
joints !

What ! will you none ? take them then, boys !

As for my pins, I'll bestow them of Joan

When we sit by the fire and roast a crab ;

She and I have good sport when we are all  
alone ;

By the mass ! I may say to you, she is an  
honest drab.

Nothing grieves me but my ears be so long ;

My master will take me for Balaam's ass.  
 If I can, I'll tie them down with a thong;  
 If not, I will tell him I am good king Midas.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA TERTIA.

INTRAT MISOGONUS. [CACURGUS.]

*Mis.* Body of God! stand back! what  
 monster have we here?

An antique or a monk, a goblin or a fiend?  
 Some hobby horse, I think, or some tumbling  
 bear—

If thou canst, speak and declare me the kind.

*Ca.* My young master, ho, ho, ho!

*Mis.* Passion of me! it is Robin Hood, I  
 think, verily!

I will let fly at him, if he speaks not forthwith;  
 Speak, lubber, speak! or I'll kill thee presently.  
 Nay then, have at thee! shalt ne'er die other  
 death.

*Ca.* God's armentage! God's denty dear!  
 Can my young master flourish so fine?

*Mis.* The devil take thee, and all thy fond  
 gear;  
 A murrain light on that fool's face of thine!

*Ca.* What, pacify yourself, sir! or we'll have  
 an ostler.

Your man's heart I know, and your cunning  
 in . . .

[You] are a fencer and a very fine wrestler.

. . . . .

[*The original is imperfect.*]

[*Mis.*] If thou hadst not spoke when thou  
 didst, as I am true gentleman,

Shouldst ne'er a gone fur, but even like a cow  
At my foot, out of hand thou shouldst have  
been [sla]in;

I would have been thy priest, I make God  
a vow!

*Ca.* Sanke that, by my toes! for your sparing  
so long;

You are courageous, I [know]. But what care  
I? hark!

If you had struck, I would have kept the  
throng,

And there have been groping some maidens in  
the dark.

*Mis.* Thou art as full of knavery as an egg  
is full of meat.

I believe thee, by the mass! but how gattest  
thou these ears?

Thou wert about some skoggingly feat;  
Tell me, I pray thee! shall nobody hear's.

*Ca.* Will you needs know? why then, lay  
your head to mine.

*Mis.* What, thou liest, villain! thou be his  
natural.

Fie of all folly! how blearest thou his eyne?

Is my father to fools become so liberal?

But did he think thou wert a fool indeed?

He were never so foolish to think so of thee.

*Ca.* Yourself may judge that by my foolish  
weed;

Both my cap and my coat he bestowed on me.

Nay, I am become his councillor; I can tell you  
news;

Whatsoever he speaks, he gives me leave to  
hear;

My company at no time he will refuse.

I will tell you a jest if you will give good ear.

*Mis.* What's that? for love of God! tell me, good boy;  
If it be for my wealth and for my advantage,  
Thou shalt be my chaplain, I swear by St. Loy!  
Or, if thou canst be priested, I'll give thee a  
pars'nage.

*Ca.* I thank you; by my halidom! I were fit  
for that office,  
I could mumble my matins and my dirge with  
the best;  
And if it were not for the impostume in my  
codpiece,  
To lift at a chery I have a buming breast.

*Mis.* Tush! tell me the news thou talkest on  
of late  
And thou be'st a good fellow; tell me with  
speed!

*Ca.* Your father was commoning with a  
yeoman, ane his mate,  
Here in this place, as heavy as lead.  
And wot you why the poor man were so sad?  
Forsooth! for his son that, he feared, was past  
grace.

O! (quoth he) it's a parlous unthrifty lad;  
Your gentlemanship utterly he did deface.  
Fear not! saith the other, I will bring him to  
torn.

[Yo]u are to blame; what! you his father;  
[If] you suffer him, he'll make you a stark  
foollorn.

[Let] him taste of the rod and ride bayard  
rather.

[*An observation from Misogonus is lost here.*]

*Ca.* Nay, stay a wh[ile, and] then show  
your manhood.

Your father was pleased, but he durst not so deal.

No, saith the other, you are then but a coward ;  
If I was as you, my fist he should feel.

*Mis.* Gog's wounds !

*Ca.* Ye have not all yet : if this gentleman durst,

Your father inquired, to nurture him then.

Dare I ? (quoth he)—he is not so curst ;

I'll hamper him, I warrant you, and all his men.

*Mi.* By his soul and sides ! by his death and his life !

I'll make the old churl repent his talk !

Hamper me ! (quoth you)—where is my knife ?

I'll stick him, by the mass ! if this way he walk.

*Ca.* Your knife ! fie for shame ! you should say your dagger ;

God's my arms ! stick not to draw your sword.

*Mi.* (Will I ?) I, that I will ; a fart for the bragger ! [word.

He shall down if he give me but one buggish

*Ca.* Now I can you thank—that is spoken like a man ;

You to be brought of such a lout under !

*Mi.* I defy him, I, with all that he can !

Let my father take's part and I'll both of them conjure.

*Ca.* Well said, old lad ! but stay your wisdom awhile.

It's here, in faith ! I'll go play a pretty prank.

I know the way how you may him revile,

And so use him that again he'll ne'er be so crank.

*Mi.* Ho, Cacurgus ! I'll perform thee my promise ;

Tell me the way and make thyself priest,  
And of my honesty thoust have my best benefit,  
And ever hereafter in my favour be highest.

*Ca.* Prepare yourself then, in a readiness,  
out of hand.

Where be your sarving men? call the knaves  
out;

Here in this way together all stand.

At last they may help to face out the lout.

*Mi.* And what wilt thou do, wilt thou get  
thee hence,

Wilt thou forsake me when I have most need?

*Ca.* It's bedtime now, I will go to my  
wench;

Fare thou well for this time, God send thee  
good speed!

*Mi.* And thou wilt needs be gone? then  
farewell frost;

All thy mind, I perceive, is of Joan.

*Ca.* I did but jest, I'll to take up the roast  
And cause this gentleman to come out alone.

*Exit Cacurgus.*

# ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA FOUR.

[MISOGONUS. ORGALUS. EUPELAS.]

*Mi.* What ho, Orgalus! what, Cænopholus,  
I say!

Where be these knaves? come out, with a  
vengeance!

[Come] forth, when I bid you; what, tarry  
you? [away]!

[*Orgal.* A]non I come, sir! stand by, [room,  
I s]ay!

I am, sir, come to know your weriship's pleasure.

I were busied with brushing your velvet gaskins.

*Mi.* You'll come when you list, sir! oh, you're a treasure!

I know you of old, you are none of the hastlings.

[*O*]rgal. I'll do no more till next time, I pray you forgive me;

I'll be ready hereafter to wait at your heels.

*Mi.* You can cap now, you were best cap, I tell ye;

I may hang for you, thee let all go a-wheels.

*Orgal.* If hanging be the worst youst do well, I hope;

I have been hanged twenty times and catcht no harm.

I care not for hanging, oh my mind like the rope;

Hanging's but a pastime so be it under your arm.

*Mi.* Now by me, truly, thou art a knave in grain.

But where's CEnophilus, your fellow, become?

*Orgal.* I think, he's at alehouse, a lickering on's brain;

I am sure, for this half hour, he has taken a room.

*Mi.* That desperate dick must I needs have; I am to fight a match.

An old cankered churl doth me challenge and dare.

*Orgal.* You are able yourself a dozen to despatch.

You're a man, by St. Samson, ery length of a spear.

*Mi.* But how if he bring with him buckler and sword—

What fence shall I use my head for to save?

*Orgal.* Your cunning is good, man, care not a turd;

You're able to canvas the dastardly knave.

*Mi.* Thou wert wont to tell me pretty feats of war,

My venues to give and my vantage to take.

*Orgal.* For your fencer, I warrant, you need not to care;

With your manly looks you will make him to quake.

*Mi.* Nay, but I pray thee, show me one cross caper,

And how I should ward my head and my heart;  
Were I not best, if need be, to draw out my rapier?

Tell me, by the mass! or I'll make thee to fart.

*Orgal.* Cross caper, cross legs, I told you the fence:

Throw the knave down, and with him pluck a crow.

*Mi.* Thou wert wont to talk of crossing legs with a wench

And make her mine underling, mean you not so?

*Orgal.* You unde[r]stumble me well, sir, you have a good wit;

I must needs commend your good remembrance.

*Mi.* By th' same token thou taughtest me—  
can you not hit it?—

But go, fetch me the fellow ! lest I be in some  
cumbrance.

*Orgal.* To do your commandment, sir, I am  
ready ;

But you need no more men, I am sure, for this  
dust.

*M[i].* Go when I bid you, and come again  
speedy ;

. . . your cock's comb, by my halidom ! I'll  
brust.

*Exit [Orgalus].*

*[In original a leaf is missing.]*

*[Eu.]* It's true, I see well, that Philog'nus  
said,

The gallows groans for this wag as just rope  
ripe ;

Alas, good man ! thou must needs be ill apaid ;  
It's no marvel, though sorrows do greatly thee  
gripe.

But, methink I hear a ruffianly din,  
I shall be mischief'd, verily, if here I do stay ;  
I'll tarry no longer but get myself in ;  
The bickerings a-breeding, I see, by my fay !

*Clamitant intus servi . . . .*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*[MISOGONUS. ORGALUS. CENOPHILUS.]*

Where is he ? lay hold on him ! knock . . . .  
. . . . down with him, I will have one . . . .  
. . . . joint someone's flesh.

*Mi.* See you not, by the mass ! the knave's  
slipped away ?

My knighthood is utterly stained for ever;  
A thousand pounds I had rather have lost by  
this day;  
Than this should have chanced, I'd have fought  
myself liefer.

Fie on you, beggars' brats! what a prey have  
we lost!

A shame take you, slaves! how have you me  
used!

Marry, sir! this Jack Prat will go boast  
And say he hath cowed me: shall I thus be  
abused?

*Orgal.* I had rather have found forty pence  
myself, that I had!

If I take him right fort, I'll pay him o' th'  
petticoat.

*Ænoph.* Is he gone? Gad's sides! this is  
too bad;

I'll give him his old fippens if it lie in my lot.

*Mi.* You valiant vagabonds! why tarried  
you so long?

Allege a good cause, or I'll rape you o' th'  
rags.

*Ænoph.* We could not, but we must have  
sustained great wrong

And shamed your worship with my beggarly  
jags.

*Mi.* Why, is not thy coat made of good  
Spanish cloth?

Will not this livery your carcase beseem?

*Ænoph.* To tell you myself, I am somewhat  
loth;

I am so 'fraid that you'll fall in a feme.

*Mi.* Tell me then, Orgalus, as you fear my  
displeasure;

Nay, tell me indeed, without any laughter.

*Ænoph.* Good Orgalus, tell him, if thou hast so much leisure;  
If thou need'st, I'll do as much for thee hereafter.

*Orgal.* I' th' morning to revive his spirits,  
I think,  
And to breed some good blood to th' alehouse he went,  
And there called in for a gallon of drink,  
Meaning a shilling, perhaps, to have spent.  
As he sat there awhile, a makeshift comes in,  
Offering to be partaker in the shot;  
To fill the cups, *Ænophilus* fresh doth begin,  
Whereas the cosener a farding had not.  
As I came and found *Ænophilus* o' th' ale-bench,  
[My master] sends for you (said I), you must . . . .  
. . . . [one] word (quoth he) and then I'll go hence

What's the shot, hostess? he says, I'll begone.  
Ten groats and your welcome—he looked for his purse:

This cosener had filched it and left him alone  
To pay for the reckoning, and that worse.  
With that when he saw how the case with him stood,

He requested his hostess to trust him a week.  
Not I, sir! (quoth she) I'll none of that, by th' rood!

So may, perhaps, my money go seek.  
There's no remedy, says he, I myself am beguiled;

This pickpurse hath gotten my money and is fled.

She said nothing, but snatched away, with a wild,

His best livery coat, and in coffer it laid.

For his manner is, when he waxeth over warm,

To cast off his coat and take some cold air;

Sometimes, perhaps, he lays't under's arm

After one ginger bowl, and seldom doth it wear.

When I saw how unluckily this matter fell out,

And the charge that you gave to bring him in haste,

I was fain to go try my friends all about;

And so, by this chance, the time I did waste.

For truly, if he had come in his doublet and hose,

He would have made everyone your mastership to scorn;

That old churl, I am sure, would have bored you through nose:

This truss in all parts were so foully torn.

*Misog.* Thou disardly drunkard! thou besilling beast!

I'll bum fiddle thee, in faith! I'll swaddle your skin!

Must you be with your cheery bowls making a feast,

When on me you should tend? will you never in?

*Ænoph.* O mine arms! O my sides! you'll kill me, by th' mass!

Alas, alas, alas! I pray you, strike not so sore!

O my bones! O my ribs! a body and alas!

If you'll spare me this time, I'll never do more.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA 2.

[MISOGONUS. CACURGUS. CENOPHILUS.]

*Intrat Cacurgus.*

*Cac.* God's stockings! hold your hands,  
stay, i' th' queen's name!

I'll be his surety; what, spare him this once!  
Have a knave betwixt you; then fie, stay for  
shame!

God's body! what, will you lay me o' th'  
bones?

*Misog.* Nay, thou art well served for taking  
his part,  
Dost thou drink all thy thrift, thou swibbold  
swad.

*Cac.* You ha't me o' th' costard, I beshrew  
your heart!

You begin to be as cursed as e'er was your dad.

*Cenoph.* I deserved mine, and more too, I  
confess willingly;

You strike, I am sure, but of courage and  
might.

[I] hope to see you past the nine worthies,  
verily!

[I] ween you, within this year, you shall be  
dubb'd a knight.

*Misog.* Ah, sirrah! you begin to know your  
duty now;

I must needs love thee, i' faith! th' art as good  
as e'er twang'd.

*Cenoph.* I thank you that you spared my  
brains and my brow;

If I can help, sure, the old carle shall be  
hanged.

*Cac.* What, did you not feak him? fie, that's  
a shame!

You promised me that you would, when I sent him out.

*Ænoph.* Cacurgus, I must needs confess myself was to blame;

But let me alone, I'll come meet with the lout.

*Misog.* Well said, i' faith! but tell me, my men:

How shall we spend this whole afternoon?

*Ænoph.* Marry, sir! I had thought to have told you eren then:

I can help you to hunting of two-legged venison.

*Misog.* What! canst thou, my son? marry! thou art worth twenty.

*Orgal.* If thou canst, *Ænophilus*, tell my master in haste.

*Ænoph.* I'll bring ye to a morsel that is tender and dainty;

She's not so much as my span in her waist.

*Cac.* By the mass! I know her, she is a good smugly lass;

She a hundred times better than any schemish rig.

*Misog.* Give me thy hand, thoust have a house and bring this to pass;

I would ask no more of her but one Scottish jig.

*Ænoph.* But one I'll promise ye the getting of a bastard;

Yest have one night at least and more if I can.

*Cac.* If ye be shamefast, she'll count you but a dastard;

You must stick to her and stand to it like a man.

*Orgal.* She's a smurking wench indeed, I know her of old;

But when did she make thee this promise, tell us?

*Ænoph.* And you knew her, you would say so: she's dapper and bold—

Right now, man! in the way as I went to the alehouse.

*Misog.* What said she, *Ænophilus*? if thou lov'st me, tell true;

Let me hear her own words as thou wouldest have me do for thee.

*Ænoph.* Come thou, or thy friend, at any time due;

Or thy friend's friend, said she; I think, she did dore me.

*Misog.* God's fish! let's begone, methink now I have her;

Till I see her, *Ænophilus*, I shall think the time long.

*Cac.* What, soft you, Sir! you may yet say: God save her!

Before I go hence, I must needs have a song.

*Misog.* A song with a horse-nightcap sing they at list;

Till I see my trull, I'll neither sing nor say.

*Cac.* Alas, good man! he must needs now be kissed!

What, I pray you, for my sake a little yet stay.

*Ænoph.* Let's ha't then quickly, *Cacurgus*, or I'll be gone too,

And let's have such a one that will stie up delight.

*Misog.* Go to! I am content; then sing one and no mo;

Begin you, *Cacurgus*, and take your tune right.

*Cac.* Fa, fa, fa, sol, sol, sol—cods! that's too low;

La, la, la, me, me, re—by th' mass! that's as high.

*Misog.* Take heed, Sir! you go not too low for the crow.

*Cac.* And take heed, Sir! you go not too high for the pie.

*Orgal.* None of hus, to tell the truth, can sing well mean;

Too high, or too low, we sing everyone.

*Cac.* Well then, because you take me for your dean,

I'll appoint the parts myself, by St. John!

You shall sing the fr . e . . de; I mean—you know what;

And thoust bear the base because thou art rusty;

The counterfeit tenor is yours by your lot;

Myself will sing the treble and that very trusty.

*A Song to the tune of Heart's Ease.*

*Sing care away, with sport and play,*

*Pastime is all our pleasure;*

*If well we fare, for nought we care,*

*In mirth consist our treasure.*

*Let sungir lurk and drugs work,*

*We do defy their slavery;*

*He is but a fool that goes to school,*

*All we delight in knavery.*

*What doth avail, far hence to sail*

*And lead our life in toiling;*

*Or, to what end, should we here spend*

*Our days in irksome moiling?*

*It is the best to live at rest,  
And tak't as God doth send it;  
To haunt each wake, and mirth to make,  
And with good fellows spend it.*

*Nothing is worse than a full purse,  
To niggards and to pinchers;  
They always spare and live in care,  
There's no man loves such flinchers.*

*The merry man, with cup and can,  
Lives longer than doth twenty;  
The miser's wealth doth hurt his health,  
Examples we have plenty.*

*'T's a beastly thing to lie musing,  
With pensiveness and sorrow;  
For who can tell that he shall well  
Live here until the morrow?*

*We will, therefore, for evermore,  
While this our life is lasting,  
[Eat], drink and sleep and lemans keep;  
[Its] popery to use fasting.*

*In cards and dice our comfort lies,  
In sporting and in dancing,  
Our minds to please and live at ease  
And sometime to use prancing.*

*With Bess and Nell we love to dwell  
In kissing and in haking;  
But whoopho, holly! with trolly lolly!  
To them we'll now be walking.*

*Cac. God's breadlings! are the knaves gone,  
and left me behind them?  
I would they were up to the neck i' th' brook,  
all three.*

I may look long enough or ere I shall find  
them—

So God help me, my master ! do you think?—  
he did not hear me.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA TERTIA.

[PHILOGONUS. LITURGUS. CACURGUS.]

*Intrat Philogonus e[t Liturgus].*

*Philog.* Is it true, Liturgus, that you told  
me of my son?

*Liturg.* It's too true, I fear me, I heard a  
great noise.

*Philog.* Alas, ah, ah ! God's will ! then I am  
utterly undone.

Art thou sure thou heard'st my friend Eupelas'  
voice?

*Liturg.* I am sure he met with your son in  
the way,

And advertised him to do his duty to you ;  
After that, I am sure, there was here fought a  
fray,

And one, as had' been sticked, did cry out and  
low.

*Cac.* Ha, ha ! ha, ha, ha ! I must needs  
laugh in my sleeve—

The wise men of Gotham are risen again !

Peter Poppum doth make his master believe

That Misogonus, his son, hath Eupelas slain !

*Philog.* Woe worth the time that ever I  
begat him !

Such a one, I think, was never yet bred.

*Liturg.* He did but cudgel him a little, and  
rate him ;

The worst, I hope, is but a broken head !

*Cac.* I would it were broken, and thine too,  
by my troth !

Thou may'st chance have thine, if thou takest  
not good heed.

How the pickthank doth make the old man  
wroth,

When, as yet, God wot ! he hath little need.

*Philog.* Was ever man so accursed and un-  
happy as I ?

But one son i' th' whole world, and so graceless  
to be !

How he should 'scape hanging I can no ways  
spy,

Or from utter damnation how he should be free.

Alas, good friend Eupelas ! art thou also  
beaten ?

My heart is sick ; truly, I shall never live long.

*Cac.* Die when thou wilt ! we'll have an ox  
eaten ;

The sooner the better ; thoust do us less wrong.

*Philog.* What heart of flint could abide this  
mishaps ?

[No]t one in all Europe, I thinks, in my case.

*Cac.* Nay soft ! thoust have yet some more  
thunder claps ;

I'll make him defy thee, even face to face.

*Philog.* There's no man, I am sure, that  
loves his son better,

Or that would fainer bring him to honest  
living.

A thousand pound gladly I would wish myself  
debtor,

If yet at the length he would turn to some  
thriving.

*Liturg.* Why, Sir ! he hath not yet sown all  
his wild oats ;

He is but young, truly; he must needs run his race.

*Cac.* He'll shortly make thee sing the cuckold's notes;

Thy wife loves him well: in space cometh grace.

*Philog.* Ah, Liturgus! remembers thou what Thou wert wont to tell me, when he was but young?

*Liturg.* My word is no gospel; for all that, I think not

But he will return to virtue or long.

*Philog.* I pray God, he may! but I am quite out of hope.

What company useth he? tell me in faith!

*Liturg.* Such company as, indeed, will bring him to th' rope,

If he leave them not: the Scripture so saith.

*Cac.* The Scripture, you Jack Sauce! a scrip and a staff

Were more meter for such a clumpstone as thou art.

Talk thou of rubbing horses, and of such riff-raff;

The sooterly thickskin came but last year from th' part.

*Philog.* Well, there is no remedy, he'll be my death, I know;

I may suffer awhile, but I cannot long endure.

*Liturg.* God's above all; though you think him past ho,

He may yet reduce him: thereof be you sure.

*Philog.* Oh that I had provided him tutors in my youth,

Oh that in virtue I had him first trained!

Education is the best thing that can be, of a truth;

Good Lord! what heart's ease thereby had I gained.

If it were to do again, I know what to do:

I would disciple him, i' faith! I would tute him a good;

He should lack for no masters and governors too;

He should have whipping enough; be sure that he should!

*Cac.* A cursed cow hath short horns; what, down great heart!

Be good in your office—would you whip him indeed?

He should find some friend that would take his part!

For your whipping, I warrant you, you should have small meed.

*Philog.* He that spareth the rod hates the child, as Solomon writes.

Whereby, in sparing him, now I perceive

I hated him much; for with hate he requites

My love, though awhile he did not deceive.

[Yet] I marvel with him how Eupelas hath sped—

[I would] fain know, Liturgus, I pray thee inquire.

[By his talk] he seems rather to be dead

. . . . . [therefore fulfil my desire]

*Liturg.* I warrant you, I, he is neither wounded nor slain;

Had a little girmumble, I think, and no more.

*Cac.* Ha ha! now will I go play Will Summer again,

And seem as very a goose as I was before—

Musch a douch you, vounder.

*Philog.* The fool thinks, truly, I am still at supper—

What, Will Summer! from whence com'st thou?

*Cac.* Cha been so far that cham sore in my crupper;

Cha been saddling my gofe cuckold's cow.

*Philog.* A wise reason, God help me! that the noddy brings out.

But tell me: didst thou see thy young master alate?

*Cac.* He was here right now, and with Jack 'Nophilus fought;

Cham may say to you, vounder, there were a great bait.

*Philog.* Nay, thou art deceived, it were Eupelas thy cousin;

Was't not he that I called to supper at night?

*Cac.* Vye vye, no can know him from a dozen;

'Twere he that before put my master to flight.

*Philog.* Art thou sure of that, Will? marry! that's good news;

Did he put thy master to flight, canst thou tell?

*Cac.* O't's a grim whoreson, vounder! he made him to muse,

And put him quite to silence: he looked so fell.

*Philog.* The fool's words doth my heart yet somewhat relieve;

But I pray thee, Will, whither is thy master now gone?

*Cac.* And you'll give me some dingdongs to hang at my sleeve,

I'll tell you, by my troth! both whither and when.

*Philog.* Marry! that thou shalt, or I'll pull them from my hose;  
Hold thee, and tell me true too, and thoust be my lurding.

*Cac.* Aha! this a trim one, indeed—has a golden nose;  
I'll tell ye vort, a went in right now a-birding.

*Philog.* A-birding! like enough, I think, to catch a bunting!  
Had he any dogs with him or no, knowst thou well?

*Cac.* I am sure, I, he is gone a very whore-hunting;  
Had a brace of hounds with him that were good o' th' smell.

*Philog.* But how should I know when he comes again home;  
Wilt thou here remain and then bring me word?

*Cac.* I can tell that, though I be but a mome;  
But cham not fothered for all night—had nothing at board.

*Philog.* What, welcomè, Liturgus! thou hast well hid;  
How doth my friend Eupelas? is he well and in health?

*Liturg.* He is well, sir, but at home awhile he'll abide;  
Anon he'll come see you, though it be by stealth.

*Philog.* We'll go home i' th' mean space then and rest us both twain;  
To watch for thy master thoust tarry here still.

*Cac.* By my father's soul! I had rather go and come again;

Cham a-hungred, by my veckings ! chill have  
my zoul, that I will.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUARTA.

INTERLOQUITORES :

MISOGONUS. EUPELAS. [CACURGUS.] CENO-  
PHILUS. [ORGALUS.] MELISSA MERITRIX.

*Misog.* Come on, my sweetheart ! how fare  
you ? be merry !

What stands your mind to ? speak and we'll  
get it.

Ah ! my heart of gold, as sweet as a cherry,  
What is't you fancy ? speak, one shall go fet  
it.

*Melissa.* There is nothing, my true love,  
that I can desire ;

I have enough only when you I embrace.

*Orgal.* God's populorum ! she hath set him  
on fire ;

In her love ticks the quene has a passing good  
grace.

*Misog.* Tell me, fair lady ! will you range  
in the field,

Will you hear the birds sing and smell the  
sweet flower ?

*Melissa.* I know the delights that the  
meadows can yield ;

I had rather, and it please you, stay here in  
this bower.

*Misog.* What then, my heart root ! will you  
drink some more wine ?

Cenophilus, go fetch me here a whole hogs-head.

*Cenoph.* You shall have in haste of the best muscadine;

Orgalus, that will be good to supple my cod's head.

*Melissa.* It's needless (my nown), I pray you, send him not;

I have drunk so much that my belly e'en groans.

*Misog.* What will you then have? something shall be got

That will please you—will you have a cast at the bones?

*Melissa.* And you will, my darling! I am therewith content;

I played not, believe me, this many a day.

*Misog.* Hear ye, my youths! get me dice incontinent;

At what game, fair maiden, do you most love to play?

*Melissa.* I care not at what so you have a small stake.

Money, I tell you, with me now and then draweth low.

*Misog.* Money, woman! there's money, play that for my sake!

If you lack any money, look that I know.

*Orgal.* There's neither of us two hath a die more or less;

We were never in our lives, I am sure, worse stored.

*Misog.* God's body! get me dice, or I shall you bless;

If I have them not quickly, I'll swaddle you with a cord.

*Orgal.* A man may go all this town round  
about

And find not a die, I think, of my conscience!

*Misog.* Pack you, ye villain! or I'll slit  
you through snout;

And do your deed quickly without any dalli-  
ance.

*Melissa.* It were good also (my joy!), if  
some mate he could get

That would bear us company, and make us  
some sport.

*Orgal.* So I might perhaps through all  
the streets jet

And, losing my labour, soil myself in the dust.

*Misog.* [Go when] I bid thee, and get thee  
some one

[Or from my] service I'll turn thee like a  
beg[garly Jack].

*Cenoph.* Hark, a word, Orgalus! what  
sayest thou to Sir John?

Neither cards nor dice, I am sure, he doth lack.

*Misog.* What should I do with the priest,  
thou buzzardly beast?

I'll have some younker, and there be any i' th'  
town.

*Orgal.* How doth he differ, I pray you,  
from the rest?

He's no more a priest than you are, and he  
were out of his gown.

*Cenoph.* Disdain you Sir John? as good  
as you will have his company,

As the fellowliest priest that is in this shire;

To all the lusty guts he is known for his  
honesty;

Has not one drop of priest's blood in him,  
mythink I durst swear.

*Melissa.* Of all loves, I pray, let your man  
fetch him hither;  
I have heard a good report of him, and it be  
he that I mean.

*Misog.* Ey, go for him, sirrah! and come  
again together;  
If he be such a one, I would speak with him  
fain.

*Cenoph.* I am acquainted with him, sir;  
and you please, I'll go call him;  
Both at cards and dice I know him to be  
skilful;  
He'll not stick to dance, if company befall him;  
In game, with a gentleman, he'll never be  
wilful.

*Orgal.* He, Sir! I am sure he is not with-  
out a dozen pair of dice,  
I durst jeopard, he's now at cards or at tables.  
A Bible? nay, soft you! he'll yet be more  
wise;  
I tell you, he is none of this new start-up  
rabblés.  
There's no honest pastime but he puts it in  
sure;  
Not one game comes up but he has it by th'  
back;  
Every wench i' th' town's acquainted with his  
lure;  
It's pity (so God help me!) that ever he should  
lack.

*Melissa.* I shall think the time long till I  
see him come in;  
I was beholden to him, I remember—when't  
was?

*Misog.* Though the drumbledary be long,  
at length he'll him bring;

I am sure, my bonny wench ! he'll take no nays.

*Intrat Cacurg[us.]*

*Cac.* Gad's body ! so soon have you found out your minion ?

Is this my mistress that shall be ? now Saint Cuckold bless you !

This is a smirking wench indeed, this a fair Maid Marion ;

She's none of these coy dames, she's as good as Brown Bessie.

*Orgal.* I befool your heart, sirrah ! you're too full of your prate ;

Her name's dame Melissa, my master's own spouse.

*Cac.* Pardon, good madam ! will ye have a nutmeg to grate ?

A mincing lass, a honeysweet blowse !

*Misog.* How lik'st thou her, Cacurgus, is she not like a diamond in thy eye ?

Is she not a sparking one, dost thou not think her an angel ?

*Cac.* Would you give me leave to get a-near on her, I would do it by [and by] ;

I would do it with a triss, I swear by the vangel.

*Misog.* Out, arrant whoremaster ! would'st thou meddle with my woman ?

What, your nown mistress, your master's nown wife !

*Cac.* I cry me mercy, Sir ! I had thought she had been your [leman].

I pray God send you many and a lovely long li[fe].

[*Melissa.*] What, (my crout !) let him alone ! this is your [jester].

[It] doth me good to hear some on 's merry  
[conceits].

*Misog.* I' faith, (my coney !) you may know  
that by his vesture :

The knave's full of bitchery, has a budgetfull  
of cheits.

*Intrat CEnophilus.*

*CEnoph.* I've been for you[r] man o' th'  
church, and wot you where I had him?  
I' th' alehouse at whipperginny, as close as a  
burr.

*Misog.* And why broughtest him not with  
thee?

*CEnoph.* I warrant you, I bade him,  
And had plead but thy tricks; he'll come  
around as a purr.

*Orgal.* Did I not tell you? I would he were  
unpriested, by Jis !

There's too few such as he is, he would make  
you a fine man.

He'll not bash to grope a trull, to smack and  
to kiss.

We have danced and carded a whole week and  
ne'er blan.

*Melissa.* Good Lord, how it grieveth me  
that so long he doth linger !

Till he come, I shall think ery minute seven  
year.

*CEnoph.* He hath come twenty times at the  
becking of my finger ;  
With a whoop I'll have him now, by and by,  
here.

What ho ! Sir John, Sir John !

*Sir J.* Here, hostess ! here, hostess ! I come  
quater.

*Ænoph.* Come on, Sir John! you have been  
in some forfeit;

My mistress sends in haste, your pace you  
must mend.

*Sir J.* I was so fast in that, I could not  
thence get;

But where is the gentlewoman that for me did  
send?

*Orgal.* Here! [*To Misogonus.*] I have  
brought him at your worship's request.

And this be not a right man, yourself be judge.

*Misog.* Welcome, Sir John! now sure, he's  
a beaking priest;

It's pity, by my Christendom! thou should'st  
be such a drudge.

*Sir J.* If your worship lack a gamester, and  
a gamester very fair,

For a pound or two I'll keep you company, by  
day or by night.

At cards, dice, or tables, or anything—I will  
not spare;

To keep a gentleman compa[ny] I do greatly  
delight.

*Melissa.* Now surely, my cockerel! this was  
good luck

That so honest a copesmate were fetched us  
to-day.

*Cac.* What, Master Ficker! I must needs  
challenge this book;

There's no remedy, I'll have it and my lesson  
go say.

*Orgal.* Bestow them on him, Sir John! it's  
a good merrygreek.

These books by profession of right he must  
have.

*Cac.* I'll find out my lesson or I'll over all  
[seek;

Oh ! here I ha't now ; here's *k*, for a knave.

*Melissa*. What game, master parson ! do you now most acquaint ?

Let's have some fine game, that game latest up.

*Sir J.* I have many good games, madame ! as ruff, maw, and saint ;

Or—God-a-mercy, goodfellow ! when about goes the cup ?

*Melissa*. Nay, but I'd rather at the dice have a cast ;

Have you any dice ? let us see, master Ficker !

*Sir J.* Dice I have plenty, you shall see them in haste ;

Here's even my study, if I hit of good liquor.

*Misog.* What games can you play at ? let's have those you use weekly.

We trifle the time ; let us stick to our tackling.

[*Sir J.*] [To tick]tack, mumchance, or novum come quickly

. . . ing anything anything it's my daily [fackling].

*Cac.* Nuncle, good uncle, draw a card and thou lovest me ;

Draw what thou wilt for a penny, it's thy brother.

*Sir J.* What, I believe for my cunning thou provest me ;

My gown to thine it will fall out another !

*Cac.* Done, Sir John ! twenty pound ! I have won the priest's gown ;

Look here, my masters ! do you not know him by his shanks ?

*Ænoph.* God's cheking ! the priest's sland, I'd rather 'a' lost a crown ;

The fool has beguiled him with his knavish pranks.

*Misog.* Come, let us make the match to novum, we five;

Prepare yourselves everyone in even battle row.

*Cac.* On then, a God's name! as many as will thrive;

I pray you, give the priest leave to have the first throw.

*Sir J.* Set then, my masters; a good luck! I begin;

Rise winnings luckily, seven is my cast.

*Orgal.* By the mass! I see well the priest is like to win;

Soft, friend! give me the dice, your turn is past.

*Melissa.* Halve stake between you and me, this time, Mr. Vicar;

At all this, Orgalus, now happily rise!

*Misog.* Throw, and thou wilt throw; why throw'st thou no thicker?

Throw, dreaming disard, or else give me the dice.

*Cenoph.* God's sacring! I have lost a noble at two sets;

Why, dice no luck; to-night will all be gone.

*Orgal.* By the mass, master! I think the vicar will beat's;

Forty shillings, I am sure, at least he hath won.

*Misog.* How now, mine own blossom! how like you this sport?

Doth not rejoice you such pastime to use?

*Melissa.* They can have no better, I am sure, of the court; [stews.

I had rather be your wife than one of the

*Sir J.* Now, Marcus Mercurius! help thy master at a pinch;

It's mine and were there forty pounds at the stake.

*Ænoph.* The priest's hand's i' th' mustard-pot; the knave, throw at an inch,  
Has some dice of vantage, mine oath I durst take.

*Orgal.* What, luck! wilt thou never turn? why, bones! what mean ye?  
I thought 'twould come at length; mass! this was well drawn.

*Sir J.* Set lustily, my boykins! or else I will stain ye.  
By the motherkin a God! that was knavishly thrown.

*Melissa.* God have mercy for that good dice, yet that came i' th' nick;  
One good stake in an hour is worth a many dribblings!

*Sir J.* What, faint ye, my children? fie, that's a coward's trick!  
Let me have round game, I'll none of these nibblings!

*Cac.* Who wins now? my masters! who pays here to th' bo[xe?]  
What, is the priest's hand i' th' honey pot yet?

[*Orgal.*] Thoust get nothing here unless it be knocks,  
Except at this time I can have a good hit.

[*Misog.*] How now, vicar! ha! how goeth the world on your side?  
What, doth Dame Fortune begin now to frown?

*Sir J.* A pox consume it! It will now all slide,  
At every cast I lose a noble or a crown.

*Enoph.* Priest! down with that ruddock  
or I'll give over;

I'll not throw a' th' bare board set and thout  
play.

*Sir J.* By God, and all the world! I shall  
never this recover:

There 'tis be lucky yet, it's gone without stay.

*Orgal.* Nay, I'll none of that, friend! you  
play not now with boys;

Ery little wagpasty could say: Nought stake,  
nought draw.

*Enoph.* Tut, priest! bring't out! thou hast  
it! we'll none of these toys.

We are no such sucklings to take lubbun  
law!

*Sir J.* By the body of our Lord Jesus Christ!  
they're all hab or nabs;

Either now come, or the devil and his dame go  
with all.

*Orgal.* Is't my turn? be true to your  
master then, my babes!

O lively luck! I have won a whole royal.

*Melissa.* By St. Mary, I beshrew you! your  
play is too sore;

Your men have a quarrel against me and the  
priest.

*Misog.* Thest go like a couple of knaves, I  
promise them, therefore;

But let them do their worst, thoust not lack,  
by God's blest!

*Sir J.* God's sides! will you not trust me?  
there's my gown for a pledge;

I'll not leave, by th' five wounds! while I am  
worth a grey groat.

What's his gown gone too? then he may go  
hang o' th' hedge;

Has the merchant a shilling so soon to nine-pence brought?

*Misog.* Care not, man! I'll be thy surety theyst do thee no wrong.

Orgalus! play fair; you are but a jangler!

*Cac.* By St. Sunday! methinks I hear the saunce bell go ding-dong;

Oh Sir John! by th' matins! you must out for wrangler.

*Sir J.* I'll play still, come out what will, I'll never give over i' th' lurch;

Let them ring till their arses ache; I know the worst.

*Ænoph.* Away, priest! by this time they are all come to th' church:

For shame! get thee hence, priest! thou'lt be bonably cursed.

*Misog.* God's body! is a right man, indeed; priest, keep thy farm!

Is worth you all, by th' mass; now I see he's no starter.

There's money, stick to't; I warrant, thou'lt have no harm.

If thou mades't a' th' ordinary I'll get thee a charter.

*Sir J.* By God! I thank you, Sir; my parishioners, I am sure, be content

To miss service one night, so they know I am well occupied.

*Cac.* It's no matter, parson! so they come of a good intent,

I am sure they care not how little they be noddified.

*Sir J.* Ha, then, for all Christian souls, a man or a mouse!

Ist win all at this cast, I durst lay my benefice.

[*Orgal.*] The priest now again's as busy as  
a body louse;

I'll keep my money while I ha't; I pray he go  
to service.

*Clerk.* Dice hic, dice hic!

Is Sir John here at dice, can any man tell?

My gaffers be all come a pretty while since.

What, Sir John! did you not hear when I  
fiddled the bell?

They're all come i' good faith, I pray you go  
hence.

*Melissa.* My boy! tell them he is now busy  
with his friend;

He would come full fain, thou may'st see, if he  
might.

*Sir J.* Pray thee, say so, Jack; hold thee!  
there's somewhat to spend;

And they'll needs ha't, theyst have a couple  
the next Sunday night.

*Misog.* Th'art but a fool, priest! to be so  
obedient;

I would make my clerk serve this once and I  
was as thee.

*Sir J.* You say well, sir! as long as 'tis not  
the holy time of Lent; [for me.

An' thou wilt say, Jack, or theyst have none

*Melissa.* Tell him what he should say then,  
and let him be packing;

The fellow would do it as well as thou, I  
warrant him, for a need.

*Sir J.* Faith, Jack! it's no matter, an' all  
thy lessons be lacking;

Say a Magnificat, Nunc dimittis, and even end  
with the Creed.

*Orgal.* What! shall he leave out the Psalms  
and his Pater Noster?

What good will the Creed do without those and his Ave?

*Cac.* If they'll ask where Sir John is : we're all here one a-cluster ;

Five knaves besides my master and my mistress, God save ye !

*Clerk.* I'll patter't as well as I can : but if you knew who were there,  
You'd leave th' dice with all your heart for one wanton look.

*Sir J.* Is Susan Sweetlips come? mass Jack ! I'll go see'r—

Pray you, sir, give me leave but even go to turn him my book.

*Ænoph.* Now St. Thaïs bless ye ! would'st thou go to the trull?

Why, man ! here's woman's flesh, and that be the worst.

*Sir J.* I have diced so long now, that my senses be even dull ;

Gad ! when I came hither, I think, I was cursed.

*Melissa.* Get you hence, Jack ! and thyself do the best ;

Care not for thy money, man ! and thou lovest me, tarry still !

*Cac.* By tetragramaton, and the black sanctus ! I do the rest.

If thou goest a-foot, sore thy brains I will spill.

*Melissa.* Let us exercise some new pastime now, this is stale ;

The priest and I am weary ; we'll no more of this trash.

*Misog.* Content, my minikin ! choose what you will ; at no game I will fail.

What say you to dancing, shall we dance a little crash?

*Melissa.* There's none better (my dear!), come, dare you lead me a dance?

Lead you me first, and I hope the vicar will be next.

*Sir J.* By St. Patrick, damsel! for your sake I'll out, vance!

It's good to fetch a frisk once a day, I find it in my text.

*Misog.* Trifle not the time then; say, what shall we have?

What country dances do you now here daily frequent?

*Cac.* *The vicar of St. Fool's*, I am sure, he would brave:

To that dance of all other I see he is bent.

*Sir J.* Faith, no! I had rather have *Shaking o' th' sheets*, or *Sund . . .*

Or *Catching of quails* or what, fair Meliss[a] . . .

[*Melissa.*] . . . fool I see by him is given [wholly to scorn] . . .

. . . . .

[*Orgal.*] Priest! keep your sink-a-pace and foot it o' th' best sort;

Now close, quod currier; come aloft, Jack, with a whim-wham!

*Ænoph.* O lively with hie, child, and turn thee; ah, this is good sport!

How is't, priest? here's for thy larning a chim-cham.

*Sir J.* How fare you, Melissa? what, methinks you wax weary;

Will you not pause awhile? alas! too sore you do trace.

*Melissa.* I'm well, I thank you, Sir John;  
how do you, are you merry?

Of all the priests that e'er I knew he treads  
the best pace.

*Misog.* Ah! mine own henbird, I must  
needs lay thee o' th' lips.

Well vaunted, by th' mass, priest! that's worth  
a whoop.

*Orgal.* By th' marry God! how lustily the  
lubber now skips!

God's precious! the scab with my mistress doth  
tupe.

*Cac.* This a close carver, by th' mass! he's  
a right cock o' th' kind;

The knave's fleshed, you may see, he bites like  
a cur.

A man might rack hell and scarce such a crew  
find.

How the stoned priest doth keep with yon  
gossip a-stir!

Who'll laugh now, my masters? and you will,  
I'll make you laugh;

I'll serve them, a trust, as coltish as they are.  
I can anger them all and but turn to a scoff.

Yest see a hurricamp straightway, I'll set all at  
a jar.

By promise, as you know, the old Jochum I  
should certify

When his son from birding home did retire;  
I'll go tell him now; the deed itself my words  
will verify.

If I make you no good sport, say I'm a liar.

*Exit Cacurgus. Intrans Philogonus,  
Eupelas et Liturgus.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUINTA.

[PHILOGONUS. EUPELAS. LITURGUS. MISOGONUS. SIR JOHN. CENOPHILUS. ORGALUS. MELISSA.]

*Philog.* O, merciful Lord God ! what a company is here met,  
What a rabblement of rascals and rakehells have we here !  
Why, son, these pernicious practises wilt thou never forget ?  
Alas, Misogonus ! wilt thou never leave this gear ?

*Misog.* What, do you fall in your fusting fumes at the first ?  
Not the worst of us, but for our honesty, with yourself will compare.

*Eupelas.* Why, Misogonus ! into such lewd languish dare you burst ?  
What ! not your father a little can you spare ?

*Misog.* What ! are you his spokesman ? meddle you with your old shows !  
And he were my father ten times heist have as good as a bring.

*Philog.* Stay a while, Eupelas ; I know our labour we shall lose ;  
But yet I'll tell the unthrift of his detestable dealing.  
Callsta this honest company ? or is this an honest sport,  
To be revelling and boozing after such a lewd fashion ?  
I think hell break loose when thou gatt'st thee this port.

Four such thou couldst scarce find in a whole nation.

*Melissa.* Why, father! what dishonesty can you lay to our charge?

[The]re's none of us wood, you should know, neither thieves no[r ho . . . .]

[*Philog.*] . . . her'st thou me, strumpet? I, speak'st thou so large?

[Out] of my] sight, quean! or I'll cart thee, by God's [bones!]

[*Ænoph.*] Take heed what you say, master! she comes of a good parentage;

Misuse her not, I tell you; she's of worshipful blood.

*Liturg.* What! come you in with your seven eggs, if I catch you o' th' vantage?

Hold your peace when ye're well, friend! or else ye were as good.

*Sir J.* What if this gentlewoman and your son I have married,

May they not then come together without any offence?

*Philog.* I'd rather thou wert hanged, thief! and he to his grave carried

Than to marry him (varlet!) without my license.

*Eupelas.* Hast thou married him, priest? then unknit me this knot—

Darest thou keep company with another man's wife?

Thou abominable sodomite! thou execrable sot!

So God shall judge me, peel'd Jack, it's pity of thy life!

*Sir J.* Why not, Sir, as long as he himself is in place?

Whatsoever I do proceeds of pure love.

I do but what I should do: that's a clear case;

To love all, and hate none, it doth prelates behove.

*Eupelas.* Dost thou but what thou should'st do, thou idolatrous beast;

Should'st thou be the ringleader in dancing this while?

A good minister would be at church now, attending on God's hest.

Of all wretches that ever I knew thou art most vile.

*Misog.* Art thou so cocked again? what hast thou to do to speak?

The priest shall live beside thee: prate till thy belly ache!

*Philog.* Saucy boy! dost thou think to put us to wreak?

If thou dost not amend this, a drudge I'll thee make.

*Misog.* Do your best and your worst, I care not a pin for you, I;

I'll keep both her and the rest, in maugre your beard!

*Eupelas.* Now, of truth, it's marvel the house fall not down suddenly:

He speaks so outrageously, he makes me afraid.

*Philog.* Keep them? keep hogs! thief! I'll cut thee full short:

Thoust never enjoy one jot of my land.

*Misog.* With your great words, I tell you, do you greatly me hurt.

When you're dead, let me see who dare me withstand.

*Philog.* I'll gi't away, for God['s] sake,  
rather to them that have need,  
When thou shalt then whistle and be glad go  
to th' cart.

*Misog.* For God['s] sake? marry! so might  
you do a good deed!  
Gi't who you will gi't: I'll ha't spite of your  
heart.

*Melissa.* Care not for him, husband, he  
speaks but in dotage;  
He may say what he will, he can do you no  
harm.

*Philog.* O Christ! how the drivell doth  
answer me in mockage!  
A cuckold! (son!) thoust be made thy tongue  
for to charm.

*Misog.* Hold your hands! you were best  
and let her alone;  
We're able to make you and your two men to  
faint.

[*Ænoph.*] God's cruse! both we, yourself,  
and trusty Sir John—  
We four could anger him an' he were a very  
saint.

[*Eupelas.*] A man were as good met a she-  
bear in the wood [s]  
[With] her whelps at her heels now roaring  
for [hunger]  
... [stir]red up with such a [furious  
mood ...]

. . . . .

*Philog.* In thy youth thou never hadst such  
hellhounds at thy back;  
Th'adst other manner of fellows, son, in thy  
young days.

*Sir J.* That was but because discretion he did lack.

It's not best for one, sir, any of us to dispraise.

*Liturg.* There's no mischief, as they say commonly, but a priest at one end;

It were thy part to admonish him his father to obey.

*Sir J.* Whensoever I meet you, sir, look your head that you fend!

A fart for you all! come, Melissa, I'll away!

*Melissa.* I pray you, Philogonus, no longer contend;

You have given them a thread which they'll never untwist.

*Misog.* It's but a folly indeed, wench, more words to spend;

Let him say what he will, I'll do what I list.

Come then, let's be gone, I'll never strive with him more;

His lands are mine, as sure as a club knave! let the world wag!

*Ænoph.* We'll follow to Michol; on afore! on afore!

I'll quaff perhaps first, though here I be lag.

*Philog.* Did you e'er hear of man in more misery than I?

Was there ever silly soul that was so contemned?

There's no way but one, Eupelas: I shall surely die;

My calamities will not cease till my life hath an end.

*Eupelas.* I am as sorry for your case as if it were mine own;

Your anguish and vexation is to me a great smart.

But consider, Philogonus ! to what end should you groan ?

Seeing there's no remedy, why should you take it at your heart ?

*Philog.* And Eupelas, consider ! if your son were like mine,  
Could you choose but lament and sith very sore ?

*Eupelas.* I could not choose indeed, Philogonus, I must needs whine ;  
Than he should be such a one, I would wish him dead before.

*Philog.* All you that love your children take example by me :  
Let them have good doctrine and discipline in youth ;

Correct them betime, lest afterward they be Froward and contemptuous, and so bring you to great ruth.

*Liturg.* Good, master ! yet, I pray you, make not two sorrows of one,  
But bear it as patiently as possibly you may.

*Eupelas.* The best is for you to trust in Christ Jesus alone  
And by faith in his mercy yourself for to stay.

*Philog.* It's very true, Eupelas, in Him is all my joy ;  
If it were not so, certes ! I had done or this long.

*Eupelas.* Be you sure, Philogonus, it cannot you greatly annoy ;  
His power in weakness is ever most strong.

*Philog.* I am sorry that you, Eupelas, so often I have troubled ;

Depart home now, I pray you, and make merry  
with your wife.

[*Eupelas.*] If I could do you good, I would  
wish my pains doubled;

But fare you well; my prayers for you shall be  
rife.

[*Philog.* G]et thee home also, Liturgus;  
I will follow thee straight;

[*My*] grief here to the Lord, in a doleful ditty  
[will I vow.]

*Liturg.* Sweet master! yourself do not over  
much fret;

At your commandment I am ready, I will go  
my ways now.

THE SONG TO THE TUNE OF *Labondolose Hoto.*

*O mighty Jove! some pity take  
On me, poor wretch, for Christ's sake.  
Grief doth me gripe, pain doth me pinch,  
Wilful despite my heart doth wrinch.  
O Christ! thou art my only aid;  
If Thou help'st not, I'm quite dismayed.  
Spite doth my mind so sore oppress,  
That this my care will be endless,  
Except thou succourest me at need  
And sends me sovereign salve with speed.*

*My sins, I willingly confess,  
Hath oft of right deserved no less:  
I was the cause of this my care,  
The rod alway sith I did spare.  
If I in time had him correct,  
I'd never been thus sore affect.  
'Tis I, 'tis I, that am to blame,  
Myself, myself deserveth shame;  
I am, O Lord! alone in fault:  
By suffering this selfwill he caught.*

A. P. II.

O

If Phœbus forc'd was to lament  
 When Phæton fell from th' element,  
 If Dedalus did wail and weep  
 When Icarus in seas was deep,  
 If Priamus had cause to cry  
 When all his sons was slain in Troy:  
 Why should not I then, woeful wight,  
 Complain in a more piteous plight?  
 Mine doth not onl' himself undo,  
 But me full oft doth work great woe.

The loss of lands I could well bear,  
 Or what things else some love most dear;  
 On worldly wealth I do not stay:  
 God gave and He may take away.  
 Disdainful taunts I could have borne  
 Of any else that would me scorn.  
 Yea, I could bear't an hundred fold  
 Better to see him laid i' th' mould  
 Than thus this life in lewdness spend,  
 Whereof destruction is the end.

A good example here you see;  
 All parents, O take heed by me!  
 If you detest unquietness,  
 Or if you love true happiness,  
 Nurture your youth in awe and fear,  
 [Let them] their duties often hear.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Whereas now sithes my soul doth sift  
 And ruthful sobs my heart doth rift.

To Thee, O Lord! I do return,  
 Here in this misery as I mourn,  
 Desiring, if it may Thee please,  
 My pains a little to appease.

*Though it be far beyond my faith,  
Yet Thou canst help, Thy gospel saith;  
Help, Lord! help, Lord! help yet in time,  
And lay not to my charge this crime.  
Pardon for that is past I crave  
With hope some help of Thee to have.*

*Exit Philogonus.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[CODRUS. CACURGUS. PHILOGONUS. ALISON.]

*Codrus.* Po, po, po, come Jack! come Jack!  
Heave slow, heave slow!  
How now, my masters! did none of you see  
my soulded sow?  
There's ne'er a one in our end o' th' town, I'm  
sure, hath worse hap;  
When I set her out to mast, would I had put  
her to my pease mow;  
This luck indeed: both bulchin and sow gone  
all at a clap!  
Now God and sweet St. Anthony, send me my  
sow again!  
And she be gone Ist ne'er be able this winter  
to keep house.  
If I should always eat curds and buttermilk it  
would be my bane.  
Ist not live a week without puddings and souse.  
What a cockalondling make the whoreson!  
would you needs begone?  
I'll give ye to one that shall spit you, I wa'nt  
you.  
By th' marrikins! will you not leave your cack-  
ling? you'll be quarkened anon.

By my little honesty ! I think there's some foul  
ill haunts you.

Ho, God be here ! where be you maidens ? God  
be here !

What ? is there nobody to take my rent  
hens ?

*Cac.* Hark, how like a calf ! there's one  
speaks : what fowl have we there ?

I'll know what that wizard, a God's name !  
intends.

*Codrus.* Vool, I was the wisest that my  
mother had, and we were nineteen.

I have been 'lected for my 'scretion five times  
constable.

*Cac.* If you had been but once more, two  
fools to th' tithe there had been :

A good litter, marry ! and men to serve a  
prince well able.

*Codrus.* What, William ! what, William !  
give me that hand of yours, I say ;

Why, tell me, William, how hast thou done  
this seven year ?

*Cac.* It's a good while ago, Codrus, since  
we two eat a bottle of hay.

But tell me, old sincanter ! what quick cattle  
hast thou here ?

*Codrus.* Cha brought a couple of capons in  
my baskets to my aude mas[ter],

Against Christmas, now to make merry with  
his friends.

[*Cac.*] Thy wit runs before thy tongue, thou  
conceaved Cust[er] ;

Thou li'st, old minsimust ! they are a couple of  
hens.

[*Codrus.*] [It's a] good stumble near horst ;  
I am sure they we[re gelt] ;

[I dur]st pose o' th' Bible-book, Alison groped  
vor th' st[ones]

[Cac.] . . . . [hor]son coxcomb! didst  
ne'er see he[ns felt?]

. . . . . [as true as a] . . . . .

*Codrus.* Nay, but hear'st oo, William?  
won't do one thing for me and thaw . . . ?

Won't tell my master: here's t' gof Custer  
would speak with him vain?

And thou wilt, William, thoust be a good boy  
and I'll gi' thee a new nothi[ng];]

I'll gi' thee a fine thing that came from London,  
for your pain.

*Cac.* Give me thy basket, I'll 'liver them  
like a tall fellow myself,

And desire him to come to thee here in this  
station.

*Codrus.* Set it then, when th'ast done, o'  
th' cupboard or o' th' shelf.

I hope with him now to have some excom-  
munication.

If he come, I can tell what to say: I'll spur  
him a whestion.

I'll tell him, grace a God! an my mumbrance  
do not fail me,

What a talk I heard between Madge Mumble-  
crust and our Alison;

I am sure, an I knew all the price of my sow,  
it would 'vail me.

Ye may lay your life he'll be glad when he  
hears of his tother,

For my young master's as wery a dingthrift as  
e'er went on God's yer;

He'll not care an aglet for him when he hears  
of his brother—

And no matter, by St. Cuthbeard ! he keeps  
such a stir.

*Intrat Philogonus.*

*Cac.* Here he comes, Custer ! hold ta deliver them with thy own hands ;  
He'll give thee somewhat and thou makest  
cursy down to th' ground.

*Codrus.* De good deen, master ! cha brought  
you twe who-chittals in my maunds ;  
Do you not hear of nobody that my souted sow  
hath vou[nd?]

*Philog.* God have mercy, Custer ! I'll make  
thee one day amends ;  
What be they, I pray thee, are they a couple  
of capons?

*Codrus.* Bum vay ! I said so, and Mast'  
William makes me believe they be hens ;  
God's dinty chil be plain to you : I took them  
e'en as it happens.

*Philog.* Take them thou wilt, and carry  
them forthwith to th' cook,  
And bid him fat them well, against I make a  
feast.

*Cac.* They were capons till I changed them  
—he that list may go look ;  
A shilling by this match I have got at the least.

*Codrus.* How is't with you, master ? me-  
think you look zad.  
What, I would have you use mirth and rejoyuce  
your heart now.

You'd be sorry, indeed, if my cagin you had ;  
My bulchin turned up his heels at Martinmass  
and now I lost my [sow.]

*Philog.* That's a great loss for a poor man ;  
but mine is much more.

Would I had lost all that e'er I had, condition  
I had found one.

*Codrus.* To lose all, by St. George, master !  
that would go sore ;

Belakins ! no, sir ! one might shoe the goose  
an' all were gone.

*Philog.* God help me, Custer ! I know not  
well what I speak, I am so troubled in my  
[mind.]

My son, my son's so ungracious : I know not  
what to say.

*Codrus.* Why, is't not possible some policy  
to find ?

I would not blin an I were in your coat till I  
had tried ery way.

*Philog.* I have tried ery way with him,  
he's quite past grace ;

Would I could try some way now to bring  
myself consolation.

*Codrus.* I'll bring you some, I, or else I'll  
give you my cow with whi[te face].

I can do it and that wightly, I speak without  
semblation.

*Philog.* Canst thou do it, Custer ? now I  
would to God, thou could . . . .

In that condition I gave thee the price of ten  
swi[ne] . . . .

*Codrus.* If I do it not, let me never here-  
after comē in y[our] . . . .

By God's sacrament ! if I do it not, I'll be  
bound . . . . .

[*P*]hilog. Let me hear then, Custer, what  
comfort cans[t bring] . . . . .

Doubt [no]t of my promise, thou know'st me of  
[old].

[*Codrus.*] An you knew as much as I know, I'm sure you'd both laugh and sing;  
 You'd be in *jocundare cum amicis* an you had all told.

*Philog.* Why, what is it, *Codrus*? I pray thee, tell me without delay;  
 Beside that I give thee, I'll be thy friend all the days of thy life.

*Cac.* If I say I can tell, I can tell, indeed—  
 what day is to-day?  
 How long is't since the death of my mistress, your wife?

*Philog.* Is this the comfort I have? by thy talk thou mak'st me in a greater quand[ary.]  
 This thy remembrance of her, *Custer*, is a corsy to my heart.

*Codrus.* A, God rest her soul! God have mercy of her soul! and St. Mary;  
 Is there a qualming come over your stomach?  
 I warr'nt you youst bear't.

*Philog.* Thy foolish words have made me more heavy than ever I were;  
 Tell me to what end of my wife thou mad'st mention?

*Codrus.* I wottle well enough how she served you; did you never hear?  
 Though I be a fool i' my talk, chavé always some 'tention.

*Philog.* Why, how did she serve me? declare it me plain;  
 Pray thee, tell me quickly without 'tracting of time.

*Codrus.* I'll go fetch our Alison and come straightway again;

She ha' wit enough to tell you; her capidossity is better than mine.

*Philog.* Alas, good silly soul! has told me a tale here o' th' man i' th' moon;

Some matter he talks of—if I knew what he meant!

*Codrus.* Moss! I'll tell you, though I lack retorumes; and sheist mend it soon—

Why, master mine! did never hear yet whither your son was sent?

*Philog.* Sent? why, whither should he be sent? he never went abroad.

I ween thou art tipsy; didst not come from th' alehouse a-late?

*Codrus.* Yea, yea, faith! he has been far than e'er oo have, on Taleon ground he ne'er trod;

And for bibbling, I would you should know I do it foully hate.

*Philog.* Be not angry, *Codrus*; thou hast brought me, truly, in a great suspense.

I pray thee, speak so at one word as I may understand.

*Codrus.* I'll speak plain English now: he's gone a thousand mile hence;

And you'll not trust me, call Alison and hear the matter scanned.

*Philog.* That is impossible to be, unless thou talk'st of another;

Thou mak'st me, without doubt, wonderfully to mase.

*Codrus.* Why, God's duty, master! I meant all this while the tother;

Do you think that such loudly Custer *Codrus* could face?

*Philog.* What other meanest thou? I had never mo sons than one.

I am at my wits' end with thy talk, by God's mother!

*Codrus.* Why, an you'll believe me, I'll go fetch our Alison;

You shall see and she doth not tell you that my young master has a bro[ther.]

*Philog.* There never was poor mariner amidst the surging seas,

Catching a glimmering of a port whereunto he would sail,

So much distract twixt hope of health and fear his life to lose,

As I even now with hope do hang, and eke with fear do fail.

[*Codrus.*] Alison! what, Alison! what mean'st, woman? sits all day by th' fire;

Come! thou mak'st good haste thus; thou wouldst serve me an I lay a[mayd.]

God's my arms, Alison! should'st trick thee with thy best 'tire;

Thou look'st as though thou had'st been in some heap of ashes l[aid.]

{*Alison.* Wh]y, what's the matter that thou wouldst have me so fine . . . . .

[Thou] wert wont to like me well enough [in my] . . .

*Codrus.* For that sow that's gone I'll help thee to ten, if the fair be no . . .

Come, thou must go to my master, he sends for thee, by cock!

*Alison.* What, didst tell him of the matter we talked on last week,

How many miles he were hence, and that he were his eldest son?

*Codrus.* I 'clared it as well as I could, and he would needs have me thee go and [seek].

Prove it true and weist have sows enough;  
Alison, come, let us run!

Lo! here she is; now, Sir! simple though she be, for the fault of a better,  
She's not bookish, but she'll place her words as 'screetly as some [of those] . .

*Philog.* That's no matter a rush, *Codrus*; an she know ne'er a letter,  
If she can make manifest this thy talk, that's enough for me.

*Alison.* I am glad to see your worship's worshipful mastership in good heal.  
What is the cause, saving your reverence! that for me you do send?

If it be for your own commodity, or for the commonweal,  
I will tell you with all my heart, as God shall me mutterance lend.

*Codrus.* Nay, she's aligant indeed, she would chant this extrumpery a whole day;  
I had rather than the best sheep I had my tongue were but half so nimble.

*Philog.* Thy husband here taunts of my wife, and of a son I have, gone a great way;  
Speak in this case what thou knowest, and do not dissemble.

*Alison.* My sweet mistress! now, our sweet Lady of Walsingham be with her sweetly sweet soul!  
I have bid many a prayer for her both early and late.

*Codrus.* Faith ! and so have I ; there's ne'er a day but I have her in my bead-roll ;  
I say a *De profundus* for her ery night according to th' old rate.

*Philog.* Pray for her no more, but rather give God praise ;  
Your prayers are but superstitions and she I hope's at rest.  
You love her, it seems ; so did I, and shall do all my days.

But now to pray for ourselves here, while we live, I count it best.

*Codrus.* Lo you, Alison ! wer master is o' th' new learning ; did not I tell you before ?

You'll not be ruled, you ; ye ne'er larned that of me.

*Philog.* Some other time of these matters you may debate more.

Whither thy talk tends, Alison, let me now see.

*Alison.* Custer, did you tell my master anything before I came hither ?

Speak, if you have ; when you made an end, I'll begin.

*Codrus.* As well as my mother wit would serve me, I told him all the curcumstance together ;

I did it prettily well, but I'll have thee do't, vine, vine.

*Alison.* Ah, master ! it was as love child as ever woman bore ;

It went to my heart when I saw it sent quite away.

*Philog.* Why, whither was it sent, Alison ? my child was ever within door.

Your talk doth so astonish me, I cannot tell what to say.

*Alison.* Goodly lord! are you so ingrum, did you ne'er hear of Polona land?

And did you never know your wife's brother that there doth dwell?

*Philog.* Yes, marry! that I do, all this I do well understand;

But what mean'st of that country and of my brother me to tell?

*Alison.* What mean I? marry! thither your son and heir was [sent].

*Philog.* What, my son?

*Alison.* Yea, your son, I tell you, I am in no drunken f[it]!

*Philog.* Say'st thou that my son and woman to [Polona went?]

[*Alison.*] I said it, I.

*Philog.* [By that] saying thou mak'st me [almos]t out of [my wit.]

[*C*]odrus. How say you now, master! do not our Alison and I agree—in one tale jum[p?]

Ye may see, we are as true as steel, we both on's scorn to lie.

*Alison.* Care not, master! yest not need for this exstory to be in a dump;

This a true as the Gospel, there's mo can tell as well as I.

*Philog.* Thou say'st it's true; but how can't be true? I had never mo wives tha[n one,]

And she, after Misogonus was born, within a week took her death.

*Alison.* I talk not of 'Sogonus, I talk of your tother son.

What a blindation are you in! why, my mistress had two babes at a bir[th.]

*Philog.* O merciful Lord God! if I might crave it without offence,

Grant that these tidings may be true which I hear.

*Codrus.* God's blessing of thy sweet heart, Alison! now I'll say, th'art a good [wench;]

I'll bestow a penny in apron-strings on the next market for th[is gear.]

*Alison.* Though I say't and should not say't, I was her midwife, I;

I can show you good tokens and arglements that this is so.

*Codrus.* By th' same token that he had two thumbs on one foot; tut, she stood by;

Pounder matter? well! if she should not know't, who should know?

*Alison.* What, dost tak'h' tale out of my mouth? sha't tell then for Alison?

And thou't needs ha't, tak't thyself and say no more, but tell true.

*Codrus.* God's blothernails! dame, where had we you, are you now in your crileson? And thou say'st I lie, thou liest; as thou bak'st, so sha't brew.

*Alison.* Ay, list thou me, cuckoldy knave! I'll ha'e thee in my memorandum,

I may chance make thee lie i' th' dust ere long for thy lying.

*Codrus.* Th'art a crow-trodden whore; I'll not suffer thee an thou wert my grandam. And th'ast not for this talk, ne'er trust me ill kiving.

*Alison.* Threaten's' me, old——

*Codrus.* Hold thy tongue ! comination gom !

*Alison.* Nay, I'll decry thee to th' officials,  
as I am true maid, thou nantipack !

*Codrus.* Decry me to th' fisheals ? nay, then  
have at thee, tom-boy, tom !

Thou a maid ? th'art a jadge ; before I knew  
thee thou wert an old ridden jack.

*Philog.* Nay, good neighbours ! no more of  
this rule, but to th' matter return.

Leave me not now i' th' briars, you have told  
me thus much of my son.

*Codrus.* By this light that shines, master !  
all the fault you may see's in her ;

I would ne'er have had foul word and she had  
not begun.

*Alison.* And I had gone forward in my tale  
and thou had'st not egged me like a fool.

*Codrus.* I neither egged thee, nor collop'd  
thee ; if I had egged ye, thou might'st yet  
chese.

*Alison.* I'll tell on, master, if ye can make  
him keep in his fool's bolt.

*Philog.* Be quiet awhile, Codrus ! I'll bestow  
on you both a good liberal fees.

*Alison.* Where left I last—at Polonia or at  
my mistress' deliverance ?

*Philog.* At this, pardy ! thou talkest of two  
children she had at one birth.

*Alison.* Till I can prove this true, an you  
will, lay me fast in dura[nce.]

*Codrus.* How, by this, master, do you not  
now 'gin to feel some comfort and mirth ?

*Philog.* Whether it be for mirth or for  
sorrow, I'm ready to weep ;

My mind doth now languish in such a wonder-  
ful perplexity.

[*Alison.*] Fear you not, sir! I hope to reduce you from your sorrows most [deep] [To tr]anquillity of mind and most blissful felicity.

[*My*] mistress, I say, had two sons whereof—  
in good time be it spoken—

. . . . she sent away closely to her brother  
far hence.

. . . . toes on h[is ri]ght foot which may be  
a good token.

. . . . [of his foots she had some] . . . . .  
For she was counselled (as she said) by a  
certain learned man :

If she had two sons, th' eldest to send to her  
brother's afar,

Telling her of his good destiny ; which she, re-  
memb'ring then,

Conveyed him close away, making none but  
me only aware.

*Philog.* O God ! which in mercies art in-  
finite and also most just,

Can these news be true which of this woman  
I hear told?

Thou never failest them, I know, that in Thee  
put their trust,

Which makes me in giving credence to her  
somewhat more bold.

*Codrus.* I did but jibe, Alison : I love ye  
well enough, wench, for all that ;

For the good disorder that thou keeps i' thy  
tale I must needs give thee a buss.

*Alison.* Away, whoreson ! I must answer  
my master ; now here's no time to  
chat.

When we are alone i' th' cellar, soon we may  
one another cuss.

*Philog.* What proof can you bring of this matter; you were not eye witnesses [both?]  
This thy tale, beside thyself dost thou know  
any that will justify?

*Alison.* By this fire that burneth, that's  
God's angel, I swear a great oath:  
It's as true as I am true, in me you shall ne'er  
find dishonesty.

There was not many present indeed, when this  
fate were done;

My mistress only of his sending away me privy  
did make.

But that she had another, and that he were her  
eldest son,

Two of my gossips knoweth also, which to be  
true their oath will take.

*Philog.* It's twenty year since this was  
done; why keep'st it so long close?  
An this so wonderful a thing be true why  
didst not tell me of this?

*Alison.* I'd not told you now, but that my  
husband begun; I do it now perforce.  
She swore me so sore, and you know what a  
great thing an oath is.

*Philog.* But who be thy other gossips that  
can testify the same?  
I would gladly hear of as many as could  
witness this tale.

*Codrus.* Cock! Caro's wife and Isbell  
Busby, I can tell you their name;  
Though we're poor, yet we're true and trusty  
—it's no tale of Jack-a-male.

*Alison.* An you'll have the truth tried, send  
to your brother out of hand;  
That's the best and the surest way that I can  
devise.

*Codrus.* By th' mouse foot ! do so, master ;  
fetch him to his own natural land.  
Let him be no longer 'yond sea, master ! an  
you be wise.

*Philog.* I'll follow your counsel, by Jesu !  
Liturgus shall go forward to-morrow.  
I hope, if the wind serve him, within this  
month he'll come again.

*Codrus.* I trust now, sir, you'll let me half  
a score of your sows borrow.  
Lady blessed ! this was all long of me ; chope  
you'll consider my pain.

*Philog.* Put no doubt, *Codrus* ; thoust have  
sows, I promise thee, plenty ;  
An if my son come in safety thoust ne'er pay  
me penny rent.

*Codrus.* By St. Bridget, Alison ! bacon and  
pork flesh is dainty.  
Say you me so, master ? by my trullit ! we'll  
then have one merri[ment.]

*Philog.* Here's somewhat onward ; depart  
home for this time . . . .  
An' look you be ready to bear witness, if need  
shall re[quire.]

*Codrus.* Mass, Alison ! for my master's  
sake at P'lonia we'll . . . . .  
But let's home now and have a pot o' th' best  
with a toast [in the fire.]

[*Philog.*] O happy man ! if this be true, O  
thrice and four t . . .

Before the fatal sisters three have woven  
my . . . . .

[If] this, I say, be true, I hope t' joy some . . .  
. . . [to and fro with fear and hope my  
life] . . . .

Mock on, Misogonus! if thou wilt; if God  
another sends  
I care not, I: he, as by right, shall have my  
goods and lands.  
I'll set the light, I warrant thee, till thou these  
faults amends,  
Which yet, if thou'lt repent, thoust find great  
courtesy at my hands.  
But I'll now go send Liturgus to my brother in  
great haste,  
Desiring him by a loving letter to demise my  
son and heir.  
After that I'll show my friend Eupelas what  
tidings, at the last,  
God hath revealed by a miracle most wonderful  
and rare.

*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

[CACURGUS. MISOGONUS.]

*Cac.* It's time, I trow; here has been a  
prattling with these old fools.  
Get ye hence, with a hot murrain to you all  
three!  
That old lizard has no more wit than the  
weathercock of Poules;  
A shame take him! had he none to make his  
packhorse but me?  
I had not worse luck of a day, I cannot tell  
whan;  
Must that old cokes tell him this news, with a  
pest'lence!  
I was cursed, I think truly, when that message  
I began;

It's now out, I can never be kept more in silence.

This has been kept in hugger-mugger a good while,

There has been blind talk of another son, I dare say, this seven year;

But what say'st thou to thyself, Cacurgus, hast thou no wile?

Ah ha! it shall go hard but, ere we sleep, we'll have somewhat here.

I'll trust all curmudgeonly foxes worse for his sake,

And had been happy, I might have given him his answer and sent him away;

An he will not deny it again, his arse shall surely quake;

It will make the old trot believe his skin I will flay.

*Misog.* Did no man meet Will Summer here this way a-late?

I have longed to talk with the counterfeit fool this sennight.

*Cac.* Will Summer? nay, nor Will Winter neither; tell ye, I'll none of that.

Yeist call me by my christian name or I'll not answer, by St. Bennett.

*Misog.* What, art thou so near, Cacurgus? I had thought thou hadst not heard.

What news canst thou tell me of now, my old child?

*Cac.* Heavy news for you, I can tell you, of a cowling card;

It will make you pluck in your horns an you were ne'er so wild.

*Misog.* Pluck in my horns, say'st thou? he plucks in my horns has good luck;

I overcame my father, man ! here with all his front.

*Cac.* I' faith ! I know a thing will cool you and ye were ne'er such a wild buck ;  
It's no matter for your father, you must bide yet a worse brunt.

*Misog.* There's ne'er a golia in this shire that shall scare me.

My heart is even big enough, man ! to fight with a score.

*Cac.* There will be in this shire shortly that will go near to mar you ;

And you take not heed, I tell you, i'll turn you out a-door.

*Misog.* He that can do that, Cacurgus, is not in Italia ;

But tell me who thou meanest, without more ado.

*Cac.* He that will do that, Misogonus, is in Apolonia ;

There's one, I tell you, that will quickly you cow.

[*Misog.*] And if he were a giant, could scarcely bring me under.

But name him, that for him myself I may prepare.

[*Cac.* . . u]f, leave such words, it's but a folly thus to thunder :

[Yo]ur brother, your brother, your father's son and heir.

[*Misog.* Tell'st] thou me of a brother ? thou know'st I have none.

[If any] come and say he's my brother, I'll cut's weasand

[*Cac.* . . . th], know, yes, [you know y]ourself you [have one ;]

. . . [ye can, else the land is surely his own.]

*Misog.* Go-go-go-gog's! what treachery have we here;

What villain was he that told my father of this?

*Cac.* He that told him, and it had pleased God, I would he had laid o' th' bier:

An old crabtree fast carl, because a sow he did miss.

*Misog.* I have heard a whispering of such a thing, I must needs confess;

What think'st thou? I hope it's but a tale of a tub.

*Cac.* Whether he be alive or no I know not; ye had one, it's questionless.

If he be, Liturgus brings him as sure as a club.

*Misog.* What, is Liturgus gone for him? Soul! what shall I then do?

I'll colefeke him myself for't, come out what will.

*Cac.* Why, knew you not that he went forward a fortnight ago?

It's not best for you to fight, lest ye one another kill.

*Misog.* What should I do then, Cacurgus? what remedy is left?

My heart would even burst for anger if I should so be served.

*Cac.* I would work some wile if I could catch the old mithers eft;

If I take him right, heist to that he hath deserved.

*Misog.* But what shall I be better, canst thou him defeat?

Help me now, Cacurgus ! and while thou livest  
thoust never lack.

*Cac.* What if the deeds of his lands I get  
away with a fleet?

You need not care a pin, if you ha't in white  
and black.

*Misog.* Fie ! they're under a dozen locks ;  
thou canst never them get.

Try some other way rather, if thou hast op-  
portunity.

*Cac.* Get you hence, and let me alone ! I will  
play some fet ;

I will work him some displeasure—be bold, and  
that speedy !

*Misog.* I will repair to her then awhile from  
whence I came,

And come see thee again within less than an  
hour.

*Cac.* If that old neat should 'scape scot-free  
for this, it were a shame ;

I'll dust him for't one day, if e'er it lie in my  
power.

### ACTUS 3. SCENA TERTIA.

[ISBELL. MADGE. CACURGUS.]

*Intrant Isbell Busbey et Madge.*

*Isbell.* Come, gossip ! let's hie's betime, lest  
all the sows be gone.

Why should not we ha' some as well as that  
chattering jay?

If we should not, all the backhouse would be  
too li'le for her alone.

We can say as much i' th' 'claration as she can  
say.

*Madge.* Gogle-gogle-gossip Bub-bub-Bus-bey ! I'd go full fain  
 And make a 'sposation as well as I could.  
 But here in my cho-cho-chops I have such a  
 pain,  
 That I cannot conclare it, though I would.

*Isbell.* I have tongue enough for's both,  
 Madge ; I lack but a good felt  
 For to tell him how't was ; I can serve the  
 turn.

Pray thee, do so much as lend me but e'en thy  
 red cap and thy belt ;  
 Ist ne'er look him i' th' face else, my parel is  
 so worn.

*Madge.* Saint Mary Man-Man-Man-Made-  
 line, Tib ! mine is but wold ;  
 But if thou couldst help me away with my  
 toothache,  
 I'll gi't thee, I, Tib-tib-tib—there 'tis, hold !  
 Cause I would myself a speakclation make.

[*Isbell.*] Some phisicary I'll seek, but I'll  
 have some remedy ;  
 I'll bestow a penny for casting thy piss !

[*Madge.* Na]y, it shall ne'er be ca-ca-cast,  
 though I ne'er spea . . . . .

[I would ra-r]a-rather myself be speechless.

[*Isbell.*] There be some good men an one  
 could light on them,  
 Which would do't for Godsake without prying  
 in a pisspot.

*Madge.* If I could get such a one, I were a  
 happy wo-wo-woman ;  
 I could once a said Our Lord's sa-sa-salter by  
 rote.

*Cac.* Good Lord ! what great diversity and  
 alteration

Is there in the manner of diverse people and countries !

I am here derided of the men of this nation,  
Because my garment is pied not like to their  
guise.

If they were in my country, all men would  
them scorn,

Because they are all in one hue like a company  
of crows.

For of the best gentlemen there diverse  
coloured garments be worn ;

We most delight in pied gowns and little care  
for hose.

I am, by my country and birth, a true  
Egyptian ;

I have seen the black Moors and the men of  
Cyne.

My father was also a natural Ethiopian.

I must needs be very cunning, I have it by  
kind.

I have been one and twenty mile beyond the  
moon.

Four year together I touched the sun when it  
rose.

Where I was born, when't is midnight, it is  
here noon.

I was five years with them that with their heels  
upward goes.

By profession I am a very good physician.

Before I could speak I had learned all arts  
liberal.

I am also a very skilful soothsayer and  
magician.

To speak at one word : I can do all things in  
general.

There is no sickness, disease or malady,

But I can tell only by viewing of the hand.  
For every grief I can prescribe a present  
remedy.

I have all things that grows in the Indian land.  
I can cure the ague, the measles and the  
French pock,

The tetter, the morpew, the bile, blain, and  
weal,

The megrim, the maidens, and the hitchcock,  
The toothache or anything at one word I can  
heal.

My head is so full of the supermundal science  
That I am faint to bind it, lest my brains  
should crow.

This nightcap was given me when doctor I  
did commence;

Good Lord, good Lord, what things do I  
know!

Neither do I care for any great gains winning;  
I do all for Godsake and not for any  
gain;

And before I do deal, if any man doubt of my  
cunning,

That they may know't, I will tell their thought,  
certain!

For by my liberality I have in visiogmony  
[I can] tell the cogitations and thought of the  
mind.

. . . [y] my great spec-lation I have in ex-  
stronomy

[Both thing . . . . . g] past and things to  
come of men I do find.

Therefore, if there be any man or woman in  
this country

That would have their pains and aches now  
cured,

Let them come: I will judge of it only by  
palmistry,  
Which if I can, that I can help them they may  
be assured.

[*Madge.*] What a wise man 'tis, what a  
learn'd, what a far travelled man 'tis!

*Isbell.* O Lord, Lord! one would take him  
for a fool by his gown and his cap,  
And he is too fulls a profunditis as any is i'  
th' whole woand.

*Madge.* One would think as so pra-pra-  
practised a' came from Go-Go-God  
a-mighten's la[p;]  
Wa'nt him [h]as been at Cambridge, good  
land, good land!

*Isbell.* By th' meckins, *Madge*! I'll go put  
in on my holiday-face  
And wheston with him for thy toothache, and  
thoust tarry behind.  
God speed you, Master Physicary! God save  
your doctorship's grace!  
I beseech you, to my symplication let your ears  
be inclined.

*Cac.* Good wife! did you not hear when I  
made protestation  
Of my intelligible experience in the art  
medicinal,  
To the intent to heal good folk, and I showed  
that declaration?  
For I ken now all things by cunning artificial.  
You come not for yourself, but for a neighbour  
of yours  
Which is pained, in her mandible, with a worm-  
eaten tooth.  
Sister! come near, sister! I will help you  
within this three hours;

If you doubt me, I will tell your very thought,  
in good sooth!

*Isbell.* A talks so fathermillerly 'twould do  
thee good at heart-root.

Come, Tib! I see by him he's a wise man indeed.

*Madge.* I'll be your bedewoman, Master  
Doctor, and you'll do't;

'Ze-ze-ze-zeech ye, if ye can, do't with speed.

*Cac.* If I can, saystow? why of my cunning  
dost thou doubt?

I'll tell thee all thou hast done, since day thou  
wast born,

And even at this present what thou now go'st  
about.

If need be, I can prophesy what thou shalt do  
to-morn.

*Isbell.* What we intend now, sir, by your  
skill are you wotting?

We'll say, ye're an excess doctorable man, if  
that you can read.

*Cac.* To bear witness you are now both  
toward your landlord trotting,

That his wife of two children at once was  
brought to bed.

But take heed what you do, lest you damn  
yourselves quite;

For the one was not a christian child, as you  
thought it to be,

But a certain fairy there did dazzle your sight  
And laid her changeling in the infant's cradle,  
truly;

Hoping, thereby, your mistress' child to have  
got,

And to leave her changeling there in the stead;  
Which, when she saw in a week she could not,

She fetched it away, when you thought it were dead.

An overthwart neighbour, too, of yours now a-late

Tells him whither 'twas sent, as though true it had been;

But she's a gayt, you know well, and a very make;

And the fairy, from that day to this, was ne'er se[en]!

But take you heed both, I give you good warni[ng]

Lest you be stricken hereby either lame or d . . . .

If you will, by conjuration, I will show you . . .

. . . . .

[*Isbell.*] Nay, good master! leave your magication craft;

It's as true, I know, as it had comed out of God's own mouth.

*Madge.* I gi-gi-give defiance to you so-so-so-so saft-saft;

I'd rather you'd tell me some drink for my tooth.

*Cac.* Dost thou believe that I can heal thee now? speak!

If thou dost, thy pain within three hours I will qualify.

*Madge.* I am sure, if you list, you can mend my toothache,

And I 'que-que-quest you to do it and not dallify.

*Cac.* Open thy mouth then, let me feel with my instrument

What is the cause that works by this pain.

*Madge.* You'll ga-ga-gag me, by God's testament!

Your mo-mo-monkfork doth make me so gayn.

*Cac.* I have cured a thousand of these in my days;

This I can cure with the value of farding.

Know you not an herb called envy that grows by th' highways,

And hypocrisy that grows in e'ry garden?

*Madge.* I know them well, I use them e'ry day in my porridge.

Go-go-gossip Busbey! this fellow hit's nail o' th' head.

*Isbell.* And wert not good also to take a little borage?

She might fare well so and crumb them with bread.

*Cac.* Fie, no! take them, I tell you, with two drams of lechery,

One dram of Venus here, infidelity, and stone new.

*Isbell.* Do you not mean that herb which we country folks call siphory?

I ne'er went to leachcraft, but I know that to be true.

*Cac.* That same, that same!—mixed all these with an ounce of popery,

Then boil them in maiden's water with a fire of haste.

*Isbell.* That's a weed, I think, we lay people call poppy;

Is't not that you mean, which the good corn doth waste?

*Cac.* That-tat-tat-tat, by my faith! thou hast good skill;

Use them but one night and thoust mend then  
apace;

And hereafter, I will warrant thee, thoust  
never feel ill,

So be't thou ne'er usest aqua vitae and herba  
grace.

*Madge.* Ye've e'en we' ni' lick'd me whole  
wi' your talk, wha'll you take for your  
pains?

Mythink, I speak a great deal be-be-better than  
I did.

*Cac.* Sister, I do not respect my market or  
any gains,

But only the commodity of them that be  
afflicted.

*Madge.* Now God and our blessed Lady  
reward you for your good physication!

I'll pray for you truly and betterly for't once a  
day.

*Cac.* If thou be'st asked, as I know thou  
shalt, by prognostication,

Whether he had two sons or no, look thou  
say'st nay.

[*Madge.*] Nay, as sure as that good face of  
yours I do behold,

I nay't and nay't again and fousand times  
nay't,

[An]d before I say't, I'll both rail and scold;

. . [y] well restrain me, but I will ne'er say't.

[*Cac.*] . . . . ye do a godless and uncharit-  
able work.

. . . . [w] well for this time, I must depart.

. . . . . [s]close, an't were to th' great Turk

. . . . [me] to Madge art thou better than  
[thou wert?]

## ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

EUELAS ET PHILOGONUS. [CODRUS. LITURGUS. CRITO. EUGONUS. ALISON. ISBELL. MADGE.]

*Eupelas.* Now, surely, Philogonus, but  
that I know God's providence,  
In showing mercy to his servants is always  
usual,  
This wonderful thing I could not credit any  
human evidence;  
It is so strange, that otherwise I would perceive  
in denial.

*Philog.* Indeed, Eupelas! but that we must  
not marvel at the works of the Lord,  
It is so strange, that the like, I think, were  
never heard  
If we should all histories of ancient writers  
record;  
Neither, I dare say, the like shall be seen  
afterward.

*Eupelas.* Praised be the Lord that ever is in  
mercies most rich,  
And within His appointed time His chosen  
folk doth aid!

*Philog.* In time, indeed, Eupelas! or otherwise  
I'd been i' th' backhouse ditch;  
Yea, rather, if He had not helped, in grave I  
had been laid.

*Eupelas.* I greatly do rejoice that yet, at  
length, your sorrows are dispatched;  
And that double and treble joys your  
calamities do requite.

*Philog.* I joy likewise, but under hope; my  
chickens are not hatched;

I nil to count of him as yet, for so presume I  
might. [(sexies)!

*Alison.* A comes! a comes! a comes

*Philog.* Methinks one says my son doth  
come; my spirits are in a damp.

Now, truly, Alison hath waited at the town's  
end for his coming.

*Codrus.* I'll go tell my master; I'll go tell  
my master (*quater*)!

*Eupelas.* Without doubt, Philogonus, my  
heart is in a sudden tramp.

Behold! is not this father Codrus which is  
hither running?

*Codrus.* Hail ye! hail, hail, hail! give me,  
master and I'll tell you news of your [son;]

Will you not say: fa' Custer's a good boy an  
he come at town's end?

*Philog.* I will say that; thou all my joys  
and heart's ease hast begone

And I'll give thee enough to spend one year;  
spend while thou wilt spe[nd.]

*Codrus.* I am sure, 'Turgus is come, for I  
saw his brindle dog,

And our Alison saw a brace of striplings come  
with him.

*Eupelas.* It is impossible this silly thing  
should either lie or cog;

Without doubt, Philogonus, in that he spoke  
you may believe him.

*Isbell.* Now, Margery, you have served me  
a-trust; yea, mass! would all thy teeth  
were [out.]

An't had not been for thee, saddlebacked grum-  
bold! I'd got well by this shift.

*Madge.* Would thy tongue were out, with-  
ered witch! didst not thou keep all the rout?

It's all about town, fause ge-ge-gib! what saidst to Sir John at last [shrift]?

*Isbell.* Wert not 'long of thee, susukes! that I went not to my master, 'Twould a been in my way XXs. thick, thou worm-eaten morell.

*Madge.* 'Long a me? thou liest! that thou dost; 'twere 'long o' th' wate[r.] Didst not go of thine own mind, thou grumbold? [go] . . . .

[*Isbell.*] The Devil cast him and thee too, like vile wretches a[s] . . . . . I'll neither trust thee, nor such as he is, for't while I [h] . . . .

[Th]y tongue's made o' th' devil's thing or else thou wo[u] . . . . .

[That scurvy] scrub won't ne[']er leave thy fe] . . . .

[*Codrus.*] Lo you! mark, master! how yon covetous scolds here chide;

It grieves them that they did not tell, because now it's known.

*Philog.* That I may hear what they'll say, I'll stand a little aside. [sit down.

*Eupelas!* I would we had some chairs here to  
*Codrus.* Would I had my settle and my boust stool, ye should both sit;

Ye shall see how wisely I'll 'xamine them, I could a chopped logics once.

*Isbell.* An' I were as yonk as e'er I were that Scottish knavery I would quit, and you too, grannum.

*Madge.* Would you? I might chance rattle your bones.

*Codrus.* Why, how now, neighbours! what's matter? ha! where's your womanhood?

Leave this brawling and wawling ! for shame !  
gup ! kiss arse ! will you, none ?

*Isbell.* You mought have told's, when ye  
[h]ad gone yet, and ye'd had any neigh-  
bourhood. [with a spoon !

West get nothing for you now—yes, a little

*Codrus.* Why, faith, Isbell ! what talks ?

Ist not have past a couple of shots ?

And thou knowest what casualties I had in my  
beasts last Hallowmass.

*Madge.* By th' meke, Isbell ! I would think  
I were happy and I could get a couple of  
groats,

And I would fare the better for't too, e'ry day  
this Curstmas.

*Isbell.* Bow wow ! why should we have less  
than he ? are not we the needier ?

And did not we, when he were born, both rock  
him and cradle him ?

*Codrus.* Well and you'll be content, Isbell,  
I may chance help you to a breeder ;

Though I did not, our Alison a-sennight  
together did swaddle him.

*Intrat Liturgus.*

*Liturg.* Now, you be welcome, Eugonus !  
as I may say't, into Laurentum town.

Behold ! at yon same turret which you see is  
your father's place.

*Codrus.* Ho, ho ! my young master is come  
indeed now, by God's nown !

Ken him well ! does he not 'xample my mistress  
in 'plexion and his face ?

*Eupelas.* O high Jehovah ! which dost rule,  
with Thy almighty power,

All things within the sacred skies, and eke in  
seas and land—

I give to Thee, redoubted King, in this so luck  
 an hour, [my country sand.  
 All thanks for that Thou hast me placed upon  
*Codrus*. Ye're welcome home, master! gi'  
 me your hand! how ha' ye dout this many  
 a day?

I am as glad for you as 'twere either for my  
 Robin or Tom.

*Liturg*. This is one father Custer, my  
 master tenant; he loves you well, I dare  
 sa[y;]

He was the first man, I tell you, that caused  
 you to be fetched home.

*Codrus*. I am more than half your father,  
 master, I caused you to be fatch'd.

By cock and pie! I dissuaded him to send  
 'Turgus for you.

*Isbell*. Ye're welcome to our town; did ye  
 not remember since I sat by you and  
 watched,

When my mistress lay in and we sang Lullaby  
 baby, and bore ye?

*Eugonus*. I can say nothing but by informa-  
 tion of nuncle and my naunt,

And the testificats which Liturgus from my  
 father did bring.

[*Codrus*.] His 'membre[n]s were but slip-  
 pery then, fool! though he be now all in a  
 flaunt.

Wherefore, and you say't, we'll have some  
 probabilation of e'rything.

*Intrat C[rito.]*

[*Crito*.] Well said, father! let's have out of  
 hand some undoubted trial.

[*Te*]ll thy master, Philogonus, that he may  
 hear the matter discussed.

[*Codrus.*] . . . . be long. What, Alison!  
 what, Alison! so methinks with lie and all,  
 . . . with a wannion to my master—here thou  
 com'st, as th'adst no lust.

[*Alison*] . . . . Saint Swithin bless him!  
 has even my mistress face up and down.  
 . . . [e] as bold as e'er I was, by my troth!  
 ye should be kissed.

[*Eugonus.*] . . . now quite out of all your  
 knowledge grown.  
 . . . what name I had, when I was baptised?

[*Madge.*] . . . . me.

*Codrus.* You mought let your betters speak  
 before ye, Margery, . . .  
 Your goodman was but thirdborough, as  
 goodly as you make't.

*Madge.* Be go-go-go-good in your office, I  
 speak by my master's leave;  
 Thou seek'st to have all to th[ee], dost? if  
 thou canst have all, take 't.

*Eugonus.* Give her leave to speak to  
*Codrus*; it may hap she knows that thou  
 dos[t] . . . .

To take thy neighbours vardit in such a case  
 thou must not stick.

*Madge.* It speaks in our mother tongue;  
 that you were a go-go-good son, well I  
 wot!

But I ca-ca-ca-ca-cannot think on't, for 'twere  
 a vile hard word in Hebric.

*Alison.* Hebric! nay, it was but Greek; yet,  
 as God would hav't,  
 As cunning as ye are, ye missed cushion once  
 yet, Margery.

*Codrus.* Towa, Alison! towa, towa hour!

*Crito.* As long as she hits interpretation,

though she miss the name, it's no great  
fau[lt.] [for Greek, it's plain doggery.

*Codrus.* No, may; but 'tis to say Hebric's

*Alison.* First letter of your name's Eu, by  
th' same token of my knuckle fasteen;

T'other part, as I take't, is e'en much like my  
young master, 'Sognus.

*Liturg.* By my faith, Alison! that's well  
remembered; all this is true.

Canst thou tell, if I name him?

*Alison.* Ay!

*Liturg.* How say'st, wert not Eugonus?

*Alison.* 'Twas indeed!

*Isbell.* 'Twas so!

*Madge.* Faith, 'twas! [deed!

*Codrus.* God's drabs! a hight Eugonus in-

*Crito.* But can ye tell whether your mis-  
tress' son had any privy mark?

If ye can answer me to this point, I'll say, he's  
his son without fail.

*Isbell.* All we can tell: had a toe more than  
a should ha', and so can the priest and the  
clerk.

*Codrus.* Shall she, Alison, shall she take  
her up for halting? God, I would she were  
i' th' [jail!]

*Alison.* An ye be my mistress' son, gentle-  
man, ye've six toes o' th' right foot;

I have told them, many a time and often, they  
stand even all bidene.

*Eugonus.* It cannot otherwise be; I'm even  
the same ye talk on, without doubt;

And, for a certainty, if ye will, yeist have my  
foot seen.

*Codrus.* May'e content, master! come, a  
God's name! dance me off your hose;

Alison! remember thyself well, and take thy mark right.

*Eugonus.* I rather ye would for this time rip them, and so view my toes;  
I'd be loth to have them plucked off till I go to bed for all night.

*Codrus.* Here, Alison! take my penknife then; it's as sharp as a razor;  
Look thou ripp'st it i' th' seam, and take heed thou hurt'st not his foot.

*Isbell.* God's blue'ood! let's see too, I pray you; what, were your father a glasier?  
Let's have some room too, or else I may chance give thee an arsebut.

*Crito.* How many year ago is't since he were born? can any of ye tell?  
Lay all your heads together and make true account.

*Codrus.* It were after the rising 'rection i' th' north, I remember well.  
Where was corn then, Alison? let's see how that will mount!

*Madge.* I gathered pe-pe-pe-pescods at Ba-Ba-Ba-Ball's Bush then, I'm sure,  
And brought them to my mistress, when she was with child.

*Codrus.* Thou wert neither o' th' court, nor o' th' counsel—speak, Alison . . . . .  
How say'st? were not Piper's Hill then the rye field?

*Alison.* Ay! may'e wa'n't.

*Codrus.* Why, umber't then—it's at least a score. [that?  
Three and three, three and three, what's all  
*Alison.* Three't no more; I ha't now: he's twenty and fo[ur.]

Our Tom were born but a year after, I can  
te . . . .

[*Liturg.*] This agrees, believe me, too;  
what should we say . . .

[*Codrus.*] Why, she has augrim in her, she  
would tell ye [what's] thirty and thirty . . .

*Crito.* What time o' th' year wer't, when  
your mistress him bore?

*Codrus.* I'm sure, Alison, when thou cam'st  
from her labour, thou wert all . . . . .

*Alison.* Custer, Custer! dost remember we  
clemented, when she were . . . . . ?

And thou best remembered, a Saint Clement's  
Day, I were sent her gossips to [seek.]

*Codrus.* Mass! it's true, and we had penny  
dole i' th' honour of St. Nicolas, when  
sh . . . . .

An a good token: St. Steven's Day that year  
fell just in Curstmas [week.]

*Eugonus.* Say no more! here's proof  
enough; depart you, a God's [name!]  
home; [content.]

I will see that my father shall you liberally

*Crito.* Codrus! go you tell your master  
that his son now is come.

Ha! here's a letter which his brother from  
Apolonia hath sent.

*Codrus.* Letter! good God! where be my  
wits? I could once a letter'[d] my  
pat'noster.

I ha' sung yet, *Cum spiritu tuo* with priest i'  
th' kirk, when we'r' howling.

And what said my father? What said a? may  
thoust be a man one day, Cust[er].

God's ludd! I ne'er left my book till I came  
to the hour a catawauling.

*Alison.* An thou wouldst not, another  
 would; I could a had, shouldst know, as  
 good as thou; [trod on neat's leather.  
 I could 'a' had as upright a fellow as e'er  
*Codrus.* Why, and all the wenches i' th'  
 town were earnest and bream of me, thou  
 know'st well enough;  
 When I were in my lustiness there 'a' come  
 to me twenty two sillibouks together.  
*Philog.* I can suffer no longer, Eupelas!  
*Codrus.* Here he comes!  
*Liturg.* According to your worship's com-  
 mandment.  
*Philog.* I heard all, Liturgus!  
 O welcome, my son!  
*Eugonus.* O my father!  
*Philog.* O my son!  
*Eugonus.* Bless me, my father!  
*Philog.* God bless thee, my son!  
 Eternal God! which only guid'st th' imperial  
 pole aloft, [affairs,  
 And also this terrestrial globe with all human  
 Though frowning fortune with her force doth  
 tip and turn us oft, [awares.  
 Thou canst miraculously help thy servants un-  
 If twenty tongues and twenty mouths I had to  
 sound thy praise, [quence,  
 Or if I had King David's vein or Nestor's elo-  
 They would not serve me, at this time, due  
 thankfulness to raise [ful beneficence.  
 Towards me, for thy unspeakable and wonder-  
 O welcome home, my son! my comfort and my  
 joy! [my care.  
 Thou art the length'ner of my life, the curer of  
 Hereof my house possession take, and all my  
 lands enjoy;

I think myself as happy now as if a duke I were.

[*Eugonus.*] . . . [u]se have I, Lord ! to re-  
joice whom thus thou hast preserved  
. . [and] lands even from my youth far from  
my native soil.

. . . . [Nept]une's rage and Eolus' force I  
might have well been starved.

. . . . . not been ready at need to help at  
e'ry broil. [fathe[r find.]

[And now], when I am home reduced, such a  
[Who t]end'reth me so lovingly that one me he  
doth be[stow] [so kind.

His lands, and counts it happiness : he is to me  
O father dear ! O father dear ! what shall I say  
or do ? [heart for gladness s[o d]oth melt.

[*Philog.*] I am able to speak no more, my  
Eupelas ! I pray you and the rest to accom-  
pany us [in.]

*Eugonus.* The like inward motion of all  
your well willers here is felt ; [begin.

Our gaudeamus I speak for us all is not now to

*Intrant Misogonus, Orga [lus et] Ænophilus.*

#### ACTUS 4. SCENA 2.

[*PHILOGONUS. MISOGONUS. ORGALUS. ÆNO-  
PHILUS. EUGONUS. EUPELAS. CODRUS.  
LITURGUS. CRITO.*]

*Misog.* God's precious body ! this counter-  
feit skipthrift is come already ;  
Draw your weapons like champions and keep  
him from possession.

*Eugonus.* Liturgus ! is this my brother thou  
talk'st on, that come this way so heady ?

Lord! what meaneth he? will he bar my father from his habitation?

*Philog.* Away, away, thou brainless fool! wilt thou never be wise

Stand out of my way, waghalter! or I will breech thee nak'd

*Misog.* What, som[wh]ere he be that challenges anything here? I'll indite him at the 'size, [threshold, as stout as ye ma[k't.]

Ist keep you from setting a foot within this

*Eugonus.* Alas, brother! I come for no lands; I come to see my father, I, [become.

And to do my duty unto him, as it doth me

*Misog.* Brother? thou landleaper! thou runagate rogue; ay, brother'st me? [thumb.

By all the devils in hell! I will surely thee

*Eupelas.* Fie upon thee, Misogonus; wilt thou not yet be wiser?

Shame the devil rather, and repent ye of thy wickedness!

*Philog.* Hang and thou wilt, knave! I care not, I; be a card and a dicer!

I'll ne'er know thee for my son hereafter, because thou art so graceless.

*Codrus.* God's trunnion! Alison, go thy ways and fetch me hither my goose-spit;

'Sognus will ne'er be well till he has some on's wild blood let out.

*Liturg.* Good masters both! let me request one thing at your hands yet:

You've to forgive your son, sir! and you to do your duty, as ye ought.

*Philog.* So he'll ask me forgiveness, I'll pardon this once him, I'm content,

And he shall have a child's part too, for all his stubbornness.

*Misog.* A child's part, quod ye, and ask forgiveness? nay, soft! I ne'er yet that [meant.]

Am I now come to my child's part? nay, then yeist have more frow[ardness.]

*Philog.* Go, shake thy heels, then! with a devil's name! come, follow me, my m . . . . !

We'll be merry within; I'll ne'er take so much thought, as I ha' done.

*Exeunt Philogonus, Eupe. Eugo. Li. Crito. Co. Al[i.]*

*Misog.* Ha! ye let them slipped by ye, you hedgecreepers! come, I'll tell ye to . . . .  
Did I trust you to keep this way, and you let them be gone?

[*Orgal.*] Hold your hands when ye're well, sir! what, man! ne'er be so . . . .

It's a shame for ye, would ye have us to do that yourself . . . . ?

[*Cenoph.*] Ye may fly up to th' roost with Jackson's hens, come . . . . .

Go sing Benedicite! give me one blow, by th' mass! . . . . .

[*Misog.*] Ye hennardly knaves, you cry me a-mercy, or I'll . . . . .

What, ye coistrels! answer ye me thus, your . . . . .

[*Orgal.*] As fine as I see yourself may now go a-delvin[g] . . . .

[*W*]e a-begging? we're worthy [to be en]tertained a[t] . . . . .

[*Cenoph.*] . . . . [a]re you in your Pilate's voice still, I'll [not tak't as I did.]

. . . . [s]hall needs serve, I'll serve for some vantage, [ay, I will.]

[*Misog.*] [Yo]u catching caterpillars ! either  
do hereafter as I [shall ye bid,]

[*Or*] else avoid even presently and get ye hence  
to th' devil !

[*Orgal.*] Marry ! there would I ha't. Come,  
Ænophilus ! I know whither to [go;]

There's a gentleman within this mile and half  
hath sent for us thrice ;

There's ne'er a gentleman in this shire but will  
be glad of the worst of us [too.]

If they would not, we're able to live, man !  
with cogging at cards and at dice.

*Exeunt Orgalus et Ænophil[us.]*

[*M*]isog. How say ye to these vipers ? have  
I brought them up to this end :

When they have trained me to this state, then  
like whiteliver Jacks to fly ?

If God be God, I'll be revenged, though all  
that I have I spend ;

Happen what will tone of them or my brother  
shall surely die.

What Hercules could abide to be thus trodden  
under foot ?

The devil's asleep, I think ; heart ! all all goes  
against here.

To humble myself to my father now it would  
nothing me boot,

And to go t' law with this newcomer I should  
be ne'er the near.

O God ! O devil ! O heaven ! O hell ! my heart  
now rents in twain ;

A comes, a comes ! a comes ! I shall die in  
To hang myself, surely, I think, now I must be  
fain ;

I have sinned so much, that I'm quite past hope  
*Exit Miso[gonus.]*

## ACTUS 4. SCENA 3.

*Intrat CACURGUS.*

*Cac.* (*Alta voce*) Ay laud, laud! (*decies*)  
how shall I do? (*toties*) Ay well-a-d[ay!]  
(*sexies*) I'm undone! (*toties*) (*gravi voce*)  
O, O, O! (*tanquam castrator porcorum*  
*vociferarum emunge nasum et singulties*  
*clama aliquando.*)

Ist be turned out a service now, e'rybody says;  
And why? may'e, because I have been an old  
servant i' th' house, trusty and true.

When I do all that I can fo'm, they make me  
a fool i' my old days;

They'll ha' the old fool no more; now they  
say they'll have a new. [you can tell?

What were I best to do now, sirs? which on  
Is there any good body among ye will take me  
in for God sake?

And there be e'er a gentleman here would have  
a fool with him dwell, [very fool take.

Let him speak, an[d] a my word! a shall a  
And I might be but wintered this year, I would  
ne'er care; [need.

A God help to William now! th'art put to thy  
Will nobody take pity on a stray fool? here  
long enough I may stare,

And there were yet a crier to help me at a  
proclamation to read.

Is there ne'er a crier among you? good Lord!  
what lucks 'tis? [ha' me, I'm sure.

An you knew my properties somebody would  
I'll cry as well myself as I can, and I pray you  
pardon me, a[n I] . .

I dare swear it would win your heart and ye  
heard me but [lu] . .

O, O, O, O, yes.

. . . [If th]ere be any gentleman,  
[Or any] gentlewoman,  
[In tow]n or o' th' country  
[That, f]or Saint Charity,  
[Will have a str]ay fool:  
[One is here on this stool.]

Tha[t c] . . .

And that can [peel] . . . .

That can chair . .

And that c[an] peke pies,

That can rock the cradle

And that can bear a bable,

That can gather sticks

And that can chop leeks,

That can turn spit

And that can by th' fire sit,

That can ring a bell

And that can tales tell,

That can whoop at noon

And dance when dinner's done,

That can wash dishes

And that can make rings a rushes,

That can hold a candle

And that can babies dandle,

That can thresh malt

And that can chop salt,

That can hold his finger

In a hole and thereby linger,

That can lay down maidens' beds

And that can hold their sickly heads,

That can play at put pin,

Blow point, and ne'er lin,

That can know my right hand

And tell twenty and ne'er stand,

That can find a titman's nest

And keep a robin redbreast,  
 That can eat, and drink, and play,  
 Sing songs both night and day,  
 That can go to th' windmill  
 And that can do whats'e'er you will :  
 And now for all this my task  
 Small wages I will ask—  
 A cape only once by th' year,  
 And some pretty coloured gear ;  
 And drink, whens'e'er I will,  
 And eat my belly full—  
 For more I will not seek.  
 He that will have me, let him speak !  
 What say ye, masters? speak ! will nobody  
     take me up for poor p[ity?]  
 Nobody care for th' poor now, poor's always  
     thrust to th' wall !  
 Fools now may go a-begging, e'rybody's  
     become so witty.  
 Now a God's name ! ye would laugh, I think,  
     and ye should see me fall.  
 Alas, good William ! how do thy elbows?  
     what, more anger yet?                      [patience.  
 Faith ! what remedy? I know none but e'en  
 Ay ! but for all that you were wont, after a fall,  
     to have a good hi[t;]  
 This is e'en that last time of asking ; speak !  
     and ye'll ha' me, or [he] . .  
 Well, ye'll not ha' me, ye say ; bear witness  
     then : I'm . . . . . [the wi[nd?] . . .  
 Let me see now, William ! which way stands  
 Is there ne'er a wizard among you can tell?  
     I'll . . . . . [another wa[y] . . . .  
 Mass ! this gear will not cotton ; I must  
 Stand, I [pray] thee ! I would but ere see which  
     w . . . . .

[They] say it[’s good] luck to seek one’s  
 fortune . . . .  
 . . . . [I think I] must [play the fool still]  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . [we] young [master]  
 . . . [will not] . . . . . away some [pelf]  
 . . [when I ha’ done; if an]ybody [will se]nd  
 their wenches to [me: I t]each a sew[ing]  
 . . [this time and you] have any more for me,  
 yeist say’t [your]self.

*Exit [Cacurgus.]*

ACTUS 4. SC[ENA 4.]

[LITURGUS. MISOGONUS. PHILOGONUS. LITUR-  
 GUS.]

*Intrant Liturgus et Misogonus.*

[*Liturg.*] I w[ar]rant you, i-faith, master,  
 I myself dare undertake

That your father shall forgive you, even from  
 his very heart;

He loves you full dearly, Miso.; both for your  
 own and my mist[ress’ sake—]

Doubt you not! he will interpret each thing  
 in the best part.

[*Misog.*] What a villain am I, Liturgus!  
 that have him so lightly esteemed;

Nay, that have reviled him and derided him to  
 his teeth!

O Christ! how often have I the blessed name  
 of God’s majesty blasphe[med!]

That I am now deservedly in state of perdition,  
 every man saith.

[*Liturg.*] Nay, good master Miso., let such  
 fancies go out of your head.

A. P. II.

R

Take heart of grace, man ! that was but a cast  
of youthfulness.

Though you were by the frailness of your flesh  
in your sins almost d[ead,]

Yet you may, as St. Paul saith, by the spirit  
of God live again unto right[eousness.]

[*Misog.*] Thou putttest me in good comfort,  
Liturgus ; I will never despair ;

My trust, I thank Christ, in his merits is  
assuredly fixed.

But my life hath been so lewdly led that I  
shall ne'er be without care ;

I can have no mirth but it will be with miseries  
continually mixed.

[*Liturg.*] You harp all of one string ; I pray  
you, leave that fond speech ;

Though your brother he hath found, he loves  
you ne'er a whit less. [home I did fetch :

I know what he hath said to me, since him  
If he knew you repented, you might have at

his hands even what ye would [wish.]

[*Misog.*] I am so ashamed that I dare  
ne'er come more in his sight,

And I'm stricken with such a terror that I dare  
not give him one word.

[*Liturg.*] Yeist be as well entertained as  
e'er you were : I'll wa'nt ye this night.

Humble but yourself to him and you shall sit  
down presently at his own board.

[*Misog.*] I dare not, I dare not, I dare not !  
pray thee speak on it no more. [thee.

I will rather run quite away before I'll go with

[*Liturg.*] Why, I'll entreat him for you,  
and then to you bring him out a-door ;

If I do not reconcile you, lay all the blame in  
me.

[*Misog.*] God give grace, that my father's  
anger by his persuasion may be mitigated !  
If he'll now take me to mercy, I'll never here-  
after displease him any more.

Who would e'er have thought that my courage  
so soon should have been aba[ted?]

A ! vile wretch Misogonus ! couldst thou not  
have taken heed of this [before?]

O, all ye youthful race of gentle blood, take  
heed by this my fall ;

Trust not too much to your heritage, and  
fortune's vain allurements ;

Take heed of ill company, fly cards, and dice,  
and pleasures bestial ;

Eschew a whore as ye would a scorpion, and  
beware of her enticements !

Children ! obey your parents with due rever-  
ence and fear : [but momentary.

Care not for your vain pastimes, for they be  
Scholars ! your masters' good lessons often read  
and hear ; [world are but transitory.

Beside godliness and learning all things in this  
*Intrant Phi[logonus] et Lit[urgus.]*

[*Philog.*] Will he, thinkes[t] thee, Liturgus?

[*Liturg.*] . . . with all his heart, master.

[*Misog.* I hav]e sinned in the sight [of]  
God and against you, dear father ! most  
g[rievously,]

[Many] times in stubber[ly] misusing of you,  
both in word and deed.

[And] now I repent, and thee which I lament  
most bitterly [and help [m] . . . .

. . . e though u[n]worthy you to fo[r]give me

[*Philog.*] . . . . [speak from my heart,  
Misogonus, Mis] . . . .

. . . . .



# A newe enterlude

Drawen oute of the holy scripture  
of godly queene Hester, verpe necessary  
newly made and imprinted, this pre  
sent yere. M.D.LXX.

Com nere vertuous matrons & womē kind  
Here may ye learne of the good duty  
In all comelines of vertue you shal finde  
Howe to behaue your selves in humilitie.

## The names of the players.

The piteous	Lynde.
King Illur?	Amulation.
All gentlemen	Amulation.
Woman.	Barry barry.
Servant.	A. Jeme.
Peffer.	Arbans.
Whitellent.	Arbans.

*Printed at London.*

[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Godly Queen Hester," from Copy now in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.]



The enteslude of Queene Hester.

A while in the world they lyfe may they leade,  
yea they welth and worshippe dayly renewe,  
But at the length I will wote you in dede,  
They fauell and falsehed wyl come abiede,  
whiche Hall be to them more bytter than gall,  
The hygher they clyme the deeper they fall,  
Answerus.

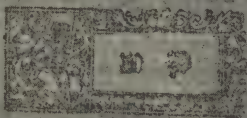
Let vs then este this consideratione,  
And this tyme bytelle this congregation.  
Hester.

That lyke as here they haue lyued deuoutly,  
So god graunt them in heauen to lyue eternally,  
Answerus.

To the which we committe all this company.

FINIS

Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Pickerspage  
and Thomas Backet, and are to be solde at  
theyre shopes.



[Reduced Facsimile of the last page of "Godly Queen Hester," from Copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.]

# A NEW INTERLUDE

DRAWN OUT OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE, OF GODLY  
QUEEN HESTER, VERY NECESSARY, NEWLY MADE AND  
IMPRINTED THIS PRESENT YEAR  
MDLXI

*Come near virtuous matrons and womenkind,  
Here may you learn of Hester's duty;  
In all comeliness of virtue you shall find  
How to behave yourselves in humility.*

## The Names of the Players:

THE PROLOGUE	PRIDE
KING ASSUERUS	ADULATION
THREE GENTLEMEN	AMBITION
AMAN	HARDY DARDY
MARDOCHEUS	A JEW
HESTER	ARBONA
PURSUIVANT	SCRIBA

Imprinted at London by William Pickerynge and  
Thomas Hacket, and are to be sold at their shops.  
W. P.



# THE INTERLUDE OF THE VIRTUOUS AND GODLY QUEEN HESTER

## THE PROLOGUE.

Divers philosophers, ancient and sage,  
Their clargy and cunning to put in practice,  
Oft have disputed, by learning and language,  
To whom greatest honour men ought to de-  
mise; [arise;

Or, for what cause, high reverence should  
And amongst many, some were there doubtless,  
That concluded honour due unto riches.

Some also to noble blood and high parage,  
Affirmed honour duly to pertain;

And some to policy and wisdom sage;  
And some to power and superial reign—  
Each man his reason said in certain.

Over this some said, that virtuous demeanour  
To be excellent, and of most honour.

*The king sitting in a chair speaketh to  
his counsel.*

*King.* Of these my lords we would be glad  
to hear,

Which is most worthy honour to attain;  
By your high reasons we think it may appear;  
To speak, therefore, we pray you, your sen-  
tences plain;

And, as ye determine, so shall we certain

Advance to honour, and to promotion apply  
Always the best, and that be most worthy.

*The first gentleman [enters.]*

*Primus generosus.* Most dread sovereign,  
King Assuerus, to your doughty weighty  
and sured :

Of riches, power, wisdom, virtue, or noble  
blood— [honour?

Which is most sovereign, and of highest  
Meseems as virtue none can be so good,  
Not riches nor power, wisdom nor gentle blood.  
For where virtue faileth, the other be not sure,  
But full unstable, and long cannot endure.

Whoso will labour stories to peruse,  
And them with diligence often will read,  
May see and perceive how vice did confuse  
Many noble princes, which were, indeed,  
Of such magnificence, that we not need  
To doubt of their riches, power and wisdom;  
And yet, for lack of virtue, vice them overcame.

*Secundus Generosus.* Nabuchodonozor,  
Senacherib, and Salmanasar,  
Nero, Dyoclisian, Maxentius also,  
All these princes of high honour were,  
Of riches, power, and wisdom; also  
Of noble blood; yet these and many mo,  
For lack of virtue, to vice did fall,  
To their own destruction and their subjects all.

*Tertius Generosus.* But then, as me-  
seemeth, it were expedient,  
Among all virtues appertaining to a prince,  
That same to know by some reason urgent;  
Which is so necessary to the province,  
That without it in no wise he can convince,  
Neither sin nor sinners that unjustly deal,  
Nor in good order keep his commonweal.

*Primus Generosus.* In mine opinion, that is  
Justice—

A virtue as excellent as may be.  
For all things it ordereth in such wise,  
That where it is, is peace and tranquillity,  
Good order, high honour, wealth and plenty;  
And, where it faileth in the prince or king,  
The commonweal decayeth without tarrying.

*Secundus Generosus.* Beside Justice there  
must be diligence,

In his own person that same to put in ure;  
Or else some time, such coloured sentence  
Under cloak of Justice, ye may be sure [cure;  
Craftily shall proceed from them that have the  
Which, in process, may bring to downfall  
The king, his realm, and his subjects all.

The judgment of Solomon, in his own person,  
Between two women of living unchaste,  
So feared Israel that utterly none  
Durst once rebel, but they thought it waste  
In any wise to attempt, either first or last,  
Anything of displeasure to his majesty royal,  
Fearing his wisdom and Justice so equal.

*Tertius Generosus.* If by his lieutenant had  
been done the same,  
His honour should never have sprung so far,  
Nor so much renowned by noble fame,  
As it is now, and that both here and there.  
Nor yet his subjects to such awe and fear,  
He could have driven, by no means at all,  
As he did by his justice personal.

And over this many a noble man,  
At the prince's will and commandment,  
To employ justice, did the best they can.  
And yet the commons unneth could be con-  
tent—

And why? for in their mind they think verament

That, either for riches and honour, Justice will do; [to.

And he only, for the zeal that to Justice he hath  
Wherefore, noble prince, if in your own person  
will ye

Employ Justice, the more your honour shall be.

*King.* My lords, we thank you for your  
counsel;

As ye have said, so think we, verily,  
That Justice maintaineth the commonweal;  
And namely the prince must needs himself  
apply

Unto the same, or else utterly  
Shall follow decay, by war or else death,  
*Quoqz, si princeps malus populus coruet.*

And over this, if that his lieutenant  
Shall happen to square from truth and justice,  
Albeit his fair words and good semblant,  
The prince must needs be circumspect and wise,  
That no ambition nor covetise,  
Through great wealth and riches inordinate  
Do erect his courage, for to play checkmate;  
For though it be as well as it may need,  
It shall be thought nay, I assure you indeed—  
Sir, what is your name and progeny?

*[One of the gentlemen must answer,  
which you will.]*

*Aman.* I am Aman, son of Amadathy,  
Of the stock of Agag, born lineally.

*Assuerus.* Your learning and reason pleaseth  
us well;

And ye seem to be of discretion.

We bear ye, therefore, our favour and zeal,  
So that, without means of intercession,

We make you our chancellor—take heed to this lesson :

See ye do justice and truth ever approve,  
Or, to your destruction we shall you soon  
remove. [was,

*Aman.* My duty is more now than ever it  
Truly to serve your most noble grace,  
Both night and day, here and in every place.  
(*Et exeat.*)

*Assuerus.* My lords ! as now, thus stands  
the case :

We are comfortless for lack of a Queen,  
Which should be our joy, and chief solace ;  
And, to say truth, it hath not been oft seen  
But the prince with a princess matched hath  
been, [defend !  
Lest default of issue should be, which God  
Therefore, your counsels first had, to marry we  
do intend.

*Primus generosus.* Then let your officers  
peruse this realm,  
And of fair maidens, that be virgins pure,  
Of most goodly personages that may be seen,  
Gather a great number, that we may make  
report  
Unto your grace ; then may ye be sure  
To choose the best, when ye have them seen,  
And that is fittest to be your queen.

*Assuerus.* Call to us *Aman*, our trusty  
chancellor !

*Here entereth Aman with many men  
awaiting on him.*

*Aman.* If it please your grace, I am here.

*Assuerus.* *Aman*, this is the counsel of my  
lords all,  
That our officers in haste we should send

To peruse this region universal,  
From the beginning unto the end; [kenn'd,  
To seek fair maidens, where so they may be  
And of most goodly personages that may be  
seen, [queen.  
To the intent among them we may choose a  
This is our mind, more to speak it shall not  
need,

In all that ye may, see it be done indeed.

*Here the King entereth the traverse, and Aman goeth out. Here entereth Mar- docheus and a maiden with him.*

[*Mard.*] I am Mardocheus, born in Jerusalem,  
The son of Jair, and of the stock of Benjamy;  
By Nabuchodonosor brought into this realm  
When he did subdue our king Jechony,  
And translated the Jews by conquest and  
victory.

Both I, and other, in number many one,  
Were brought in captivity, into the realm of  
Babylon.

I have here a maiden of the same nation,  
My brother's daughter named Edissa;  
But Hester is her common denomination,  
And by that well known, nam a deo missa.  
God grant her grace! that persevere she may  
In wisdom and womanhead faithful to be,  
Her espouse to love in perfect amity.

So is it now our king Assuerus  
Divers Pursuivants, in great haste, hath sent  
Over all his realm in these parties near us.  
To seek fair maidens is his intent,  
To choose among them one convenient  
To be his queen and Lady Sovereign,  
In love and honour with him for to reign.  
And, forasmuch daughter Hester that you

Among other are appointed for one,  
 I think it according, therefore, now  
 To give you mine advice and instruction.  
 Attend ye, therefore, without interruption,  
 And by faithful mind and steadfast memory,  
 That I shall say, learn it diligently. [kind,

*Hester.* Noble Mardocheus, my father most  
 To that ye shall say I will apply my mind.

*Mardocheus.* Then, if the king choose you  
 to his queen,

It is of his goodness, bounty, and grace;  
 And for none your merits, the truth to be seen.  
 Therefore, to him repay must you needs  
 obedience,

True love, and kindness, above persons all,  
 Not forged nor feigned, but with affection  
 cordial.

Break not the course that queens have had,  
 In this noble region most part of all. [bad;  
 They have aye been good, and none of them  
 To their prince ever sure, just and substantial;  
 And good to the commons, when they did call  
 By meekness for mercy, to temper the fire  
 Of rigor[ou]s justice in fume or in ire. [pure,

*Hester.* This counsel is perfect, and also so  
 I grant it, therefore; and promise you sure  
 It is my whole mind and hearty desire  
 That same to fulfil, as reason shall require.

*Here entereth Pursuivant with many  
 maidens.*

*Pursuant.* I have here of maidens a fair  
 company,

Of comely stature and goodly visage,  
 Which, to the king, I think by and by,  
 For to present, and to his counsel sage,  
 For their promotion, wealth, and marriage.

Save before, with Mardocheus the Jew,  
I must speak for Hester, that is so fair of hue.

*Mardocheus.* She is here, ready, and doth attend

The king's commandment to fulfil;  
And at your pleasure, forth shall she wend  
Without resistance, and by her good will.

*Pursuivant.* Then shall I bring her the king  
until.

Come on, lady Hester! and follow me—  
To the king shall ye go with your company.

*Here Aman meeteth them in the place.*

*Aman.* Sir Pursuivant, have ye these  
maidens brought

For the king, like as ye had in commandment?

*Pursuivant.* Yea, sir, and for them far have  
I sought,

Both in village, town, and tenement—  
I trust I have done true service and diligent.

*Aman.* So are ye bound, by very duty  
Of your allegiance and fidelity—  
See that ye follow us with your whole company.

*Pursuivant.* As ye have said, so shall it be.

*Aman.* Pleaseth it your grace, according  
your mind

We have made search all your region  
For goodly maidens, of nature fine and kind,  
And of them have found, in mine opinion,  
A number right fair, and of complexion  
So pure, and of so fair visage,  
That they surmount all other in personage.

*Then they go to the king.*

*Assuerus.* Are they also of such competent  
age,

Of such demeanour and gravity,  
That they be fit for our marriage?

*Aman.* Upon approof, your grace shall hear  
and see,

As well their wisdom as their beauty.

*Assuerus.* Certes they be fair and goodly,  
each one;

And, as it may seem by their first countenance,  
Both by look and gesture, nature and com-  
plexion,

In them should be kindness, mirth, and dalli-  
Wisdom, sadness; and, in love, perseverance;  
Constancy knit with comeliness, joy to in-  
crease;

Virtue with good demeanour, pleasure to put  
But ye, fair damsel! of the highest stature,  
And of most ripe age, as should seem

Of all this company, of most finest nature—

Tell us your lineage; for, as yet, we deem  
Your looks be so lusty, and in love so breme,  
If that your demeanour hereafter be seen  
To that according, ye shall be our queen.

*Hester.* Most noble Prince! as for my  
lineage,

Nor yet my country, certes I cannot say.

My parents deceased in mine nonage,

So that I never heard yet, unto this day,

What coast or country, what land or lay

I was bred in, brought forth, or born—

It is to me unknown, as aye hath been before.

Notwithstanding, I have had food and  
fostering

Of Mardocheus all my life days—

Whom I called father in my young age,

And so intend to do eftsoons and always—

Whom, for his friendship, I have good cause  
to praise,

Beseeching your grace, and that most meekly,

To my said foster-father, good lord for to be.

*Assuerus.* Call in Mardocheus, that we may  
see his face. [your grace.

*Mardocheus.* I am here, to attend upon  
*Assuerus.* Mardocheus! what call you  
your daughter? [name is Hester;

*Mardocheus.* If it please your grace, her  
Assuring you, she is a virgin pure,  
A pearl undefiled, and of conscience clear;  
Sober, sad, gentle, meek, and demure;  
In learning and literature, profoundly seen;  
In wisdom eke semblant to Saba the Queen;  
Fit for any prince to have in marriage,  
If his pleasure agree to her personage.

*Assuerus.* Ye say right well; then, we  
think it expedient

Somewhat to prove, by communication,  
Her learning, and her language eloquent;  
And, by some problem of high dubitation,  
To know her answer and consultation. [seen  
How say you, Hester, have you ought read or  
Of virtues that be best, and fittest for a queen?

*Hester.* To speak before a king—it is no  
child's play;

Therefore, I ask pardon of that I shall say.

*Assuerus.* We pardon you, whatsoever ye  
say.

*Hester.* Then, to be bold right well I may:  
No queen there is but by marriage of a prince,  
And under covert, according to the law;  
So that the jurisdiction of the whole province  
To the king pertaineth—this is the true saw.  
Albeit, sometime more for love than for awe,  
The king is content to be counselled by the  
queen,  
In many sundry causes, as oft hath been seen;

Which sentence is sure and groundd with  
reason.

But yet, notwithstanding, this is not all;  
But eftsoons it may chance, at sundry season,  
The king with his council, most part of all  
From this realm to be absent, when war doth  
call.

Then the Queen's wisdom sadly must deal,  
By her great virtue, to rule the common weal.

Wherefore, as many virtues be there must,  
Even in the Queen as in the prince;  
For fear lest, in war, some treason unjust  
The realm should subdue, and falsely convince.  
The Queen must safeguard all the whole province;

And so, as much goodness aye must be seen,  
As in the king, to be in the Queen;  
And how many virtues long to a king,  
Like unto your grace, I cannot make reckoning.

*Assuerus.* Then, I doubt not, but the  
wisdom of us two,

Knit both together in perfect charity,  
All things in this realm shall compass so,  
By truth and justice, law and equity,  
That we shall quench all vice and deformity.

*Hester.* Then, at my beginning, I beseech  
your grace [and space.

That I may show my mind, while I have time

*Assuerus.* Speak at your liberty, I will hear  
it gladly. [hath no peer :

*Hester.* Then I will be plain, for verity  
And for a principal of this my tale—

And eke his subjects, both great and small,  
In honour and wealth—yea, all the province—  
So rich and so strong that they may convince  
All their enemies, wheresoever they dwell,

That would invade, resist, or rebel.

And where God's service and hospitality  
Doth decay, and alms to the poraille—

There may be wealth in places two or three,  
But I assure you, the most part, in general,  
Neither have meat, nor money, nor strength  
substantial

Fit to do you service, when ye have need—  
Which is no good order, methinks in very  
deed.

Let God alway, therefore, have His part,  
And the poor fed by hospitality;  
Each man his measure, be it pint or quart;  
And no man too much, for that is great  
jeopardy;

A mean to lose all, as I do fear me;  
For, when all is gathered together on a heap,  
It may soon be conveyed—carriage is good  
cheap.

This I speak with true heart and mind,  
Beseeching your grace to take it in good kind.

*Assuerus.* Of these matters, another time,  
more at large

We shall speak, and of divers other mo.  
Aman! see our servants do accomplish their  
charge

To await upon our Queen; and that, also,  
In haste, unto our wardrobe, see ye go  
For rich apparel of gold and pall,  
As well for herself as for her ladies all.

*Here departeth the Queen and Aman  
and all the maidens.*

*Aman.* Then, if it please you to license the  
Queen,  
As to her pleasure awhile shall besene.

*Assuerus.* And we, for a season, this business will cease,

And ourself repose for our pleasure and ease.

[*Here entereth Pride singing, poorly arrayed.*

[*Pride.*] To men that be heavy, and would fain be merry

Though they feel smart :

Oft chance such reckoning that, with their mouth they sing,

Though they weep in their heart.

Sometime they dance, with merry countenance,  
When they had liever sleep : [ween,

Eke they laugh and grin when, by this sun ! I  
In the heart they weep.

Whoso will accord with this double world

Must use such arts :

Outwardly kind, in his heart a fiend—

A knave of two parts.

Outward honesty, inward infidelity—

Both rides on a mule :

In peace he is bold, but in war he is cold,

That soonest will recoil.

Many be that proffers, but few that offers

Devoutly in their heart : [befall,

They say they can do all, but when need doth

They begin to start.

He that is double loves alway trouble,

And at no time will cease :

And yet he will not fight, by day nor yet by  
night,

In war nor in peace. [cattle,

But such men by battle may get corn and  
Bullion and plate : [it—

And if they once get it, let us no more crave  
By God ! we come too late

Either to beg or borrow, except shame or  
sorrow,

Displeasure and hate. [aside

Sirs, my name is Pride, but I have laid  
All my goodly array :

Ye ween I lie—there is a cause why

That I go not gay :

I tell you at a word ; Aman, that new lord,  
Hath bought up all good cloth, [towns,  
And hath as many gowns as would serve ten  
Be ye never so loth : [gown,

And any man in the town do buy him a good  
He is very wroth ; [apparel

And will him straight tell, the statute of  
Shall teach him good :

Wherefore, by this day, I dare not go gay ;  
Threadbare is my hood.

Pride was wont to be a man of jollity,  
Of high countenance and face :  
And since Aman reigned, no man him retained,  
Almost in any place. [self

For Aman, that elf, would no man but him—  
Should be proud indeed.

For as men say, all pride he taketh away—  
Well, God send him good speed !

*Adulation.* And as for Adulation, must  
change his occupation,  
It is not worth a pease.

*Pride.* Why so ? [that he can—

*Adulation.* For my lord Aman doeth all  
I assure you without doubt— [clatterers  
To take up all flattere[r]s, and all crafty  
That dwell forty mile about. [substantial,

*Pride.* Yea, but the law shall, by order  
Punish all those. [law now, and flattering

*Adulation.* Yea, I will tell you one thing :

Aye together goes.

*Pride.* Why so? [adulation, in his chest

*Adulation.* For all law east and west, and  
Aman hath locked fast; [into flattering;  
And, by his crafty pattering, hath turned law  
So that, first and last,

The client must pay or the lawyer assay  
The law for to clatter: [by this light!  
And when ye ween he said right, I assure you,  
He doth not else but flatter.

*Pride.* Why so? [shrinks,

*Adulation.* For if Aman winks, the lawyer  
And not dare say yea nor nay. [daw:  
And if he speak the law, the other calls him  
No more then dare he say.

So that was law yesterday, is no law this day,  
But flattering lasteth alway, ye may me believe.

*Pride.* Divines that do preach, methinks  
they should teach  
And flattering reprove.

*Adulation.* Sir, they have left preaching,  
and take them to flattering  
Most part of them all.

*Pride.* I marvel of that. [tell

*Adulation.* Do ye marvel? marry! I will you  
A cause substantial.

When they preached, and the truth taught,  
Some of them caught a knock,  
And they that should assisted, I wot not how  
they were bristed,

But they did nothing but mock.

And that saw they, and gat them away  
As fast as might be.

They sold their wool, and purchased a bull,  
With a plurality.

And left predication, and took adulation,

And what by mendation, and dispensation,  
They gat the nomination of every good benefice.

So better by flattering, than by preaching,  
To wealth they did arise.  
But yet ye must beware.

*Pride.* Whereof? [beyond the mark;

*Adulation.* That they do not square far  
For, if it be a good fee, Aman sayeth that  
longeth to me;

Be it benefice or park.

If he espy to that promotion he will straight  
give him a portion,  
A lap of a thousand marks. [treble nor mean,  
He shall be purged clean, he shall sing neither  
Nor yet speak one word.

*Pride.* Is he well seen in adulation?

*Adulation.* He is warden of the occupation,  
without all jesting boord;  
And no man so hardy, but by his authority,  
The same to use.

*Here entereth Ambition.*

*Ambition.* No, for if he do, he were better  
no,  
His brains he will confuse.

*Pride.* Why, who art thou? [to work.

*Ambition.* He that can tell how Aman used

*Pride.* Is not Ambition thy name?

*Ambition.* Yes, for[e] God the same!—I was  
wont to be a great clerk; [mule  
But sin Aman bare rule neither horse nor  
But is as wise as I.

*Adulation.* How so?

*Ambition.* For all rules and laws were  
made by fools and daws,  
He sayeth verily.

Ordinances and foundation, without consideration,

He sayeth, were devised. [fashion

Therefore, his imagination brings all out of

And so all is disguised. [be empty,

Sometime where was plenty, now the barns

And many men lacks bread. [none to get,

And where sometime was meat, there now is

But all be gone and dead.

Beggars now do ban, and cry out of Aman,

That ever he was born. [food;

They swear by the rood, he eateth up all their

So that they get no good, neither even nor

morn. [to door

And many that be poor—though not from door

A-begging they did go—

Yet had they relief, both of bread and beef,

And drink also. [can we get

And now the door stands shet, and no man

To work, neither to fight.

Wherefore if war should chance, either with

Scotland or France,

This gear would not go right.

*Adulation.* And where is all this become?

*Ambition.* As for that—*Dominus vobiscum!*

—I dare say nothing but mum,

Not till another time. [done by reason,

*Pride.* All this is out of season, and nothing

Nor yet by good rhyme.

*Adulation.* How say you, Ambition, have ye

not provision for to get promotion as ye

were wont to do? [lord, Aman,

*Ambition.* No, by my halidom! for my

Handles all things so

That every office and fee, whatsoever it be,

That may be seen and found—

By his wit he will it fetch, and or it fall he  
will it catch

That never cometh to the ground.

So that I repent that ever I went

Unto the schools :

[bition,

For his large commission, maketh me, Am-  
To dwell among fools.

*Pride.* And is there no remedy?

*Adulation.* None that I can spy, while he  
doth reign. [till we die,

*Ambition.* Then let us make merry, even  
And drive away pain :

*Pride.* I heard once a friar—as true a liar  
As any in the country—

He preached, verament, that our testament  
Always ready should be. [lack breath,

*Adulation.* For at our death, we shall  
And then farewell we. [tide,

*Ambition.* Then master Pride, begin this  
Let us hear your fashion. [the plain text

*Adulation.* And ye shall hear next even  
Of me, Adulation. [plainly,

*Pride.* Then, by and by, ye shall hear  
Without impediment, [until :

The tenor of my will if ye take heed there  
This is my testament. [ride,

All my presumptuous pride—whether he go or  
Now or else than—

My heart and courage, for power and language,  
I give it unto Aman. [divide

Let him keep of my pride what he will, the rest  
Among his whole guard. withal—

And when they have it all, what they will do  
Advise them afterward.

If pride have a fall, let them be content withal  
As I am now :

For, as for Pride lasteth but a tide,  
I assure you.

If to it long shame, let them a God's name!  
Take them both:

For, as I fear me, so must it needs be,  
Be they never so loth, [fashion

*Adulation.* And I, Adulation, of the same  
At this time present,

To record every man, give unto Aman  
By this my testament:

All my subtlety, and forged fidelity,  
To him and his espies.

I wot they will it use, true men to confuse,  
And that craftily. [speed,

And if they do, indeed, I pray God they may  
Even as honestly, [Watering

As he that, from steyling, goeth to St. Thomas  
In his young age. [tatter

So they, from pitter patter, may come to titter  
Even the same pilgrimage. [mission

*Ambition.* And I, Ambition, had a com-  
By force of a bull,

To get what I could but not as I would,  
Neither of lamb nor wool. [half

The bull nor the calf could please the one  
Of my fervent desire. [have had

But ever I thought, by Gad! there was I would  
When I was never thee near. [commission

Therefore, all my ambition, together in a  
Under my seal,

I give it to Aman, to the intent that Sathan  
May love him well:

That while he is here, he may still desire  
And yet never the near: sometime to be,  
And when he goeth hence, he may with him  
dispense

By a large faculty.

That for his sins seven, or he come to heaven,  
Without boord or game,  
Sometime or tide he may, for his pride,  
Suffer some shame.

*Pride.* Now, by Wade's mill! every man's  
will

Is wondrously well. [be wisdom;

*Adulation.* And, by my halidom! I ween it  
For folk often chat how men die in estate,  
But so shall not we. [lord Aman,

*Ambition.* No, by Saint Ann! but yet my  
Never the better shall be.

*Pride.* No force, so God me save! if we  
our will might have  
We would he should never thee. [content  
Now made is our testament, I pray you be  
Some mirth to devise.

*Adulation.* Let us begin with singing, and  
conclude with drinking—  
It is the new guise.

*Ambition.* Then let us begin a song, that  
will last even as long  
As hence to the tavern door. (*Et exeunt.*)

*They depart singing, and Aman entereth.*

*Aman.* Most noble prince, and of highest  
wisdom!

I do not doubt of your consider[a]tion, [I'am,  
But that you know what I have been, eke what  
Both in will and words, and occupation,  
Of assured thought without adulation,  
And as glad to do service unto your grace  
As ever I was to live any time or space.

And, for the same great malice I do sustain,  
Both of your nobles and communalty,  
To my great grievance and marvellous pain.

And eke further, I fear the jeopardy  
 Of my life, goodness, credence and honesty.  
 To cease their malice, unless you put in ure  
 Your power royal, I cannot long endure  
 The slanderous reports, the lies that be made,  
 The feigned detractions and contumelious,  
 The rhymes, the railings so far set abroad,  
 Both painted and printed in most shameful  
     wise,

And, God to record ! all is but leasings and lies ;  
 Was never made on man like, as is on me,  
 Only for applyment of law and equity.

Insomuch that of late now, indeed,  
 Before all the commons, upon mine and me,  
 Most damnable reports were set abroad,  
 To my dishonour and shameful villainy ;  
 And all that were there of that company,  
 As I might see, by their countenance and voice,  
 That same allowed and greatly did rejoice.  
 Wherefore, noble prince ! I beseech your grace  
 Let me be removed, another to have my place.

*Assuerus.* Aman ! we heard with delibera-  
     tion

Uttered, and pronounced by language clean,  
 A very elegant and prudent oration  
 Of you, as evertfore was seen ;  
 By whose tenor we know what ye mean.  
 And, have ye no doubt, so shall we for you  
     provide [side.

That your enemies shall damage you on no

We know right well the lords envious to be,  
 One against another for fee and office ;  
 But, that to regard, in no wise need ye,  
 As long as ye observe truth and justice.  
 From the which we would that, in no wise,  
 Ye should digress ; for if ye do, indeed,

Your own destruction shortly ye shall breed.

But, for your comfort, hark what I shall tell;  
And, for more assistance in this that ye do fear,  
We make you lieutenant to rule Israel.

Take here these robes—see ye do them wear;  
Eke this golden wand in your hand to bear,  
A token of honour and of estate royal— [all?  
God send you continuance and well to do with  
*Aman*. Noble prince! according as I am  
bound,

I will do you service till death me confound.

*Assuerus*. For a season we will, to our  
solace,

Into our orchard or some other place.

*Here the king entereth the traverse and  
Hardydardy entereth the place.*

*Hardydardy*. A proverb, as men say : a dog  
hath a day

Whensoever that it chance.

He that will drink wine, and hath never a vine,  
Must send or go to France.

And, if he do not, endure he cannot,

He must needs shrink. [pain

Shrink? yea, say that again! for it is a great  
To be without drink.

In such case am I, I swear, by God's pity!

I lack both drink and meat.

But, as I say, a dog hath a day;

For now I trust to get.

My time is come for to get some,

If I be not let.

It is the common word, *Aman* is a lord,

And *Aman* is of price;

And hath, perdy! all this country

At his rule and device.

And I trust to be one of his yeomanry,

To wear his badge and mark.  
An office I would bear and it nought else wear,  
But the keeper of his park.

*Aman.* Meseems ye are not fit.

*Hardydardy.* Ye ween I lack wit, it may  
be so well!

Yet a fool, when it doth hap, may sometime  
chance to stop a gap

When wise men will not mell. [their thought.

*Aman.* Fools largely will boord and tell all

*Hardydardy.* And wise men will not speak  
one word till all become to nought. [sore.

*Aman.* Fools will tell all, and that troubleth

*Hardydardy.* And wise men will say nought  
at all till all be gone and more. [prest.

*Aman.* Fools to idleness, all ways be

*Hardydardy.* And wise men use such busi-  
ness it were better they were at rest.

*Aman.* Fools let the reformation of common  
weal.

*Hardydardy.* And wise men be so full of  
imagination

They wot not how they deal.

*Aman.* Wise men would do right

And fools say nay. [when wise men run away.

*Hardydardy.* And fools be fain to fight

*Aman.* Fools spend all till they nought have.

*Hardydardy.* And wise men carry all till  
they dare no more crave.

*Aman.* Ye are a fool, ye do but clatter.

*Hardydardy.* Many go to school till they  
can flatter. [tardy.

*Aman.* Leave your clatter, lest ye come

*Hardydardy.* It makes no matter, for my  
name is Hardydardy.

*Aman.* Is your name Hardydardy?

*Hardydardy.* Yea, that is it, verily ! I would,  
if it please ye,  
Be one of your yeomanry.

*Aman.* As for that, let it pass ; we take you  
for our solace,  
And mirth sometime to ken.

*Hardydardy.* I ween, by God's grace ! one  
fool in a place  
Doth well among wise men.

Ye must needs laugh among ; and, if a fool  
sing a song,

I hold you then a groat [the pain  
Some wise man must be fain sometime to take  
To do on a fool's coat ;

And then, perchance, it is not ready.

*Aman.* Well, ye can speak merrily, where-  
with I am content. [walk—

Sirs, tarry you a season ! see that far ye not  
I will to the king secretly to talk.

[*To Assuerus.*]

Most victorious prince, and of highest  
honour,

Primate of the world, and president chief !

By whose wisdom, and politic demeanour  
All the world at this day takes relief— [brief,

Both king, page, and lord ; yea, in sentence  
No realm nor region able were to stand

Unless your counsel with them be at hand.

Who compelleth lords to maintain their  
nobility ;

Who learneth knights their feats martial ;

Or, who religion subdueth to humility ; [all—  
Who have crafts and labourers the world over  
In civil city, or village royal ;

Compelleth each man to his order and place ;  
But only the wisdom and policy of your grace.

Your strength defendeth, your wisdom  
saveth all,  
Your plenty relieveth almost every man.  
Such is your honour and order royal  
That none other counsel, at this day, can  
Reach nor attain to know, how or whan,  
Like good order or honourable guise  
As you, by wisdom daily, do devise.

So is it; your grace, from very base parage  
And poor estate, me to high honour have  
brought;  
For none my virtues nor wisdom sage,  
But only your goodness have made me of  
nought.

God is my judge! it is, therefore, my thought  
And daily study, above all worldly treasure,  
That thing to do that is your wealth and  
pleasure. [hear

And, if it please your grace, therefore, to  
One thing as I shall make rehearsal.  
When I have said I think it shall appear  
To your pleasure and profit substantial.  
And, to be plain, this is it first of all. [dwell;  
A great number of Jews within this realm do  
A people not good, nor for your commonweal.

They be dispersed over all your province,  
Within themself dwelling, dissevered from our  
nation.

By their new laws they think to convince,  
And eke draw unto their conversation,  
And unto their ceremonies and faction,  
Of our people as many as may be,  
Intending to subdue all gentility.

Moreover, the precepts of your law  
They refuse, and have in great contempt;  
They will in no wise live under awe;

Of any prince but they will be exempt;  
Whereby good order may soon be interempt;  
And occasion is, as I do fear me,  
Your subjects to rebel in hope of like liberty.

And your grace knoweth it is expedient  
Their malice to increase thus by sufferance;  
For by that may chance great inconvenience;  
And to all your realm importune perturbation.  
For their possessions be of substance [length,  
So great, and so large, that I fear, at the  
They will attempt to subdue you by strength.

My counsel, therefore, to avoid jeopardy,  
Is that your grace, by your power royal,  
Shall give sentence, and plainly decree  
To slee these Jews in your realm over all;  
None to escape—let your sentence be general.  
Ye shall by that win, to say I dare be bold,  
To your treasure ten thousand pound of gold.

*Assuerus.* My lord Aman! we have heard  
right well

All your oration, which is so elegant,  
And so well touched that needs we must feel  
And perceive your mind; your words be so  
pregnant.

And, as touching the Jews which be so valiant,  
Both of good and great possession,  
We do agree unto their suppression.

We right well perceive that unto them draw  
Much of our people and gentle nation;  
Which, to our honour, and also to our law,  
Must needs be a great derogation,  
A mean to bring all out of fashion. [well;  
To quench them, therefore, we be contented  
In token whereof, hold here a ring and seal.

*Aman.* Of your sentence there shall not  
lack one clause,

But all shall be done and that without pause—  
The Pursuants call to us shortly.

*Pursuivants.* If it like you, we are here !

*Aman.* These letters devised we would ye  
should apply

To bear forth, and that diligently,  
With as much haste as may be,  
To the rulers of every town and city,  
Straightly commanding them all that they may  
The same to execute at their prefixed day.

*Pursuivants.* To his high pleasure we shall  
make us prest,  
And till it be done, we will take no rest.

*Aman.* We be glad we have attained our  
purpose ;

I trust it shall abate the high courage  
Of Mardocheus, and eke all those  
That be his clients bring to repentance.

*Hardydardy.* Marry, sir ! they be like to  
take penance ;

It would grieve any man, young or old of age,  
Without his head to go on pilgrimage.

*Aman.* They have deserved it, and they  
shall have it ;

It is for them according. [men do say,

*Hardydardy.* If I should bewray that some  
It were a mad boording.

*Aman.* Say what ye list. [not angry.

*Hardydardy.* So would I, if wist ye would

*Aman.* Ye have liberty, as ye pleased be,  
To stand or tumble. [lose your head ;

*Hardydardy.* Men say, indeed, ye shall  
And that would make you stumble.

*Aman.* Why so ?

*Hardydardy.* They say it is convenient  
should be fulfilled the testament

Of Ambition, Adulation and Pride :  
 They gave you all their pride and flattering,  
 And after that, Saint Thomas Watering, there  
 to rest a tide ;

And men think at host, with them was the  
 Holy Ghost,

Their testament was made so holily, [said  
 Wherefore all that they said cannot be take or  
 But as a prophecy.

*Aman.* Well, ye are verily disposed merrily  
 Now for to talk ;

And I am surely minded secretly

For my solace to walk.

*Et exeat.*

*Here entereth a Jew and speaketh.*

[*A Jew.*] O Lord ! what a thing is credulity  
 When to it is annexed covetous and pride !

It destroyeth both town and country,

Eke all regions on every side ;

All is for him too little, his mouth is so wide ;

His rigour ravenous spares not to spill

Both man and child to have his own will.

This ravenous wolf—*Aman* I do mean—

That hath persuaded the king to kill and slee,

And from all this province to avoid clean

All men and women and children that be

Jews born, and of the Jews' consanguinite.

The precept is set up men to remember,

And it shall be executed the thirteenth day of

December.

Alas ! that ever should fortune such rage

From so cankered a caitiff to proceed.

It is his mind, my head I lay to gage,

All those to slay, I assure you, indeed, [feed—

That will not by flattery his presumptions

He would be glorified above creatures all ;

And yet, I trust, as Lucifer deep he shall fall.

*Another Jew.* The Mantuans thought it a  
great punishment  
To be proscribed from their goods and land,  
As reciteth Virgil, that poet eloquent.  
Much more is our pain, ye may understand,  
That shall lose our lives, unless God take in  
hand

Us to deliver, or else me not can  
Avoid the murder of this carnifex, Aman.

*Another Jew.* He shall by this murder our  
goods win,  
And himself enlarge, his pride to advance;  
And when he hath all he shall be new to begin,  
Evermore to get by some other chance.

*Mardocheus.* Yet, at the last, all shall come  
to mischance;  
For, both him and his, God shall make tame;  
And, for their pride and pillage, send them  
worldly shame.

*Hester.* Mardocheus! with your company,  
We have heard your lamentation,  
To' our grief and displeasure, verily!  
Yet we trust, by meek supplication,  
First unto God by humble oration,  
And then to the king by desire cordial,  
A mean to find for to safeguard ye all:  
Call in the chapel to the intent they may  
Sing some holy himpne to speed us this day.

*Then the chapel do sing.*

After this prayer and our former abstinence  
To the good Lord I call for comfort,  
To inspire the prince, and his mind incense;  
That I may obtain now, at my resort,  
To redeem the Jews, all the whole sort.  
Eke to disclose the falsed, favell, and fraud  
Of this cruel Aman, to Thy praise and laud.

*Assuerus.* O goodly Hester, our most noble  
Queen!

Of personage peerless, and in wisdom alone;  
In courage and countenance none like is seen;  
So discreet in dalliance was never none.

Where is your comfort? care can be none—

Lo! here our wand, approach near to this  
place [brace.

That we may kiss you, and in our arms em-  
*Here they kiss.*

What ask you, lady? and what do you demand?  
Half our realm is yours if ye command. [dear!

*Hester.* Noble prince, and our espouse most  
Since that to ask ye have given me liberty,  
I beseech your grace, with heart most entire,  
That it may please you this day to dine with  
me;

Eke my lord Aman I would be glad to see  
At the same banquet, for to take repast.

*Assuerus.* Call us in Aman that we may go  
in haste: [your grace!

*Aman.* I am here, ready to attend upon  
*Here must be prepared a banquet in the  
place.*

*Assuerus.* Then let us go while we have  
time and space.

Lady Hester, our most beloved Queen!

So pure and so exquisite is this repast,  
Both of wine and meat that no better may  
been; [attaste,

Your mirth eke, and manners so pleasant to  
That for to depart we make no manner haste;  
Eke our presence we know is to your pleasure  
Far better than gold, or any worldly treasure.

Wherefore, as we said, we would ye should  
demand,

And at your pleasure your petition make.  
The one half of our realm, if ye it command,  
We shall with depart, only for your sake,  
And of it to you a plain surrender make;  
And the more ye ask, with loving intent,  
The more we shall give, and the better be  
content.

*Hester.* Noble prince! your high magnifi-  
cence,

Your bounty, and especial grace,  
So oft and so kindly doth incense  
To make request some profit to purchase,  
So that longer delay were in me great trespass;  
And by that also your grace right well may it  
think

That finally your love unto my heart did sink.  
Wherefore, this favour since I have obtained  
Of your grace to have any my request,  
This I do ask with true heart unfeigned  
And with charity, of all virtues best: [west,  
That through all your realm, both east and  
As many as be of the Jewish nation [tion.  
Your grace will them pardon, at my supplica-

Assuring you I am of that nation,  
Born and eke bred in Jerusalem;  
Yet I, and all they, by one condemnation,  
To death are determined through all this  
realm—

No remedy: lest your pardon us redeem.  
We would rather we might be sold to bondage  
Than thus to perish, by fury and outrage.

*Assuerus.* What is he, or what is his au-  
thority,

That is so bold this act to attempt?

*Hester.* It is Aman that, by cruel envy,  
Is our mortal enemy, and would us interrupt,

That our life and goods from us were  
adempt;

Then would he rule all, and if he might, to all  
get; [set.

And all should not suffice, so high his heart is

His pomp and his pride so much is, indeed,

That if he had all, it could him not suffice :

At this time his treasure yours doth exceed,

And yet content is he in no wise,

But to get more daily he doth devise ;

The commons he extorteth till they be lame ;

He takes the profit, and ye bear the name.

But better it were that he should suffer pain

Than thus, by craft, your honour to distain ;

By his false leasings he putteth other in blame,

Deluding your grace, when he list to fain ;

And no man so worthy for to suffer pain

As he himself, that by his poison and gall

Hath deceived you, and eke your commons all.

*Assuerus.* He signified unto me that the  
Jews did

Not feed the poor by hospitality.

Their possessions, he said, were all but hid

Among themselves, living voluptuously ;

Thinking the same might be, verily,

Much better employed for the commonweal

Where now it little profiteth, or never a deal.

*Hester.* Noble prince ! as for hospitality

Of the Jews dwelling in your region,

It is with them as always hath been

Since the beginning of their possession,

Which God to them gave, of His mere motion ;

Eke great knowledge, both of cattle and of

grain, [tain.

That none to them like household could main-

Is not of Abraham the hospitality

In Scripture noted, and of noble fame?  
 But one honouring when he received three,  
 The Trinity figured in the same.  
 Both Isaac and Jacob had a like name,  
 Of whom the twelve tribes descended be,  
 Whichever did maintain hospitality. [hold

Since God, therefore, hath begun their house-  
 And aye hath preserved their hospitality,  
 I advise no man to be so bold  
 The same to dissolve, whatsoever he be.  
 Let God alone, for He shall orderly,  
 A fine ad finem, both here and there,  
 Omnia disporre suaviter. [dissembler!

*Assuerus.* O caitiff, most crafty! O false  
 With thy flattering tongue thou hast deceived  
 me.

All noble princes by me may beware  
 Whom they shall trust and put in authority;  
 Eke whom they shall promote to riches and  
 dignity. [tude,  
 But we shall teach thee good for thine ingrati-  
 And by thee all other their prince to delude.

*Aman.* O lady Hester, most noble princess!  
 Of thine honour and goodness sovereign,  
 Extend to me that pity, or else, doubtless,  
 To death I am dressed, and mortal pain.  
 I wot I have deserved it for certain,  
 And against thee my offence is great.  
 Wherefore, unneth I dare thy goodness entreat.  
 But truth is, the merit of this is better,  
 And God it more accepteth a thousandfold  
 Against whom the offence is greater,  
 And of them that of injury could not tell me.  
 Wherefore, to speak somewhat it makes me  
 bold—

To increase thy merit and reward heavenly—

Save my life, and I thy servant shall be.

*Hester.* Aman, this matter so heinous is,  
indeed, [speed.

That of our honour we will neither speak nor

*Aman.* Alas! then am I utterly marred;

I must straight die—it cannot be deferred.

*Assuerus.* O, thou caitiff! canst thou not  
be content

With the mischief by thee done before,

But the queen wilt oppress, we being present?

What need we call for evidence more? [sore;

Make him sure and fast, and thereto bind him

We will that our counsel shortly devise,

How we shall bestow him, according to justice.

*Arbona.* There is in the house of this traitor,  
Aman,

A pair of gallows of fifty cubits high;

Upon them he had thought, either now or than,

To have caused Mardocheus to die. [by and by,

*Assuerus.* Lead him hence, and upon them,

See that ye hang him, and so stop his breath—

Without favour see he suffer death.

*Hardydardy.* Other folks be tardy, as well  
as Hardydardy.

By this reckoning [else—

A, sir—beside bells, bacon, and somewhat

Must needs have hanging. [that deserve

*Assuerus.* Hanging do serve, when they

Are false faitors. [herrings and sprots,

*Hardydardy.* And it comes to lots of

Which be no traitors, [cloak

To hang in the smoke till they change their

From white to red. [they do not hong

*Assuerus.* But such do no wrong; wherefore

Till they be dead. [it toucheth the quick

*Hardydardy.* Ye speak somewhat like, for

To be hanged in good heal. [wise and ware,  
*Assuerus*. Yet none need to care, that is  
 And truly will deal. [Ovid,

*Hardydardy*. Have ye not read of Naso  
 That eloquent poet?

Nor Valery, which tells merrily

The proper feats,

How the smith Perillus, like a tuta vilus,

Made a bull of brass?

He had thought, i-wis, to have pleased king  
 Phalaris,

But yet he did much worse,

*Assuerus*. Why so?

*Hardydardy*. I ween, by God! he made a [rod  
 For his own arse. [shet—

Phalaris could not get within the bull to  
 Lo here begins the game.

Wherefore, indeed, he took for need

Perillus, maker of the same.

In he did him turn, and made the fire to burn,  
 And greatly to increase; [sweat,

He cast him in such heat, and eke in such  
 He fried him in his grease.

*Assuerus*. What mean you by this?

*Hardydardy*. I will tell you, by Gis! my  
 whole intention.

I mean, my master is the first taster

Of his own invention.

The gallhouse he made both high and broad,  
 For Mardocheus he them meant;

And now he is fain himself, for certain,

To play the first pageant. [certain,

*Assuerus*. He that deserves pain is worthy,  
 Even for to have it.

*Hardydardy*. Therefore, God send all those  
 that will steal men's clothes,

That once they may go naked.

*Arbona.* If it please your grace, this traitor, Aman,

We have put to death as was your commandment. [as we can,

*Assuerus.* Then shall we straight, as well Bestow his goods, for he made no testament. Lady Hester ! this is our intent :

The house of Aman, with all his treasure, We give it you ; do with all your pleasure.

*Hester.* I thank your grace, with heart entire.

Now, dare I be bold to show you the plainness Of my mind, since Mardocheus is here.

If it please your grace, the truth is, doubtless, Albeit or now I did it not confess ;

This Mardocheus is, for certain, My father's brother, no longer I will it leyne. A gentle man he is, for lineally He is born of the stock of Benjaminy.

*Assuerus.* We be right glad we know his lineage ;

His truth to us before was known well.

We will him advance according his parage.

Hold, Mardocheus ! here is our ring and seal ; It is our trust ye will with justice deal ; [cretion, We commit, therefore, unto your wise dis- Of all this province judgment and correction.

*Mardocheus.* I thank your grace, trusting ye shall not hear

In all things but as justice doth require.

*Hester.* Noble prince, and our espouse most dear !

I beseech your grace, at my supplication, The precept your grace sent, at Aman's desire, Against me and all the Jewish nation,

May be revoked; and upon convocation  
Anew devised by them that can do best,  
And that sent forth, to set the Jews at rest.  
Moreover, let the realm be perused  
By them that be of your high council,  
And if any have the law abused  
Of all the Jews within your common weal,  
Let them not spare correction to deal,  
And straightly constrain themselves to address  
To observe that law God give them by Moses.  
The Jews be the people of God elected,  
And wear his badge of circumcision;  
The daily prayer of that whole sect—  
As the psalms of David by ghostly inspiration;  
Eke holy ceremonies of God's provision—  
To God is available, that nothing greater,  
And all the whole realm for them fares the  
better. [ye near;

*Assuerus.* Stand ye up, Lady! and approach  
Your petition we grant it gladly.

*Hester.* Then, if it please your grace to hear,  
This epistle is made to the sealing ready.

*Assuerus.* Let it be read, that it may, by  
and by,  
Be sealed and consigned, and so forth sent;  
And then I trust ye shall be content.

*Here the Scribe doth read the king's letter.*

*Scribe.* We, Assuerus, king and high regent  
From India to Ethiopia plain,  
Send greeting, and straight commandment  
To all the heads and rulers certain;  
Willing they should, upon a great pain,  
In a hundred provinces, and seven and twenty,  
All men compel to this our decree.  
Although it be so our precepts that be sent  
Be of diverse nature, and plain repugnant,

When ye know our mind ye shall be content  
To think it no lightness, nor wit inconstant,  
But the necessity of times variant;  
And as cause requireth for the utility  
Of our whole realm heeds and commonalty.  
And to the intent ye may know our plain mind,  
The son of Amadathy called Aman,  
A Macedon born, and like to their own kind,  
Not of our nation, as all men tell can;  
Which, by his subtlety, both now and than,  
Our gentleness so infecteth for certain  
That near we were like all Jews to have slain.  
We favoured him that he was called  
Our father, and all men did to him honour.  
But his heart with pride so strongly was walled  
That, by his slight and crafty demeanour,  
Had we not espied his subtle behaviour,  
He would have destroyed Queen Hester, our  
wife,  
And from us, at the length, have taken our life.  
But as for the Jews, we found them innocent  
And without all blame, though to death they  
were dyth.

Wherefore Aman, we thought it convenient  
To hang him till the death, according to right,  
Within Susis, our noble city of might. [fate  
Not only our deed, nor yet their chance nor  
But God's own Justice, whatsoever they prate.

This our precept and high commandment  
We would to all cities ye should declare.  
This is our purpose and very intent:  
The Jews to their laws themselves should prepare  
Duly to keep them, and not from them square;  
And no man to hurt them, see ye remember,  
As it was meant the thirteenth day of  
December,

Dated at Susis—this is certain—  
The fourth day of December the third year of  
our reign.

*Assuerus.* This is well ! see it be sealed anon,  
And that every city of them may have one.  
Now, madam ! I trust ye be content.

*Hester.* Yea, and that verament !  
May it now please you yourself to repose ?

*Assuerus.* Very well ; save first we will dis-  
close

Part of our mind, which we think necessary ;  
If it be well heard we trust it shall edify.  
My Lords ! by this figure ye may well see  
The multitude hurt by the head's negligence.  
If to his pleasure so given is he,  
That he will no pain take nor diligence,  
Who careth not for his cure oft loseth cre-  
A proverb of old some time in usage ; [dence ;  
Few men that serve but for their own ad-  
vantage.

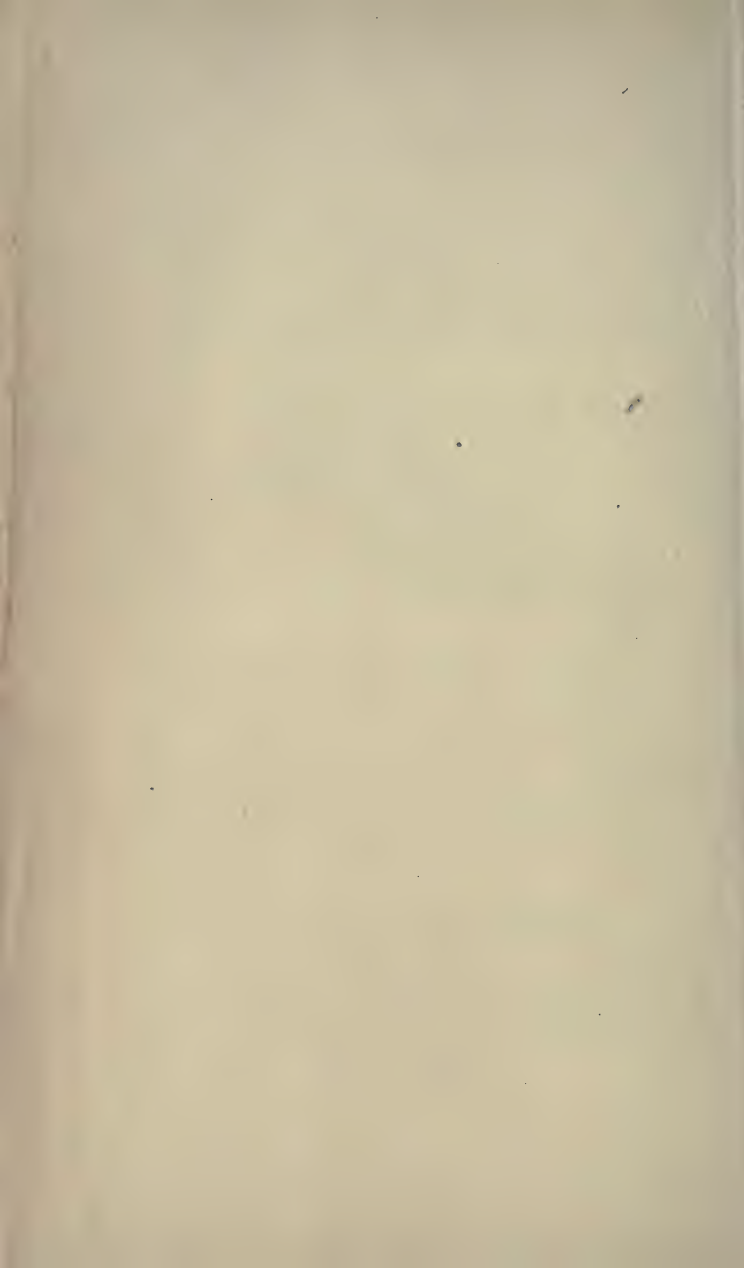
*Hester.* And yet the servants that be untrue,  
Awhile in the world their life may they lead ;  
Yea, their wealth and worship daily renew ;  
But, at the length, I assure you, indeed,  
Their favell and falsehood will come abrede ;  
Which shall be to them more bitter than gall :  
The higher they climb the deeper they fall,

*Assuerus.* Let us then cease this convoca-  
tion,  
And this time dissolve this congregation.

*Hester.* That like as here they have lived  
devoutly

So God grant them in heaven to live eternally,  
*Assuerus.* To the which we commit all this  
company.

FINIS.



# TOM TYLER

AND

## His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD  
PLAY,

AS

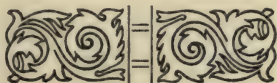
It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a  
hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the plays  
that were ever yet printed.

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*The second Impression*

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LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1661.

A. P. II.

U

**The Names of the Players:**

DESTINY, A SAGE PERSON

DESIRE, THE VICE

TOM TYLER, A LABOURING MAN

STRIFE, TOM TYLER'S WIFE

STURDY, A GOSSIP

TIPPLE, AN ALE-WIFE

TOM TAYLER, AN ARTIFICER

PATIENCE, A SAGE PERSON



# TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE

## THE PROLOGUE.

My duty first in humble wise fulfilled,  
I humbly come, as humbly as I am willed,  
To represent, and eke to make report,  
That after me you shall hear merry sport;  
To make you joy and laugh at merry toys—  
I mean a play set out by pretty boys.  
Whereto we crave your silence and goodwill,  
To take it well: although he wanted skill  
That made the same so perfectly to write,  
As his goodwill would further and it might.  
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,  
For presently ye shall have it in sight.  
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,  
They shall themselves declare it as they list.  
But my goodwill I promised them to do,  
Which was to come before to pray of you,  
To make them room, and silence as you may,  
Which being done, they shall come in to  
play.

*Here entereth in Destiny and Desire.*

[*Desire.*] I represent the part that men  
To be a plague to men in many a sort. [report,  
*Destiny.* I am, which as your proverbs go,  
In wedding or hanging am taken for a foe,  
Whereas indeed the truth is nothing so.

Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,  
The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.

*Desire.* I am glad I met you.

*Destiny.* Whither jet you?

*Desire.* I jet, I tell you true, to seek and see  
you,

To tell you such news as I cannot choose.

*Destiny.* I pray you what is that?

*Desire.* Sirrah! know you not Tom Tiler  
your man?

*Destiny.* Yes, marry! what than?

*Desire.* He made suit to me, his friend for  
to be,

To get him a wife, to lead a good life.  
And so I consented, and was well contented  
To help him to woo, with all I could do,  
And married he is.

*Destiny.* But what for all this? [is a shrow;

*Desire.* Marry! that shall you know, his wife  
And, I hear tell, she doth not use him well.  
Wherefore, he speaks shame of thee and my  
name. [name blamed,

*Destiny.* If you so framed, to have your  
Or your deeds be naughty, what am I faulty?  
I know no cause why.

*Desire.* No more do I.

I did my goodwill, and though he sped ill,  
I care not a fly.

*Destiny.* Let them two try.  
They match as they can, the wife and goodman,  
In wealth or in woe, as matters do go.  
And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,  
But rather forget them.

*Desire.* Marry, so let them!  
For as for my part, though it long to my art  
Men's hearts to inflame, their fancy to frame;

When they have obtained, I am not constrained  
To do any more.

*Destiny.* Content thee, therefore,  
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.  
And let us away, as fast as we may,  
For fear he come to you.

*Desire.* Marry, have with you!

*Here they both go in. Tom Tiler  
cometh in singing.*

### A SONG.

*The proverb reporteth, no man can deny,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

*I am a poor tiler in simple array,  
And get a poor living, but eightpence a day,  
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;  
And I cannot help it, she saith; wot we why?  
For wedding and hanging is destiny.*

*I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,  
At board to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.  
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep;  
But I dare say nothing, God wot! wot ye  
For wedding and hanging is destiny. [why?*

*Besides this unkindness whereof my grief  
grows, [shrows;  
I think few tilers are matched with such  
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal  
blows  
Which, early and late, doth cause me cry  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

*The more that I please her, the worse she doth  
like me; [strike me;  
The more I forbear her, the more she doth*

*The more that I get her, the more she doth  
     glike me; [cry  
     Woe worth this ill fortune that maketh me  
     That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

*If I had been hanged when I had been married,  
     My torments had ended, though I had mis-  
     carried; [tarried;  
     If I had been warned, then would I have  
     But now all too lately I feel and cry  
     That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

*The song ended, Tom Tiler speaketh.*

*T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead  
     my passions; [wife,  
     By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my  
     To lead such a life, with sorrow and grief,  
     As I tell you true, is too bad for a Jew.  
     She hath such skill, to do what she will,  
     To gossip and to swill, when I fare but ill.  
     I must work sore, I must get some more,  
     I must still send it, and she will still spend it,  
     I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.  
     What should I say, but hie me away,  
     And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly?  
     For if my wife come, up goeth my bum,  
     And she should come hither, and we met  
     together,  
     I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.  
     I, therefore, will go hie me, and to my work  
     As fast as I can. [ply me,  
     Here Tom Tiler goeth in, and his wife  
     cometh out.*

*Strife. Alas, silly man!  
     What a husband have I, as light as a fly?  
     I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,*

And I bear the bell ; if he please me not well  
I will take him by the poll, by Cock's precious  
soul ! [smile ;

I will make him to toil, when I laugh and  
I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,  
And make him to find all things to my mind.  
And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him un-  
knd,

And feign myself sick ; there is no such trick,  
To dot with a daw, and keep him in awe.  
I will teach him to know the way to Dunmow.  
At board and at bed, I will crack the knave's  
head,

If he bok but awry, or cast a sheep's eye :  
So shal I be sure, to keep him in ure,  
To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.  
And in the mean season, I will have my own  
reason ; [me  
And no man to control me, to pill or to poll  
Which I love of life.

*Sturdy entereth.*

*Sturdy.* God speed, gossip Strife !

*Strife.* Well met, goodwife Sturdy ! both  
And ever I thank ye ! [welcome and worthy,

*Sturdy.* I pray you go prank ye ;  
Ye are due, old huddle !

*Strife.* The pig's in the puddle.  
But row welcome, indeed ! and ye be agreed  
Let us have some chat.

*Sturdy.* Marry ! why nat ?  
For I am come hither, to gossip together,  
For I drank not to-day.

*Strife.* So I hear say.  
But tell you true, I thought not of you,  
Yet the ale-wife of the Swan is filling the can  
With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine

If that thou wilt tarry.

*Sturdy.* Why, yes, by Saint Mary !  
Else were I a fool.

*Here entereth Tipple, with a pot in her  
hand, and a piece of bacon.*

*Tip[ple].* Marry ! here is good rule.

A sight of good guess.

*Strife.* Never a one less, now Tipple is come.

*Tipple.* And here is good hum, I dare boldly  
say. [day?

*Sturdy.* Why had not I some of this tother

*Tipple.* Make much of it now, and glad  
that ye may.

Come, where shall we sit ? and here is a bit  
Of a gammon of bacon.

*Strife.* Well said, by Laron !

Sit down even here, and fall to it there :

I would it were better for ye ;

As long lives a merry heart as a sorry ! [he ?

*Tipple.* Where is Tom Tiler now—where is

*Strife.* What carest thou where a dolt should  
be ?

And where is your goodman ?

*Tipple.* Forsooth ! nought at home ; he is  
abroad for pence.

*Sturdy.* Well, I had need to go hence

Lest my goodman do miss me. [me,

*Strife.* I would teach him *John come kiss*  
If the dolt were mine.

*Sturdy.* Alas ! are you so fine ? [you here !  
Would God in all your cheer, Tom Tiler saw

*Strife.* What and if he did ? [be too hot.

*Tipple.* Marry, God forbid ! the house would

*Strife.* Now by this pewter pot,  
And by this drink I will drink now,  
God knows what I think now !

*Sturdy.* What think you, gossip Strife?

*Strife.* I had rather than my life  
My husband would come hither,  
That we might busk together—  
Ye should see how I could tame him.

*Tipple.* Alas! and could ye blame him  
If that he were displeased?

*Strife.* He shall be soon appeased,  
If either he gaspeth or glometh.

*Tom Tiler cometh in.*

*Sturdy.* By God's blue hood! he cometh.  
Away, by the Mass, away! he will us all else  
fray.

*T. Tiler.* These summer days be very dry.

*Strife.* Yea, that is a devil a lie!  
A knave, what dost thou here?

*Tom.* Ich should have a pot of beer, and  
go to work again.

*Strife.* Yea, knave! shall honest men  
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away  
To loiter to and fro? I will teach thee for to  
know

How fast the hours go. One! two! and three!

*She beateth him.*

*T. Tiler.* I pray thee let be. [some sticks!]

*Strife.* Four! five! and six! Lord, that I had  
I would clapperclaw thy bones,  
To make you tell your stones,  
The worser while I know you.

*T. Tiler.* Good wife, I beshrew you!  
I pray you leave tumbling.

*Strife.* Yea, knave! are you mumbling?  
Hence, ye knave, hence! bring me home pence  
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knave's  
head

Till the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now, our Lord keep me out  
From this wicked wife.

*Tom Tiler goeth out.*

Sturdy. Why, how now, Strife? here is  
pretty rule. [for me;

Strife. Hold your peace, fool! it is no news  
Let this talk be, and fall to your cheer.

Tipple. Here is good beer—quaff and be  
merry!

Strife. I am half weary with chiding already.

Sturdy. Keep your brains steady,  
And fall to your drinking. [dance.

Tipple. Nay, fall to singing, and let us go

Strife. By my troth! chance, and let us  
begin;

Rise up, gossips, and I will bring you in!

[Here they sing.

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,  
More mortar for Tom Tiler.*

*Strife singeth this stave.*

*As many as match themselves with shrows  
May hap to carry away the blows,*

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*As many a tide both ebbs and flows,  
So many a misfortune comes and goes,*

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Tipple singeth this stave.*

*Though tilers climb the house to tile,  
They must come down another while,*

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Though many a one do seem to smile,  
When geese do wink, they mean some guile,*

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Sturdy singeth this stave.*  
*Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,*  
*Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,*  
*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,*  
*Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,*  
*But teach her Tom another song,*  
*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh.*

*Tipple.* Alas, poor Tom, his cake is dough !

*Sturdy.* Ye may see what it is to meet with a shrow.

And now we have sung this merry fit,  
Let us now leave gossiping yet. [wit ;

*Strife.* Hold your peace, fools ! ye have no  
Fill in and spare not ; swill in, I care not.

This drink is ipsisy, to make us all tipsy.

And now, gossip Sturdy, if I may be so worthy,  
Half this I drink to you. [me, anon ;

*Sturdy.* The headache will sting you, I fear  
Therefore, let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

*Strife.* Tipple, what say you, will you drink  
no more ? [plain ;

*Tipple.* I have tiddled sore I promise you  
Yet once and no more—have at you again !

*Strife.* Ho, pray God, ho !

*Sturdy.* So, so, so, so !

*Here they sing again.*

ANOTHER SONG.

*The mill a, the mill a,*  
*So merrily goes the merry mill a.*

*Let us sip, and let us slip,*  
*And go which way it will a,*  
*Let us trip, and let us skip,*  
*And let us drink our fill a.*

*Take the cup, and drink all up,  
 Give me the can to fill a:  
 Every sup, and every cup,  
 Hold here, and my goodwill a.*

*Gossip mine! and gossip thine!  
 Now let us gossip still a:  
 Here is good wine, this ale is fine,  
 Now drink of which you will a.*

*Round about, till all be out,  
 I pray you let us swill a:  
 This jelly grout is jelly and stout;  
 I pray you stout it still a.*

*Let us laugh, and let us quaff,  
 Good drinkers think none ill a:  
 Here is your bag, here is your staff,  
 Be packing to the mill a.*

*Here they end singing, and Tipple  
 speaketh first.*

*Tipple.* So merrily goes the merry mill a—  
 Hold, here is my can!

*Sturdy.* Nay, I beshrow my heart than.  
 I must depart; therefore, adieu! [you.

*Strife.* Then tarry and take us all with  
 Come, gossips, come!

*Here they go all in, and Tom Tiler  
 cometh out.*

*T. Tiler.* I am a tiler as you see, a simple  
 man of my degree, [and dry;  
 Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean  
 And specially in the summer-time  
 To pin their tiles, and make their lime,  
 And tile their houses to keep out rain,  
 Being well rewarded for my pain.

And where I work by week or day,  
I truly earn it and they truly pay;  
I would desire no better life,  
Except that God would change my wife.  
If she were gone, and I were free,  
What tiler then were like to me? [javel,  
For howsoever I travel, she uses me like a  
And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a  
mouse;  
Giving and granting, checking and taunting,  
Bragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.  
And when I come home, she makes me a  
mome;  
And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,  
With contrary biting too dear of reciting.  
But this is the end if I could get a friend  
Some counsel to give me—you would not be-  
lieve me  
How glad I would be.

[Enter Tom Tayler.

*T. Tayler.* The wiser man he. Tom Tiler,  
how now?

*T. Tiler.* Tom Tayler, how dost thou?

*Tayler.* After the old sort, in mirth and jolly  
sport,

Tayler-like, I tell you.

*T. Tiler.* Ah, sirrah, I smell you! [please,  
You have your heart's ease to do what you  
But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

*Tayler.* Marry, that is well! But what if  
I have? [turn,

*T. Tiler.* May not I crave one friendly good  
While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such  
ill fare?

*Tayler.* In faith, I do not care!  
But what meanest thou by this?

*T. Tiler.* To live in some bliss, and be rid  
of my wife.

*Tayler.* Why are you at strife, what is the  
cause?

*T. Tiler.* When I come in her claws,  
She guides me for ever; but help me now or  
never;

As I told thee before,

Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

*Tayler.* Why, foolish knave! what hell  
should I have?

With a wild evil, am I a devil?

Thou art out of thy wit. [am vexed with a fit

*T. Tiler.* No, bum fay! not yet, though I  
Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;

For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.

And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,

Which cannot do well; and, therefore, meeter  
for hell

Than here to remain.

*Tayler.* If the matter be so plain  
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way  
By words to entreat her, and after to beat her  
If she will not be ruled? [many shrows

*T. Tiler.* She is too well schooled with too  
To receive any blows—never think so!

*Tayler.* If she be such a shrow, something  
at her throw!

Stand to it, foolish calf! I will be thy half.

What, will she fight?

*T. Tiler.* Yea, her fingers be very light,  
And that do I find; her checks be so unkind,  
Always and ever, she is pleased never;  
But fuming and fretting, buffeting and beating  
Of this my silly costard,

Tayler. A whoreson dostard ! And what dost thou than ?

T. Tiler. Like a poor man,  
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. Now, of mine honesty, I like thee the better.

And wouldest thou let her ? [true,

T. Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you  
If you were in my case.

Tayler. Nay then, by God's grace ! [ceive  
I will prove, by your leave, if she can me de-  
By any such sort—ye shall see a good sport.

Put off thy coat and all thy apparel,  
And for thy quarrel I will make speed ;  
And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now, I pray thee ?

Tayler. Come, give me the rest !

T. Tiler. I ween you do jest. What mean  
you by this ?

Tayler. No harm, sir, i-wis !

Now get me a cudgel—this is wondrous well.  
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed ;  
I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom  
Tiler.

Now, Thomas, my friend ! this is the end :  
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be  
so light ; [sprite,

If she have such delight, I will conjure the  
If she come near, while I tarry here. [me cry,  
Therefore, stand by ! and when thou hearest  
Come help me to cheer me !

T. Tiler. Nay, I must not come near thee ;  
Be certain of that.

*Here Tom Tiler goeth in awhile.*

Tayler. Well, if you will not, make no  
more debating.

[Enter Strife.]

*Strife.* Ye knave! are ye prating? [lurk?]  
When you should be at work, do you loiter and  
Take that for your labour! [pay you again;

*Tayler.* Nay, faith! by your favour I will  
There is for me to requite your pain.

*Strife.* Yea, knave! are you striking?

*Tayler.* Yea, whore! are ye greeking?

*Strife.* In faith, ye knave! I will cool you!

*Tayler.* In faith, ye whore! I will rule you!

*Strife.* Yea, knave! are ye so fresh?

*Tayler.* Yea, whore! I will plague your  
flesh! [better.

*Strife.* And I will displease thee a little

*Tayler.* And, in faith! I will not die thy  
debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

*Strife.* As I did ever, even like a patch.

Ah, knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

*Tayler.* Yea, marry! I love this gear alive.

*Strife.* Hold thy hand and thou be a man!

*Tayler.* Kneel down, and ask me forgiveness,  
then.

*Strife.* Ah, whoreson knave! my bones is  
sore.

*Tayler.* Ah, unhappy whore! do so then no  
more. [thy will.

*Strife.* I pray thee be still, thou shalt have  
I will do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I will never more strike, nor proffer the like.

Alas, I am killed! [hast been ever.

*Tayler.* Nay, thou art ill-willed, as thou  
But trouble me never, I advise thee, again.  
For I will brain thee then.

Now praise at thy parting. [I knew,

*Strife.* Woe worth overthwarting that ever

I am beaten so blue, and my gall is all burst.  
I thought, at the first, he had been a dolt.  
But I bridled a colt of a contrary hare;  
Sour sauce is now my cheer. [play;  
Therefore, I will away, for I get nought by this  
And get me to bed, and dress up my head—  
I am so sore beaten with blows.

[He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with shrows.  
I see well enough the damsel was tough,  
And loth for to bend. But I think, in the end,  
I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?  
That he may know how all matters do stand.

[T. Tiler enters.

T. Tiler. Here, sir, at hand! How now,  
Tom Tayler?

Tayler. Much ado to quail her.  
But I believe my girds do her grieve,  
I dare be bold she longs not to scold,  
Nor use her old sport, in such devilish sort.

T. Tiler. I pray thee, why so?

Tayler. I have made her so woe, so black  
and so blue;  
I have changed her hue and made her to bend  
That, to her life's end, she will never offend  
In word nor in deed. Therefore, now take  
heed  
She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke thee, therefore;  
And Tom, God a mercy! [coming in,

Tayler. She looked arsy-versy at her first  
And so did begin with sousing of shows,  
And fell to fair blows.

But then I behied me, and she never spied me,  
What I was, I am sure. Therefore, get thee  
to her;

And get thee to bed, whatsoever is said.  
 And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.  
 She is so well beaten, she dare not once  
 threaten,

Nor give thee any ill word at bed and at board;  
 But grunting and groaning, thou shalt find her  
 moaning

Her piteous case with a Saint John's face,  
 I warrant well painted; for I struck till she  
 fainted,

And paid her for all ever,  
 Till she said she would never be churlish again.

*T. Tiler.* Let me alone with my damsel, then;  
 And if I be able, without any fable  
 I will quit thee.

*Tayler.* If she crossbite thee,  
 Henceforth evermore, beswinge her, therefore;  
 And keep her up short from all her old sport.  
 And she will not be ruled, let her be cooled.

*T. Tiler.* But, I dare say, she will think of  
 this day  
 All her life long.

*Tayler.* Shall we have then a good song,  
 For joy of this glee betwixt her and thee?

*T. Tiler.* By my troth! if you will—I shall  
 fulfil

As much as I can.

*Tayler.* Let us sing than  
*The Tying of the Mare*, that went out of  
 square.

*T. Tiler.* By my troth! any you dare—go  
 to, begin!

*Here they sing.*

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie!  
 Lest she stray from thee away;  
 Tie the mare Tomboy!*

*Tom Tiler singeth.*

*Tom might be merry, and well might fare,  
But for the haltering of his mare,  
Which is so wicked to fling and fly—  
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!*

*Tom Tayler singeth.*

*Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,  
His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick;  
She snorts and holds her head so high—  
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!*

*Tom Tiler singeth.*

*If Tom cry Hayt! or Tom cry Ho,  
His mare will straight give Tom a blow.  
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abide—  
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!*

*Tom Tayler singeth.*

*Tom, if thy mare do make such sport,  
I give thee counsel to keep her short.  
If she be coltish, make her to cry—  
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!*

*Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler  
first speaketh.*

*Tayler.* Well now, to your charge,  
Let her run no more at large.  
But now she is so well framed,  
If she do ill you must be blamed;  
Therefore, take good heed.

*T. Tiler.* Yes, that I will, indeed.  
And I thank you for your pain,  
As I am bound, I tell you plain.

*Tayler.* Well, Thomas, fare you well,  
Till you come where I do dwell!

*Tom Tayler goeth in.*

*T. Tiler.* Ah, sirrah! this is trim, that my  
wife is cooled by him.

I marvel how she took the matter ;  
 And how she will look when I come at her ;  
 And whether she be well or sick ;  
 For my part, I do not stick  
 To do my duty as I ought,  
 Yet will I never die for thought—  
 I will go hie me home.

*Tom Tiler goeth in. Here entereth  
 Sturdy and Tipple.*

*Sturdy.* Farewell, good honest mome !—  
 How likest thou this match ?  
 Wouldst thou have thought the patch  
 Would have beat his wife so black and blue,  
 from top to toe,  
 Being such a simple fool? [school ;

*Tipple.* Belike he hath learned in a new  
 Whereat I cannot choose but laugh—  
 The still sow eateth up all the draff :  
 Beware of such wily pies.

*Sturdy.* But she, an she be wise,  
 Will seek some way to rook him.

*Tipple.* It is too late to break him, if now  
 he get the better.

*Sturdy.* If she can do so, let her ;  
 I dare be bold to say she will do what she may.  
 Lo ! here she cometh creeping ;  
 Alas, for woe and weeping !  
 The truth will now appear.

*Enter Strife, fair and softly, wailing  
 and weeping.*

*Strife.* Alas, and wellaway !  
 How ill have I been used, my bones be all-to  
 bruised.  
 My flesh is plagued vilely, and my head is  
 wounded highly. [new.  
 My arms be black and blue, and all my sides be

*Sturdy.* Though all this be with you, gossip,  
discomfort never.

*Tipple.* He watched ye once for ever,  
But trust his hands no more.

*Strife.* Alas ! I am so sore [wit ;  
I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my  
And never well apaid, till that I may be laid  
To ease me on my bed.

*Sturdy.* Bind this about your head,  
And hardly lay you down—we must into the  
town ;

And after that, surely, then we will come to  
you again ;

And I pray you be of good cheer.

*Tipple.* I am sorry to see you here  
In such unhappy case ; but take some heart of  
grace,

Good gossip, I pray you !

*Strife.* Alas, neighbours ! I stay you [nap,  
From your business, perhaps ; but I will take a  
If I can, where I lie. [by.

*Sturdy.* Then we will see you again by and

*Sturdy and Tipple goeth out, and Tom  
Tiler cometh in.*

*T. Tiler.* I heard say my wife is abominable  
sick ;

Indeed, she was beat with an unhappy stick.

God's ! look where she lies, close with her eyes ;

That is well said, I will get me to bed,

And lay me hard by her ; and yet, not too nigh  
her,

For fear I awake her ; a good year take her

For using me so !

*Strife.* Out, alas, oh, oh !

My bones, my bones ! fall in pieces at once !

Alas, alas, I die ! O husband, husband ! why

Why have you done so? I was never your foe  
So much as you make me; and so you may take  
me—

If I have you offended, it shall be amended.

Alas! wherefore should ye beat me so sore?

*T. Tiler.* You would be still never, but  
buffet me ever;

And gossip at will, when I must work still.

And take ill your pleasure, and brawl without  
measure;

And now you may see, as the old sayings be :  
God sendeth now short horns to a curst cow.

I come home merrily, when you sit, verily !

Lowering and pouting, gnawing and louting ;

And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

*Strife.* Alas ! what than? you, being a man,  
Should bear with my folly ; and you being holly  
Might counsel me, though not beating me so.  
I thought I should find you loving and kind ;  
And not of this mind.

For us to wax foes, for such cruel blows,

I tell you plain, I married my bane

When I married thee, as far as I see.

*T. Tiler.* Wife ! I am sorry this ill is be-  
fallen ye.

But I tell you true, the fault was in you.

For, till this day, I dare boidly say,

I never did proffer you such an offer ;

It was your own seeking.

*Strife.* I beshrew such striking.

So, close by the ribs, you may strike your Tibs

So, well enough !

*T. Tiler.* This rage and this ruff

Need not to be, wife, if ye love me ;

Let us agree in love and amity,

And do so no more ; I am sorry, therefore,

I take God to my judge ! that ever this grudge  
Should happen to be between you and me.

*Strife.* Alas ! I may moan I might have  
been won [vokes

With half these strokes ; but curstness pro-  
Kind hearts to dissever ; and hatred, for ever,  
Most commonly grows by dealing of blows.  
Therefore, blame not me if I cannot love ye  
While we two have life.

*T. Tiler.* By my halidom, wife !

Because you say so, now shall ye know  
If you will content you, that I do lament you.  
For I will tell you true, when I saw you  
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever cross-  
biting— [do—

Which made me still woe, that you should thus  
At last, hereafter, I complained the matter  
To Tom Tayler, my master, who taking a  
waster [it ;

Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know  
And so, being disguised, he enterprised  
To come in my stead ; and having my weed  
You—pleading your passion after the old  
fashion

Thinking it was I—struck him by and by.  
Then straight did he, instead of me,  
Curry your bones, as he said, for the nonce,  
To make you obey.

*Strife.* Is it even so, as you say ?  
God's fish, you knave ! did you send such a  
slave

To revenge your quarrel, in your apparel ?  
Thou shalt abide as dearly as I.

I thought, by this place, thou hadst not the face  
To beat me so sore. Have at thee once more !  
I now wax fresh to plague a knave's flesh

That hath so plagued me; for every blow, three  
Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would  
have you.

Ah, whoreson dolt! thou whoreson, subtle colt!  
Son of a ox! how like you your knocks?  
The piles and the pox, and the poison in box  
Consume such a knave, and bring him to  
grave!

The crows and the pies, and the very flesh  
flies  
Desire to plague thee. In faith, I will plague  
thee!

*T. Tiler.* O wife, wife! I pray thee save my  
life.

You hurt me ever, I hurted you never—  
For God's sake, content thee!

*Strife.* Nay, thou shalt repent thee  
That ever Tom Tayler, that ruffian and railer,  
Was set to beat me; he had better he had eat  
me.

I hope for to find some tosser so kind  
To curry that knave, for the old grudge I have,  
As now I do thee; there is one more for me.  
Kneel down on your knee, you hoddy-doddy!  
I will make you to stoop though you set cock  
on hoop [her.

For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile  
Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,  
Like an ass as you be!

*T. Tiler.* Why should you strike me  
For another man's fault?

*Strife.* Because thou art naught,  
And he a vile knave.

*Enter Sturdy and Tipple.*

*Sturdy.* What more can ye have?  
Enough is enough, as good as a feast.

*Strife.* He shall bear me one cuff yet more  
like a beast.

*Tipple.* Gossip, content thee, and strike him  
no more!

*T. Tiler.* All the world wonders upon her,  
therefore. [her sight!

*Sturdy.* Away, neighbour Thomas, out of

*T. Tiler.* Alas, she hath almost killed me  
outright!

I will rather die than see her again.

*Go in T. Tiler.*

*Strife.* I promise you, I have a great loss  
then.

How like ye now this last overthwarting?

It is an old saying: praise at the parting.

I think I have made the cullion to wring.

I was not beaten so black and blue,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,

This chafing hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dare boldly be merry again. [then.

*Sturdy.* By Saint Mary! you are the happier

My neighbour and I might hap to abie,

If we should so do as he suffereth you;

But we commend you.

*Strife.* I can now intend you

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing. [madness.

*Tipple.* There were no such thing after this

*Sturdy.* And ye say it in sadness

Let us set in, on a merry pin, [wife,

The story of the strife between Tom and his

As well as we can.

*Strife.* Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it.

*Sturdy.* Now, I pray thee, go to it.

*Here they sing.*  
*Hey derry, ho derry, hey derry dan!*  
*The Tiler's wife of our town*  
*Hath beaten her goodman.*

### A SONG.

*Tom Tiler was a trifler,*  
*And fain would have the skill*  
*To practise with Tom Tayler,*  
*To break his wife's will.*  
*Tom Tayler got the victory,*  
*Till Tiler's wife did know*  
*It was a point of subtlety;*  
*Then Tom was beat for woe.*  
*Tom Tiler's wife said evermore*  
*I will full merry make,*  
*And never trust a man no more*  
*For Thomas Tayler's sake.*  
*But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,*  
*Perhaps if he be stout,*  
*He shall then have his costard broke,*  
*Till blood go round about.*  
*Though some be sheep, yet some be shrows,*  
*Let them be fools that lust:*  
*Tom Tiler's wife will take no blows,*  
*No more than needs she must.*  
*If Tom be wise, he will beware*  
*Before he make his match,*  
*To do no further than he dare,*  
*For fear he prove a patch.*  
*Here they end singing.*

*Strife. Gossips ! godlige for this merry song ;*  
*Pray God we may long keep such merry glee !*  
*Sturdy. Yea, marry ! say we.*

God grant all wives to lead the like lives

That you do now.

[pass;

*Tipple.* I know not how that may come to  
But, by the Mass! good handling doth much.

*Strife.* For a fair touch my will shall not  
want.

*Sturdy.* Would God I could plant  
My eyelids in such sort, to make such a sport,  
And live so at ease, to do what I please.

*Tipple.* Always the seas  
Be not like mild, but wanton and wild;  
Sometime more higher than need shall require;  
So may the hap be with you and with me.

*Strife.* Let all this be, for we will agree;  
And let us away; for, I dare say  
Tom Tiler is gone to make his moan  
After these strokes, like a wise cokes—

But all is one. [to go.

*Sturdy.* Come, let us be gone; it is time for

*Tipple.* I think it be so; come on, have with  
you!

*Here they go in, and Tom Tayler, Tom  
Tiler, and Destiny enter.*

*T. Tiler.* If Destiny drive poor Tom for to  
live

For ever in strife with such an ill wife,  
Then Tom may complain, no more to remain  
Here on the earth, but rather wish death;  
For this is too bad. [with thee?

*Tayler.* Why, how now, my lad, what news

*T. Tiler.* In faith, as ye see!

After the old fashion, pleading on passion.

If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it;

If Destiny say it, I cannot deny it.

*Destiny.* Nor I cannot stay it. [lorn.

For, when thou wast born, thy luck was for-

Therefore, content thee, and never repent thee.

*T. Tayler.* I cannot lament thee. [shrow  
For, I am sure you know I charmed your  
With such cruel blows; by the faith that now  
goes!

I thought she would die.

*T. Tiler.* Then, happy were I.

*Tayler.* And a good cause why  
But you may now go for bacon to Dunmow.

*T. Tiler.* Yet fain would I know of Destiny  
now :

How long, and how, my life shall it pass?

*Tayler.* Why, foolish ass! that were but a  
folly;

For he is too holly to tell any news.

*Destiny.* I do not use to tell or I strike,  
I suddenly gleek or men be aware. [hand,

*Tayler.* Then I can declare, if I look in thy  
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy  
fist!

*T. Tiler.* Here, do what ye list!

*Tayler.* By my troth, I wist it, and have  
not missed it!

*He striketh him on the cheek.*

By the sign that here goes! you are born to  
take blows.

Tarry, let me look again!

*Tom Tiler.* Nay, beshrew my heart, then!

*Tayler.* Ask Destiny hereby and I make a  
lie.

*Destiny.* No, you do not, indeed.

*T. Tiler.* Then I will change my weed,  
And tile it no more, if my chance be so sore  
As you two do make it.

*Destiny.* We do not mistake it. [hold :  
Thereof, be you bold, and this hope you may

If your fortune be to hang on a tree  
Five foot from the ground ye shall never be  
drowned;

So, if you be born to hold with the horn,  
Howsoever your wife jet it, you cannot let it;  
And if you lead an ill life, by chance of your  
wife,

Take this for verity—all is but your destiny.

And, though your deeds prove naught,

Yet am I not in fault. [eschew

*T. Tiler.* Then let me be taught how to  
Such dangers as you enforce to a man.

*Destiny.* Yea, but who can instruct you  
thereon?

For all is no more than I have said before.

But howsoever it be, learn this of me:

If you take it not ill, but with a good will,

It shall never grieve you.

*Tayler.* No, faith! I believe you,  
That is even all. He that loves thrall  
It were pity he should lack it.

*T. Tiler.* Then I must pack it  
Between the coat and the skin;  
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,  
Since I am married with Strife.  
Hap good hap will; hap good, hap evil;  
Even hap as hap may.

*Tayler.* That is a wise way.  
Never set at thy heart thy wife's churlish part;  
That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to  
It would grieve any saint. [feel—

*Enter Strife.*

*Strife.* Take a pencil, and paint your words  
in a table,

That the fool may be able to know what to do.

*Destiny.* Here is one comes to woo—

By the Mass ! I will not tarry.

*Destiny goeth in.*

*Strife.* I would it were muskadine for ye  
To stand prating with knaves.

*Tayler.* Hark ! how she raves ; she longs  
for a whip.

*Strife.* Yea, faith, goodman blabberlip !  
You pricklouse knave, you ! have you nothing  
to do [heads,  
At home with your shreds ? a prayer of wise  
I promise you, you have ! But, you doltish  
knave,

Come home, or I will fetch you !

*Tayler.* Now a halter stretch you,  
And them that sent you !

*Enter Patience.*

*Patience.* Good friends ! I pray you content  
you. [wife?

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee, good  
Be patient for all.

*Strife.* And shall the knave brawl, [and me?  
And make discord to be between my husband

*Patience.* Why so ? are you he  
That setteth debate, and disposed to prate ?  
I pray you, be still !

*Tayler.* Marry, with a good will !  
As God shall save me, I did behave me  
As well as might be, as these folks did see,  
Till this gigish dame into this place came ;  
But she is too-too bad.

*Patience.* And I count him mad,  
That for any fit will compare his wit ;  
And, with a foolish woman to wander,  
He is as wise as a gander.  
You are too much to blame ; and you too, for  
shame !

Leave your old canker, and let your sheet  
anchor

Be always to hold, where I, Patience, am bold;  
If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,  
It doth not agree, though Destiny be  
Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,  
In wealth and in woe: I am sure you know  
There should be no strife between man and  
wife. [friends;

And thus my tale ends: I would have you all  
And I would have Tom Tayler to be no railer;  
Nor Tom Tiler to chide, which I cannot abide;  
Nor his wife for to shew any pranks of a  
shrew.

*T. Tiler.* Ich would God it were so, for I  
bid the woe.

Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart.  
For howsoever it goes, I bear the blows,  
Which I tell you I like not.

*Tayler.* Though I chide, I strike not,  
Your mastership doth see. [last struck me.

*Strife.* I beshrew his knave's heart, that

*Patience.* Well, once again, let this foolish-  
ness be.

And, as I told you, so I pray you hold you;  
For I will not away till I set such a stay  
To make you gree friendly that now chafe un-  
kindly.

Come on, Strife! I find your churlish kind  
You must needs bridle, if it be possible;  
For else it were vain to take any pain.  
Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him  
kissed.

*Strife.* If Patience entreat me,  
I will, though Tom beat me.

*T. Tiler.* Well, wife, I thank you.

*Patience.* Nay, whither away prank you?  
Tom Tayler also shall you kiss, ere you go;  
And see you be friends.

*Strife.* I would he had kissed both the  
ends!

*Tayler.* Nay, there a hot coal!

*Patience.* Now, see this wild foal!  
Be quiet, I pray you, for therefore I stay you.  
[Enter *Destiny*.]

And *Destiny*, to thee—thou must also agree  
As well as the rest.

*Destiny.* I think it, too, best—  
Be you agreed all?

*Now speak altogether, except Patience.*

*All speak.* We are, and we shall.

*Patience.* Then take hands, and take chance,  
And I will lead the dance.

Come sing after me, and look we agree.

*Here they sing this song.*

#### A SONG.

*Patience entreateth good fellows all,  
Where Folly beateth to break their brawl,  
Where wills be wilful, and Fortune thrall,  
A patient party persuadeth all.*

*Though Strife be sturdy to move debate,  
As some unworthy have done of late,  
And he that worst may the candle carry,  
If Patience pray thee, do never tarry.*

*If froward Fortune hap so awry,  
To make thee marry by destiny,  
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,  
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.*

*Patience, perforce! if thou endure  
It will be better thou mayest be sure,*

*In wealth or woe, howsoever it ends,  
Wheresoever ye go, be patient friends.*

*The end of this song.*

*Here they all go in, and one cometh  
out, and singeth this song following  
all alone with instruments, and all the  
rest within sing between every stave  
the first two lines.*

*The concluding song.*

*When sorrows be great, and hap awry,  
Let Reason entreat thee patiently.*

### A SONG.

*Though pinching be a privy pain,  
To want desire that is but vain;  
Though some be cursed, and some be kind,  
Subdue the worst with patient mind.*

*Who sits so high, who sits so low?  
Who feels such joy, that feels no woe?  
When bale is bad, good boot is nigh—  
Take all adventures patiently.*

*To marry a sheep, to marry a shrow,  
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,  
These checks of chance can no man fly,  
But God himself that rules the sky.*

*Which God preserve our noble Queen,  
From perilous chance that hath been seen,  
And send her subjects grace say I,  
To serve her Highness patiently.*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



# A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY,  
VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together  
with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES  
now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole  
arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY  
FORM.

## A FOREWORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

*Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards*

*Biographical and other Notes,*

*Contemporary References to Author and Plays,*

*Bibliography,*

*Variorum Readings,*

*Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.*

*The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a=the first quarter of page 126; 40c=the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.*

### *Abbreviations.*

*J. Jacob and Esau.*

*Y. Youth.*

*A. Albion, Knight.*

*M. Misogonus.*

*H. Godly Queen Hester.*

*T. Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

[NOTE.—My acknowledgments, in regard to this volume, are specially due to Prof. Bang (*Youth*); to Prof. Brandl (*Misogonus*); to Mr. W. W. Greg (*Godly Queen Hester*); and generally to Halliwell's *Dictionary*, Nares' *Glossary*, and the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The Note-Book having already far exceeded all ordinary limits, a few of the commoner and better-known words and phrases have been omitted. All such, however, have already been noticed in other volumes of this series.]



## NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST TO SIX ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(SECOND SERIES), VIZ. :

*The History of Jacob and Esau—Youth—Albion;  
Knight—Misogonus—Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler  
and his Wife*

A, (a) "as good as a bring" (M. 187c)—"a went . . . a-birding" (M. 170a), he. "Bounce would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), iii. 2. See Bells.  
(b) "A knave" (T. 297b), ah!

ABACK, "*Aback*, fellows, and give me room" (Y. 94b), probably addressed to those in the "place," the open space where the performers stood. Thus the stage-direction in *Godly Queen Hester* (256b), "Aman meeteth them (the maidens) in the place." A similar injunction is found in *Thersites* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. I., 195b), "*Aback*, give me room, in my way do ye not stand; For if ye do, I will soon lay you low."

ABHOMINABLE, "thou *abominable* Sodomite" (M. 188d), abominable: by Shakspeare's time the pronunciation at least appears to have become "fine"—as witness the satire of *Love's Labour Lost*, v. 1, 25.

A-BIRDING, "a went in . . . *a-birding* (M. 170a), bird-catching, fowling. "Birders should (in their *birding* endeavour) take up their gins."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 151b.

ABUSION, ABUSED, "in apparel is great *abusion*" (A. 120b)—"so *abused* is thy light apparel" (A. 119d)—"to print such *abusion*" (A. 131d), abuse.

ACCORDING, "*according* your mind" (H. 256c), Mr. Greg in *Materialen* thinks the omission of *to* "unusual," and that "it may be an error of the printer." But ellipsis is a pronouncedly common feature in early plays: other examples in *Godly Queen Hester* are by no means few in number.

ACQUAINT, "What game . . . do you now most *acquaint*" (M. 178a), *i.e.* are you cognisant of, familiar with. "As things *acquainted* and familiar to us."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), v. 2.

ADDRESSETH, "Esau *addresseth* him to the forest" (J. 10d), gets ready, prepares for; *cf.* the military usage where *address*=to make military (or naval) dispositions; whence generally to prepare for any enterprise or work; sometimes used reflexively. "It lifted up its head, and did *address* . . . to motion, like as it would speak."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), i. 1.

ADEMPPT, "our life and goods from us were *adempt*" (H. 280a), taken away: Latin, *ademptum*=to take to oneself, to take away.

ADO, "I pray ye have *ado*" (Y. 101a), "have done": still dialectical.

ADVERTISED, "*advertised* him to do his duty" (M. 165c), admonished. "My griefs cry louder than *advertisement*."—Shakspeare, *Much Ado about Nothing* (1600), v. i.

AFFEARED, "*affeared* of thy old name" (A. 126c), frightened, afraid: "this word (says the *Ency. Dict.*) still exists among the uneducated"; was it not Latham who said that nowadays "the vulgar were the great conservers of the Anglo-Saxon speech of our forefathers"?

AFFECT, "sore *affect*" (M. 193d), affected, troubled: see Correct.

AFRESH, "she is *afresh*" (Y. 104a), this should be as in the original *a fresh*: *a*=*an*=one.

AGATE, "let us be *agate*" (Y. 106c), on the way, a-going. "Is it his '*motus trepidationis*' that makes him

stammer? I pray you, Memory, set him *agate* again."  
—Brewer, *Lingua* (1580), iii. 6.

AGLET, "not care an *aglet*" (M. 197*d*), properly a tag of a lace, a point, a spangle; hence a small standard of value.

ALATE, "didst thou see thy young master *alate*" (M. 169*b*; M. 201*b*), lately. "Seemed *alate* to pay . . . some tribute pence."—*Return from Parnassus*, Part I., iv. 1 (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9).

ALBION, KNIGHT (*Text*, pp. 117-132). Only a fragment of six leaves has come down to us of this chronicle play of political and satirical intent. Probably, with the exception of Bale's *King John* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, 171-294) and Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, 85-153), it is the earliest extant play of its class; and in its character is undoubtedly unique in the annals of early English drama. This fragment of twelve closely printed pages in black-letter is part of the famous Devonshire collection. It "comprises the outer fold of Sheet B and the whole of C." It was found in the pasteboard of another book where it had been used by a binder as end paper. Mr. Collier states (*H.E.D.P.*, ii. 370) that "Mr. Douce had a fragment of a single leaf, Aiiij, possibly belonging to the same production." Mr. Collier's *History* was published in 1831, and when he reprinted the Devonshire fragment for the Shakspeare Society in 1844 he made no further reference to the fact. Recent search made among the Douce papers and books in the Bodleian has also resulted in a failure to unearth any such fragment. Little, indeed, is known concerning *Albion, Knight*—its author, its date, or whether it was acted or not. It was probably printed; that is, if we may regard it as the same play as that licensed to Thomas Colwell (Registers of the Stationers' Company for 1565-6) entitled "A mery playe bothe pythy and pleasaunt of Albyon Knyghte." A play called *Albion* appears in Archer's catalogue for 1656, and in Kirkman's for 1671 (but *not* in Kirkman's list for 1661, attached to *Tom Tyler and his Wife*. As regards date, opinions differ; and probably will continue so to do. Little internal evidence on this point can be traced, and still less that

is available of an authoritative character. Oldys, in his MS. notes, gives 1593, an obviously impossible date. Mr. J. P. Collier (*Shakspeare Soc. Papers*, 1844), while admitting the slender grounds on which he bases his suggestion, surmises that it may be the play referred to in the Cotton MS. Vitellius F. v. (Camden Soc.), which met with such an unfavourable reception at Christmas, 1559: "The same day at nyght at the Quene's court, there was a play afore her Grace, the which the plaers plade, shuche matter that they wher commandyd to leyff off, and continently the maske cam in dansing." Mr. Collier admits that the writer does not say he was present, that there is not the smallest hint as to the title of the play, but yet "we may perhaps infer that it was political . . . and suppose it was . . . *Albion, Knight*: those who read will see abundant ground for believing that if it were exhibited at Court, or indeed anywhere else, in the very outset of the reign of Elizabeth, it could not be acceptable." Surely the flimsiest grounds upon which to base even a surmise? Apart from the fact that a large slice of the pre-Shakspearean drama has been lost, it must be remembered also that other plays have been unacceptable and suppressed. For example, *Misogonus* (q.v.) has been attributed to Richard Edwards (who certainly—see Prologue to *Damon and Pithias*—was keenly sensitive and nervous on this score), and also identified with the play which was stopped by the Queen's command at the Court Revels at Christmas, 1559. Prof. Schelling (*The English Chronicle Play*, 276-278) gives the date as 1566; Prof. Gayley (*Rep. Eng. Comedies*, lxxxv.—not lxxxvi. as given in the index) speaks of it as "a political fragment acted between 1560 and 1565," but he gives no reason for it; and where is the proof that it was ever acted? Internal evidence on this point is likewise of the scantiest; and, if of any weight at all, it points rather to a much earlier date. If, as Prof. Brandl thinks, there is traceable the direct influence of Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*, the upward date could not have been earlier than 1539; except, of course, the position is reversed and Sir David Lyndsay had *Albion, Knight*, in mind when penning his satire! A brief analysis of *Albion, Knight*, shows

that England, personified by Albion, is racked by dissension, discord, and discontent. There is ill-feeling between the commonalty and the nobility; and the lords temporal and the lords spiritual are jealous one of the other. Injury complains that Justice is not treated with due equity. If loss to Principality (the personification of the royal power) be involved, "that loseth all." If the lords spiritual or the lords temporal are touched, "then farewell! the bill may sleep, it is naught but for to wipe a pan." Such was the new equity. Principality was also at great debate with Justice; he would have the law after his liking; the commons' hearts arise against him when he asks in time of need for money; they are in altercation on this matter; Principality neglects to defend Albion by sea and land; the thieves and raveners daily true men pursue; the laws are not impartially administered; and so forth. If this be a picture of the times it is strangely unlike the conditions prevalent at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign; but, contrariwise, there is a strange likeness to those which characterised the early years of Henry VIII. The King's Council was divided by faction—the temporality against the spirituality; the King, when he had exhausted his treasure by pleasures, empty pageants, or vain treaties and expeditions, extorted money by loans, benevolences, and confiscations; when he applied to the Commons they rebuffed him by granting only half supplies; the secular and ecclesiastical courts were at variance; bills sent up by the Commons were set aside by the Lords; judges were more concerned to maintain their jurisdiction than to do justice: all this seems curiously portrayed in *Albion, Knight*. This, of course, would put back the date of the play a good many years. Perhaps more careful analysis and study of the drama than is possible in, or within the scope of, these notes would throw light on the subject.

ALE, "we will go to the *ale*" (Y. 106a), ale-house. "When they drynke atte *ale*, They telle many a lewd tale."—Caxton, *Desc. Brit.* (1480), 40.

ALE-WIFE, "the *ale-wife* of the Swan" (T. 295d), a tapstress.

ALIFE, "I love this gear *alife*" (T. 304c), excessively. Usually *a* (or *a-*) *life*: *a=on—on* [my] *life*=a mild imprecation. "I love a ballad in print, o' life."—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale* (1610), iv. 3.

ALIGANT, "she's *aligant* indeed" (M. 203c), elegant: a present-day "Irishism."

ALLMIGHT, "God *Allmight*" (Y. 100d), Almighty—not an infrequent contraction for rhyming's sake: in original *all myght*. Another example occurs later (Y. 105c), "Hark, sirs, for *God Almighty*" (orig. *God almightie*), which should in text have been *Almight*, as it is intended to rhyme with "fight." See A-mightens.

A[MAYD], "if I lay *a[mayd]*" (M. 202c), dismayed: the manuscript is defective, and this restoration is suggested by Prof. Brandl.

A-MIGHTENS, "*God a-mighten's lap*" (M. 219b), God Almighty's lap: cf. Allmight.

AMONG, "Beware ever *among* of the friary clerk's bell" (A. 125d)—"ye must needs laugh *among*" (H. 272b), now and then, at intervals, from time to time: in the first example the sense, however, would seem to mean "continually." "Be it right or wrong These men *among* On women do complain"—*Notbrowne Mayde* (Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., ii., 272). "Thai eten and dronken right i-nowe, And made mirth ever *amonge*."—*Sir Ferumbras*.

AND, AN, or & (*passim*), if.

ANGRY, "wist ye would not *angry*" (H. 275c), *be* is understood: the whole piece abounds in ellipticisms, false and loose rhymes, and archaic construction.

ANTIQUE, "an *antique* or a monk" (M. 149b), perhaps the spelling should have been *antic* (orig. *antike*), in view of the modern differentiation in meaning by means of the spelling—*antique*=an antiquated, out-of-date person; *antic*=a merry-andrew, buffoon—it is uncertain which is meant here. "Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves, Were he the veriest *antic* in the world."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1593), *Ind.* ". . . within the hollow crown That rounds the

mortal temples of a king Keeps Death his court; and there the *antic* sits."—Shakspeare, *Rich. II.* (1597), iii. 2.

ANYWHEN (J. 11*d*), any time; now dialectical; of these compounds "anyhow" and "anywhere" seem to have survived longest in written English: *cf.* "anywhither," "anywhile," &c.

APAIID, "ill *apaid*" (M. 156*c*)—"never well *apaid*" (T. 309*a*), satisfied, pleased. "Make thee well *apaid*."—*New Custom* (c. 1573), E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser., 170*d*.

APPROOF, "upon *aproof*" (H. 257*a*), approbation. "So his *aproof* lives not in's epitaph, As in your royal speech."—Shakspeare, *All's Well* (1598), i. 2.

ARGLEMENTS, "good . . . *arglements*" (M. 206*b*), arguments.

ARMENTAGE, see Oaths.

ARRAY, (a) "here is *array*" (J. 77*b*)—"a pretty kettle of fish," a "mess": *cf.* *ray*=defile.

(b) "a new *array*" (Y. 115*a*), equipment, adornment, aids to conduct, &c.

ARSY-VERSY, "She looked *arsy-versy*" (T. 305*d*), properly upside-down, topsy-turvy, contrary: "Ye set the cart before the horse . . . cleane contrarily, and *arsy-versy* as they say."—Taverner, *Eras. Prov.* (1539), 62.

ASSAIL, "*assail* thy father" (J. 64*c*), approach: a much weakened sense, somewhat similar to the modern colloquialism "go for"=to attempt, try for, approach.

ASSAY, "*assay* . . . to buy" (J. 15*b*)—"I will *assay* ere long" (J. 15*d*)—"I will taste of other *assays*" (A. 120*b*), try, attempt, essay: see Taste; *at all assays* (J. 53*b*)=at all points, ready for every contingency (see *Roister Doister*, E.E.D.S., 40*d*).

ASSISTED, "and they that should *assisted*" (H. 263*d*), "have" is understood: the ellipsis is common. "Of lands and goods which should me much [have] avanced."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 11., 22*a*.

ASSIZE, "common *assize*" (A. 120*b*), custom, fashion, use, judgment, regulation. "And after mete the lordys wyse, Eueryche yn dywers queyntyse, To daunce went by ryght *asyse*."—*Octovian*, 81 (Boucher). "So al watz dubbet on dere *asyse*."—*E. Eng. Allit. Poems* (ed. Morris), *The Pearl*, 97.

ASSOIL, see Soil.

ATTASTE, "so pleasant to *attaste*" (H. 278*d*), taste, experience. "For gentlemen . . . was nought so fit, As to *attaste* by bold attempts the cup Of conquest's wine, whereof I thought to sup."—*Mirroure for Mag.*, p. 297.

AUDE, "my *aude* master" (M. 196*d*), old : still dialectical.

AUGRIM, "she has *augrim* in her" (M. 232*a*), algorithm, arithmetic, the faculty of counting. *Augrim-stones* were counters used in calculations. "His *augrym-stones*, leyen faire apart."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1483), 3210.

AUM'S-ACE, see Cards.

AVOID, "I shall make you *avoid* soon" (Y. 94*b*)—"to *avoid* clean" (H. 276*c*), leave, remove, get out of the way; often in the imperative, as a warning to clear the way on the passage of a personage; also of inanimate objects, to remove, to clear away. "*Awoydes* tho borde into tho flore, Tase away tho trestes that ben so store."—*Boke of Curtasye*, p. 33.

A-WHEELS, "let all go *a-wheels*" (M. 154*b*), easily, carelessly, as if on wheels.

BAALAM'S ASS (M. 149*a*), see Numbers xxxii. 21 : i.e. a talking donkey.

BACKHOUSE (M. 215*d*), an outhouse, or premises at the back of a house : often *backside*. "Their *backhouses*, of more necessary than cleanly service, as kitchens, stables, are climbed up into by steps."—Carew. "No innkeeper, alehouse keeper, victualler or tippler shall admit . . . any person . . . in his . . . *backside* to eat, drink or play at cards."—Grindal, *Remains*, 138.

BACKHOUSE-DITCH (M. 224*c*), see previous entry.

BACON, (a) "*bacon* in my hand" (M. 146*d*), the half

crazy Abraham men, or bedlams, are usually represented as carrying "a piece of *bacon* [begged or stolen] on a stick or such-like toy" (Awdeley, *Frat. Vacabondes*).

(b) see Bells.

**BADGE**, "to wear his *badge* and mark" (H. 271a): princes, noblemen, and other gentlemen of rank had formerly, and still retain, distinctive badges, and servants and dependants wore these cognisances on their liveries. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare* (1839), pp. 205-7, says: "The history of the changes which badges have undergone is interesting. In the time of Henry IV. the terms *livery* and *badge* seem to have been synonymous. A badge consisted of the master's device, crest, or arms on a separate piece of cloth, or sometimes on silver in the form of a shield, fastened to the left sleeve. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the nobility placed silver badges on their servants. The sleeve badge was left off in the reign of James I., but its remains are still preserved in the dresses of porters, firemen, and watermen, and possibly in the shoulder-knots of footmen. During the period when badges were worn the coat to which they were affixed was, as a rule, blue, and the blue coat and badge still may be seen on parish and hospital boys."

**BAIT**, "there were a great *bait*" (M. 169b), set to, scrimmage: as when dogs are set to worry or kill an animal.

**BAK'ST**, "as thou *bak'st* so sha't brew" (M. 206c): the reference is seemingly to the relation of cause and effect; that is, the quality of the baking will determine that of the preparation or brewing of "brewis," bread soaked in broth. The proverb usually takes a somewhat different and more intelligible form. "As I . . . brew so must I . . . drink."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 19a. "If you have browen wel, you shall drinke the better."—Wodroephe, *Spared Houres of a Souldier* (1623).

**BAN**, "beggars now do *ban*" (H. 265b), curse, imprecate vengeance upon a person. "And summe *banne* the, and some blesse."—*MS. Cantab.*, Ff., ii. 38, f. 16. "What

beggar art thou that thus doth *banne* and wary?"—Skelton, *Magnif.*, 2266.

BANDS, "I would have him in *bands*" (M. 144c), under restraint.

BASH, "not *bash* to grope a trull" (M. 176c), be bashful. "He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot, And all so soyld that none could him descry: His countenance was bold, and *bashed* not For Guyons lookes, but scornefull eyeglaunce at him shot."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), II., iv. 37.

BASKETS, "*baskets* in my capons" (M. 196c), of course Codrus means to say "capons in my basket"; however, the blunder was probably intended by the author.

BAYARD, "ride *bayard* rather" (M. 151d), literally a bay horse, and specifically an old blind horse frequently mentioned in old poetry and romance; here there is seemingly an allusion to the horse or wooden frame on which culprits were made to ride by way of punishment.

BEAD-ROLL (M. 204a), a list of persons to be prayed for: as these were prohibited in England in 1550, there may be in this passage a clue to the date of the play.

BEADS, "*beads* for your devotion" (Y. 115a), "beads" in the Copland edition is replaced, significantly, by "books": the beads are, of course, those of the rosary used in keeping count of prayers offered: these are strung in thirties or sixties, every tenth bead, called a *gaude*, being larger and otherwise distinguished from the others; the *gaudes* represent paternosters and the ordinary beads Ave Marias. ". . . as will appear by the form of *bidding the beads* in King Henry the Seventh's time: the way was first for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their beads in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his."—Burnet, *Hist. Reformat.*, bk. i., pt. ii., an. 1547.

BEAR, see Name.

BEATI, "*beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam*" (Y. 108a), see Matthew v. 10.

BECK, "with a *beck*" (J. 61*d*)—"the *becking* of my finger" (M. 176*d*), nod, bow, a salutation of any kind, whether with head, hand, or knee. "I to every soul . . . did give a *beck*."—Heywood, *Four P.P.*, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I., 52*b* (c. 1543-7).

BEDEWOMAN, "I'll be your *bedewoman*" (M. 220*a*), that is, beadswoman, properly an almswoman in an almshouse or hospital, one of whose duties was to pray for the soul of the "pious founder"; hence, in a general sense (as here, but with an eye on "bed-woman"), one who prays for the welfare of another. "I will be thy *beadsman*, Valentine."—Shakspeare, *Two Gent. of Verona* (1595), i. 1.

BEFORNE (J. 80*a*; Y. 108*d*; H. 257*c*; *et passim*), before, spread out to view, openly. "I were worthy of this payne Because it was shewed me so well *beforne*."—*Wife Lapped in Morrelles Skin* [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 214].

BEHID, "I *behid* me" (T. 305*d*), the original is *behide*, rhyming with "spied": the modern spelling gives the sense better.

BEHOVE, "to your *behove*" (Y. 94*b*), behoof.

BELAKINS! (M. 199*a*), a veiled oath=*be* (=by) [our] *la[dy]kins* (a diminutive).

BELL, "I bear the *bell*" (T. 295*a*), take first place, carry away the prize. "For beauty and stature she beareth the *bell*."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 27*d*.

BELLS, "*Hardydardye*. . . . By this reckeninge A syr besyde belles, bacon and somewhat els, Must nedes haue hanginge" (H. 282*c*), a passage which (as here given) in the original is somewhat obscure. Grosart glossed *A*=*Ah*! and Mr. W. W. Greg (*Materialen*, v. 59) agrees that "there is, of course, no reason why *A* should not stand for '*Ah*' here, as in many other places, but Grosart's interpretation would leave the sentence without a subject. He no doubt interpreted it: '*bacon and something else besides bells needs hanging*.' This, however, makes nonsense of the passage; '*besyde*' must govern the whole phrase '*belles, bacon and somewhat els*,' since *Hardydardy* evidently means that *Aman*, too, requires hanging. I

therefore take *A syr* as the subject, meaning 'a lord.' All which is intelligible and reasonable, save that glossing *sir*=lord in this instance seems unnecessary. Would not the required subject and sense be obtained by reading the passage thus: "*Hardy-dardy*. . . . By this reckoning, sir! he must needs have hanging, besides bells, bacon, and somewhat else"? The use of *a*=he is frequent in the mouths of illiterates or provincials in old plays (325*b*), and needs no special illustration. On the other hand, as far as I know, the use of *sir*=a lord (or should it not rather be a gentleman?) was not common till Shakspeare's time (*Cymbeline*, i. 7), the appellation being usually confined to priests, and prefixed, as a rule, to the Christian name; e.g. Sir John, Sir Hugh, &c. Spenser uses it without, and as generic for the cloth. "But this good *sir* did follow the plaine word, Ne medled with their controversies vaine."—Spenser, *Moth. Hubb. Tale* (1591), v. 390.

BENJAMINY, "of the stock of *Benjaminy*" (H. 284*c*), Benjamin: note the rhyme with "lineally."

BESENE, "awhile shall *besene*" (H. 260*d*), in the original *beseeme*, which Mr. Greg (*Materialen*, v. 51), as a rhyme to "Queen," compares with "By my holydame, for my lord Aman" (H. 265*d*), explaining that "the *n:m* consonance passed muster with the majority of poets throughout the sixteenth century." But surely *beseeme* is a misprint—there are many such in the original—for *besene* (=clothed, clad, adorned)? The King has just instructed Aman to fetch "rich apparel" for the Queen and her ladies, and Aman replies that if it pleases the King to "license" Hester (=give permission to) thus to array herself from the royal wardrobe, she, according to her pleasure, shall "awhile" (=shortly) adorn herself. On the contrary, *beseem* (=to seem, to appear), though making sense of a kind, gives a faulty rhyme. Hence *well-beseen*=suitably clad, making a good appearance; *ill-beseen*=poorly, unsuitably dressed. "In which I late was wont to reign as queen, And mask in mirth, with graces well *beseen*."—Spenser, *Tears of Muses* (1590), 179. "Within that lake is a rock, and therein is as faire a place as any is on earth, and richly *beseene*."—*Hist. of K. Arthur*, bl. 1. See Likely.

BESIDE, "go here *beside*" (Y. 102a), by side.

BESILLING, "thou *besilling* beast" (M. 159c), hard-drinking, besotted: "bezzle"=to tipple, swill. "I sawe there beastlie *bezolinge*."—*Pilg. to Parnassus*, iii., l. 15 (E.E.D.S., *Anon Pl.*, Ser. 9). "For when he was told of he was fallen into this filthie vice and abominable *beazeling*, O (saith hee) youth may be wanton, and heerafter staydnes may reduce him."—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Descriptions* (1616).

BESSIE, "Brown *Bessie*" (M. 175b), Besse or Bessie= wanton: generic. In Wever's *Lusty Juventus*, Abominable Living also appears as "little *Besse*." "Of monks and canons I am the subtle sortter. While some talk with *Besse*, the residue keep silence: Though we play the knaves we must shew a good pretence."—Bale, *King John* (E.E.D.S., *Works*), 27a.

BESTOW, "thou wilt *bestow* it on me" (Y. 101b), i.e. hospitality, or the wine: see Lechery's speech, 106b.

BET, "go *bet*" (A. 121d), an old hunting cry, often used in a general way as an expletive of half-familiar, half-sarcastic contempt or impatience.

BETTERLY, "truly and *betterly*" (M. 223b), in a more excellent way: nowadays we cut the distinctive adverbial ending.

BIBBLING, "*bibbling* I . . . do it hate" (M. 201c), drinking, tippling: still in service colloquially.

BIDDEN, "if I had *bidden* from meat" (J. 38b), abstained from, gone without, abided from.

BIDE, "to *bide* still" (Y. 101c), i.e. stay where he is: once literary, and, though now obsolete in written English, still good Scots and of service colloquially. "I *byde* styll, I tarye or remayne in a place. *Je remayn*."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.*

BIDENE, "even all *bidene*" (M. 230d), together. Frequently loosely employed, and also serving as a rhyme-tag to lengthen out a line: the precise meaning depends largely on the context. "We thenke to shewe and play, *be-dene*."—*Ludus Cov.* (1841), Prologue.

BIND, "faint to *bind* it" (M. 218b), see Faint.

**BITCHERY**, "full of *bitchery*" (M. 176a), wantonness, the pursuit of women.

**BLACK AND WHITE**, see White and black.

**BLACK SANCTUS** (M. 184c), a burlesque hymn accompanied by clamour and clatter of sorts; hence any confused or discordant noise. "A *blacke santus*, the lowd wrangling, or jangling outcries of scoulds, or scoulding fellowes; any extreame or horrible dinne."—Cotgrave, *Dict.* (1611), s.v. *Tintamarre*.

**BLAIN** (M. 218a), a boil, a serous or seropurulent eruption of the skin: the word survives in chilblain. "Itches, *blains*, Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and the crop Be general leprosy!"—Shakspeare, *Timon* (1609), iv. 1. See Bale, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 9a.

**BLAN**, "ne'er *blan*" (M. 176c), ceased. "But daunsed furthe as they bygan, For alle the messe they ne *blan*."—MS. *Harl.* 1701, f. 60.

**BLEAREST**, "how *blearest* thou his eyne" (M. 150c), impose upon him, throw pepper in his eyes: see *Rom. of the Rose*, 3912.

**BLEST**, "by God's *blest*" (M. 181d), blessed: the object is understood—arms, pity, foot, nails, &c.

**BLIN**, "I would not *blin*" (M. 199b), cease, delay, rest, be easy: see *Blan*. "I schall not *blyne*, Tyll the best that is there ine Be tween us two be sete."—*Kyng and Hermyt*, MS. *Ashmole* 6922, l. 408.

**BLIND** (a) "the *blind* eat many a fly" (J. 66c), a proverb found in Heywood (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II., 73b; 201b; 220b). "The *blinde* eateth many a flie: So doth the husband often, i-wis, Father the childe that is not his."—*Schole-house of Women* (1541), l. 333.

(b) "*blind talk*" (M. 212a), irresponsible gossip.

**BLINDATION**, "what a *blindation* are you in" (M. 206a), mental obscuration, "fog," bewilderment.

**BLOSSOM**, "mine own *blossom*" (M. 179d), an endearment. "Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous *blossom* sure."—Shakspeare, *Titus Andron.* (1593), iv. 2.

**BLOW POINT** (M. 239d), according to Strutt a children's game: "blowing an arrow through a trunk at certain

numbers by way of lottery"; Nares says: "perhaps blowing small pins or points against each other." "We pages play at *blow-point* for a piece of a parsonage."—2 *Ret. fr. Parnassus*, iii. 1 (1601).

**BLOWSE**, "a honeysweet *blowse*" (M. 175c), "a woman with hair or head-dress loose or disordered, or decorated with vulgar finery." *East*. Thoresby has, "a *blowse* or *blawze*, proper to women, a blossom, a wild rinish girl, proud light skirts;" and Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, "a girl or wench whose face looks red by running abroad in the wind and weather, is calld a *blouz*, and said to have a blouzing colour."—(*Halliwell*.) "I had rather marry a faire one, and put it to the hazard, than be troubled with a *blowze*; . . ."—Burton, *Anat. of Mel.* (1621), p. 628.

**BODY LOUSE**, "as busy as a *body louse*" (M. 183a), busy=active (A.N.).

**BOLD**, "be not too *bold*" (Y. 95b), confident, cocksure: as verb=to be emboldened. "Hys harte beganne to *bolde*."—MS. *Cantab.*, Ff. ii. 38, f. 89.

**BONABLY**, "*bonably* cursed" (M. 182b), a corruption of abominably (O.E.D.). "Diccon! it is vengeable knave, gammer, 'tis a *bonable* horson."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii. 2.

**BONES**, "a cast at the *bones*" (M. 172b), dice. "And on the borde he whyrled a payre of *bones*, *Quater treye dewes* he clatered as he wente."—Skelton, *Works*, i. 43.

**BOORD**, "jesting *boord*" (H. 264c)—"fools largely will *boord* and tell all" (H. 271b), a jest, jeer, mock, sport, idle talk: the first example is somewhat tautological. As verb=to jest, joke, talk idly. "Sooth *bourd* is no *bourd*."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 88a and 183b.

**BOOZING**, "revelling and *boozing*" (M. 187d), drinking: one of the oldest of the canting terms, and still in common use.

**BORAGE**, see Kitchen herbs.

**BORROW**, "I trust . . . you'll let me half a score of your sows *borrow*" (M. 210b), take: in this sense common in early English. *Borrow* also=tithing, and

the use of the word here when asking for half a score sows (*i.e.* ten, not a tenth) is curious.

**BOTTLE OF HAY**, "eat a *bottle of hay*" (M. 196c), bundle of hay : hence *bottle-horse*=horse for carrying bundles ; *bottleman*=ostler. "Methinks I have a great desire to a *bottle of hay*: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow."—Shakspeare, *Mids. Night's Dream* (1592), iv. 1.

**BOUST STOOL** (M. 226c), box stool : not "bolster stool," as suggested by Prof. Brandl in *Quellen*. "And every *boist* ful of thy letuarie."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales, The Pardoner's Tale*, 307. "*Boyste* or box. *Pix, alabastrium*."—*Prompt. Parv.* "The Maister of the money sall answer for all gold and siluer, . . . and put it in his *buist*."—*Ja. II., Parl.* 1451, c. 33, 34 (ed. 1566).

**BOYING**, "so chiding, so *boying*" (J. 29d), boylike : Esau's jingle is not always of the best.

**BOYKINS**, "my *boykins*" (M. 180b), usually an endearment ; but here, from a superior to a servant, a familiarity.

**BRAVE**, "go *brave*" (M. 140d), finely dressed : see next entry. "They're wondrous *brave* to-day : why do they wear These several habits?"—*Vittor. Coromb.*, O. Pl. (Reed), vi. 321. "For I have gold, and therefore will be *brave* ; In silks I'll rattle it of ev'ry colour."—*Greene's Tu Q.*, O. Pl. (Reed), vii. 35.

**BRAVERY**, "with *bravery* unaddressed" (M. 135c), finery : usually of clothes. "With scarfs, and fans, and double change of *bravery*, With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."—Shakspeare, *Tam. Shr.* (1593), iv. 3.

**BRAWL**, "stick not to *brawl*" (M. 143d), not always in a bad sense : here=to contend with, strive, defend oneself. "Aganys him to *brawle* . . ."—Barbour, *The Bruce* (ed. Skeat), i. 573.

**BRAWN**, "the *brawn* of my very arm" (J. 27b), muscle. "*Brawne* of mannys leggyss or armys. *Musculus, lacertus, pulpa*, C.F."—*Prompt. Parv.* "And hadde a noble visage for the noones, And formed wel of *brawnes* and of boones."—Chaucer, *Legende of Goode Women : Dido*.

BREAM, BREME, "earnest and *bream*" (M. 233a)—"in love so *breme*" (H. 257c), the sense from the context in both passages seems to=lusty, in a good sense.

BREAST, see Chery.

BREEDER, "help you to a *breeder*" (M. 227c), i.e. a breeding sow.

BRIARS, "leave me not i' th' *briars*" (M. 207b), in difficulty, misfortune, or doubt. "I ween the knaves are in the *briars*."—Bale, *Works* (E.E.D.S.). "Davus interturbat omnia. Davus brings all out of square: he marres all; he brings all *into the briars*."—*Terence in English* (1614).

BRISTED, "I wot not how they were *bristed*" (H. 263d), seemingly a variant of *burst*=broken, destroyed, injured, damaged; cf. *burst*=injury, loss, adversity. Another example of this verbal usage is found in *Misogonus* (156b), "Your cock's comb I'll *brust*."

BROTHER, "soft, *brother* mine" (J. 9b; 40c), here, as frequently, used without any degree of relationship: cf. child=dog (J. 8a); child=servant (J. 9c); also numerous instances in *Roister Doister* of a similar usage. See Udall, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), s.v. Brother, Cousin, Spouse, Wife.

BROTHER'ST (M. 235b), i.e. callest thou me brother.

BROWN BESSIE, see Bessie.

BRUST, "your cock's comb . . . I'll *brust*" (M. 156b), *burst*=injure, damage, "do for": see *Bristed*.

BUCKLER AND SWORD (M. 155a), the buckler was a shield of wickerwork covered with hide. "With good swerd and with *bocler* by her side."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 4016.

BUGGISH, "one *buggish* word" (M. 152c), either (a) proud, conceited (cf. "bug as a lord"), or (b) high-sounding, rough speech. "*Cheval de trompette*, one thats not afraid of shadowes, one whom no big, nor *bugs words* can terrifie."—Cotgrave, *Dict.* (1611).

BUGLASS, see Kitchen herbs.

BULCHIN, "both *bulchin* and sow" (M. 195c)—(M. 198d), a bull-calf.

BULL (H. 263*d*), *i.e.* the Pope's bull or decree: see Wool.

BUMFIDDLE, "I'll *bum fiddle* thee" (M. 159*c*), beat, thrash: sometimes "bumbaste."

BUMING, see Chery.

BUM VAY (M. 198*b*)—"bum fay" (T. 302*b*), a corruption of "By my faith": see Oaths.

BUSHED see Hair.

BUSK, see Rusk.

BUZZARDLY BEAST (M. 173*c*), a term of contempt. Halliwell gives *bussard*, a great drinker, and *buzzard*, a coward; in truth, however, *buzzard*=a person or thing of inferior gifts or character.

BY AND BY (*passim*), immediately: see Presently.

CACKLING, "will you not leave your *cackling*" (M. 195*d*), chattering talk: still colloquial.

CAGIN, "my *cagin*" (M. 198*d*), ? trouble, misfortune.

CALLSTA, "*Callsta* this honest company" (M. 187*d*), *calsta* in original=call'st thou.

CANVASS, "able to *canvass* the . . . knave" (M. 155*a*), a figurative and colloquial extension of the proper meaning=to sift or search out; here=to beat, drub, "punish."

CAP, "*cap* now"—"best *cap*" (M. 154*b*), to salute by taking off the cap, to make obeisance.

CAPPIDOSITY, "her *cappidosity* is better than mine" (M. 201*a*), capacity: part of Codrus's "patter."

CARD, "be a *card* and dicer" (M. 235*c*), seemingly carder or card-player is meant: the piece is replete with unexpected contractions, abbreviations, and clipped English.

CARDED, "danced and *carded* a whole week" (M. 176*c*), played cards.

CARDS, "also at the *cards* I can teach you to play At the triumph . . . one-and-thirty . . . post, pinion . . . aum's ace . . . dewce-ace, &c." (Y. 112*c*), the names of various popular card games. *Triumph* was very similar to, if not the original of, modern whist.

"Leauing the auncient game of England (*Trumpe*) where euerie coate and sute are sorted in their degree, [they] are running to their Ruffe where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game."—Nashe, *Martins Months Mind* [Grosart, *Works*, i. 161]. *One-and-thirty*, a card game much resembling the modern *vingt-et-un*. "Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps (for ought I see) *two and thirty*—a pip out."—*Tam. of Shrew*, i. 2. "Brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry to his master, it is like he gave one to his man for his labour, *to make up the game*, and so there was *thirty-one*."—Latimer, *Serm.*, fol. 65. In Green's *Groat's-worth of Wit* it is called a "fool's game," and Nares says it was familiar among children within his memory. *Post* (or *Post-and-pair*) "was played (says Nares) with three cards each, wherein much depended on *vyng*, or betting on the goodness of your own hand. It is clear, from . . . the examples, that a pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards, according to their order: kings, queens, knaves, &c., descending. If there were no threes, the highest pairs might win; or also the highest game in three cards." All of which sounds very like modern poker. *Pinion*, "an obsolete card game" (O.E.D., the only illustrative passage being that now under consideration). *Aum's-ace*—*Dewce-ace* are generally glossed as dicing games, but from this it would appear they were also played with cards. *Aum's-ace* (or *amb's ace*)=the throw when two dice threw up an ace; *deuce-ace*=the one and two thrown at dice.

CAREFUL, "it is a *careful* life" (Y. 105*d*), full of care, sorrowful: cf. "hateful"=full of hate. "He cryed hym after with *careful* steuen."—*E. Eng. Allit. Poems: Cleanness*, 770. "God kepe the prisoners out of sorwe, for *carful* thay were that day."—*Sir Ferumbras*, 1115.

CARNIFEX, "the murder of this *carnifex*" (H. 277*b*), scoundrel (Lat. butcher). Aman is in all probability (Queen Hester, s.v.) meant to satirise and lampoon Cardinal Wolsey: if so, it is curious to note that tradition makes Wolsey the son of a butcher. "The

*carnifex* or executor . . . hath . . . stumbled, and is now crippled."—Munday, *Downf. Rob. E. of Hunt., Works* (E.E.D.S.), ii. 2.

CART, (a) "I'll *cart* thee" (M. 188*b*), to expose in a cart by way of punishment: bawds, harlots and the like, amongst others, were so treated—hence the allusion.  
(b) see Wrong side.

CAST, (a) "ere ye *cast out* any more" (Y. 96*c*), to "spout," utter. "An ancient malediction . . . which Epimenides *casteth out* sayinge, &c."—North, *Diall of Princes* (1568), 19*v*.

(b) "a *cast* of a new horse-comb" (A. 129*c*), fashion, form, pattern. "To makie a tur after this *cast*."—*Florice and Blanchefleur*, 338.

(c) "a fellow of a far *cast*" (A. 130*b*), skill, art. "He a wys man wes of *cast*, And in hys deyd wes rycht wyly."—Wyntown, vi. 18, 168.

(d) "a *cast* at the bones" (M. 172*b*), the act of throwing dice.

(e) "*Casting* thy piss . . . it shall ne'er be *cast*" (M. 216*c*), diagnosis by inspecting the urine. "If thou couldst, doctor, *cast* The water of my land, find her disease. . . ."—Shakspeare, *Macbeth* (1606), v. 3.

(f) see Hedge.

CAT, "cat after kind . . . sweet milk will lap" (J. 58*a*), a somewhat similar adage occurs in Heywood's *Proverbs* (*Works*, E.E.D.S., II., 98*b*), "Cat after kind, good mouse hunt."

CATAWAULING (M. 232*d*), properly the noise of cats at rutting time: here=love-making, "spooning."

CHA, "*cha been*" (M. 169*a*)—"cha brought you" (M. 198*b*), I have: Cacurgus here drops into the conventional dialect of the early drama, many examples of which are found in Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser.).

CHAM, "*cham sore*" (M. 169*a*)—"who *cham* his nown son" (M. 147*c*), I am: erroneously used in second example: see Cha and previous volumes of this series.

CHANCE, "oft *chance* such reckoning" (H. 261*a*), chances, happens: cf. "both rides on a mule" (H. 261*c*).

CHAPEL, "call in the *chapel*" (H. 277c), a choir or orchestra attached to the court of a prince or the household of a nobleman (see Groves's *Dict. of Music*).

CHARITAS, "*Deus charitas est*" (Y. 93d), see I. John, iv. 8.

CHAT, "*chat* now" (M. 146a), seemingly=go hang!  
"Quod I, Churle, ga *chat* the, and chide with ane vthir."—Douglas, *Virgil*, 239, a. 30.

CHAVE, "*chave* always some 'tention" (M. 200d), I have : see Cha.

CHEATS, "a budgetfull of cheats" (M. 176a), ?=escheats =casual profits to the lord of a manor, forfeitures, and hence (as here) dodges, tricks, impositions. The office of escheator or cheater was in somewhat evil odour among the common people.

CHECKS, "her *checks* be so unkind" (T. 302d), taunts, reproaches. "Which beheld by Hector, he let go This bitter *check* at him."—Chapman, *Homer's Iliad* (1603), iii. 37.

CHERRY, "I reck not a *cherry*" (Y. 94d), in orig. *chery* : cf. rap, straw, dam—anything (as a cherry) of small intrinsic value.

CHERY, "to *lift at a chery I have a buming breast*" (M. 151b), elliptical : to lift up one's voice (sing) in a choir (see Rector chorye). The *breast* (=musical voice) was regarded as essential to good singing : see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I., s.v. Breast.

CHESE, "might'st yet *chese*" (M. 207c), choose (A.S.) : Codrus is playing on his words—"egg," "collop," "cheese."

CHEVEREL, "ye rent my *cheverel*" (J. 9d), garment made of the skin (or the skin itself) of young goats.

CHICKENS, "my *chickens* are not hatched" (M. 224d), I am not absolutely sure : the allusion is, of course, to the fable of the maid taking eggs to market.

CHIL, "*chil* be plain to you" (M. 198c), I will : see Cha.

CHILD, "how say you *child*" (to a dog) (J. 8a)—"come on your ways, my *child*" (to a servant) (J. 9c)—"my old *child*" (M. 212d), a familiar address to a man

older than the speaker : specifically a servant or page.  
*Child* (chiel)=fellow, person, is still good Scots.

CHIM-CHAM, "here's . . . a *chim-cham*" (M. 185*d*), apparently introduced as a made rhyme to "whim-wham."

CHOPE, "*chope* you'll consider my pain" (M. 210*b*), I hope : see Cha.

CHOPPED, see Logics.

CHRISTENDOM, "by my *Christendom*" (M. 177*b*), Miso-gonus may be swearing by his baptism, by his faith (Christianity), or by his Christian name (the name received at baptism) : the objuration was common enough : see Note-Book, *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser. (E.E.D.S.) s.v. Christendom.

CICLE, "if each *cicle* might be worth a whole talent" (J. 32*b*), i.e. sicle=shekel. Later on (33*d*) Esau wagers "a *cicle*" on an event.

CLAP, "the best end of suretyship is to get a *clap*" (J. 79*b*), blow, stroke. "He fel down at that *clap*."—Hartshorne, *Metrical Tales*, p. 322.

CLAPPERCLAW, "*clapperclaw* thy bones" (T. 297*c*), properly to scratch, fight : here=trounce, beat. "He will *clapper-claw* thee tightly, bully."—Shakspeare, *Merry Wives* (1596), ii. 3.

'CLARED, "I '*clared* it" (M. 203*a*), declared.

CLARY, see Kitchen herbs.

CLEMENTED, "we *clemented*" (M. 232*b*), an interesting (because early) example of the formation of a verb from an event : as "to maffick" was derived from the siege and relief of Mafeking in the Boer War of 1899-1901. St. Clement's Day (see next line) is November 23rd, in honour of Clemens Romanus, who, with the martyred St. Linus, divides the honour of succession to St. Peter as the second Bishop of Rome. St. Nicholas's Day, in honour of which Codrus and Alison received "penny dole," occurs on Dec. 6th—barely a fortnight later : a significant date, and one which may enable "the learned" in such matters to fill the hiatus in the line now being glossed ("When she were"—what?). St. Stephen's Day in Christmas week is, of course, December 26th.

CLERKS, CLERKISH, "it is written by noble *clerks*" (Y. 96*b*)—"methink ye be *clerkish*" (Y. 96*b*), primarily, a cleric, especially a secular priest; hence a scholar, an educated or learned person.

CLIMBED, "I never *climbed*" (M. 135*d*), in original *clime*. "The waves to *climme*."—Drayton, *Agincourt*, 30. See Parnassus.

CLOTH, "bought up all good *cloth*" (H. 262*b*), an allusion to Wolsey's sumptuary extravagance: see Queen Hester.

CLUMPSTONE, "such a *clumpstone* as thou art" (M. 167*c*), blockhead, numskull, thick-headed fellow.

COAT, (a) "an I were in your *coat*" (M. 199*b*), in your place, "in your shoes."  
(b) see Wild cat.

COCK AND PIE (M. 228*b*), a softened oath: *Cock*=God; *pie*=the sacred book of offices. "Now by *cock and pie*, you never spoke a truer word in your life."—*Wily Beguild*, Anon. Plays (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 9.

COCKED, "art thou so *cocked* again" (M. 189*b*), turned "rusty," "nasty."

COCKEREL, "my *cockerel*" (M. 177*c*), a playful address; with, possibly, a double and obscene meaning.

COCK-ON-HOOP, "*cock-on-hoop*, all is ours!" (J. 71*a*)—"though you set *cock-on-hoop*" (T. 312*c*), proudly, exultantly: also as an expletive. "Am I the master here, or you? Go to . . . You will set *cock-a-hoop*! You'll be the man."—Shakspeare, *Romeo*, i. 5.

COCK O' TH' KIND (M. 186*b*), one of the "right sort," a companion to one's taste; here with special reference to Sir John's loose living and practice: cf. "hen of the game"=a wanton.

COCK'S COMB (M. 156*b*), one of the emblems of a professional fool: Misogonus thus indicates his opinion of his servant.

COCK'S PRECIOUS SOUL (T. 295*a*), a watered down oath: see Oaths.

CODPIECE (M. 151*b*), the flap in the front of breeches, formerly made very conspicuous and frequently used

as a pincushion: hence the breeches themselves. Brandl in *Quellen* suggests this (kodpesse) is an intentional blunder for "corpus"; but the meaning seems quite clear without such a confusion of words on Cacurgus's part; it was frequently spelt *codpiss*: see Impostume.

COD'S HEAD, "good to supple my *cod's head*" (M. 172a), stupid-pate, muddle-head.

COGGLED, "still *coggl'd* in" (J. 34d), apparently = "tucked in" at his meal: the sense is unglossed.

COIL, "I shall *coil* them till they stink for pain" (J. 76d), beat, thrash, punish: as with the lash of a whip winding round the culprit's body.

COISTRELS, "ye *coistrels*" (M. 236c), properly a lad waiting on an esquire to carry the knight's arms; also a generic term of contempt, and specifically a coward: cf. "hennardly knaves" (*supra*). "He's a coward and a *coystril*, that will not drink to my niece."—Shakspeare, *Twelfth N.* (1602), i. 3. "You whoreson bragging *coystril*!"—B. Jonson, *Ev. M. in his H.*, iv. 1.

COKES, "that old *cokes*" (M. 211d)—"like a wise *cokes*" (T. 315b), a fool, person easily imposed on. "You sillie men of simple sence, What joy have you old *cookes* to be?"—Gosson, *Quippes for Upst. Gentlew.* (1596), 199–200.

COLFEKE, "I'll *colfeke* him" (M. 214c), cudgel, beat, drub: also *colpheg* (for "colaphise"). "Away, jackanapes, els I wyll *colpheg* you by and by."—Edwards, *Damon and Pith.* (E.E.D.S., s.v. Colpheg).

COLOURED, "such *coloured* sentence" (H. 251b), specious, plausible, partial, biassed: cf. *colour* = a feigned matter (Palsgrave).

COLTISH, "as *coltish* as they are" (M. 186c), wanton, frisky, tricky as is a colt.

COMED, "*comed* out of God's own mouth" (M. 221c), once not unusual, this participle form has long passed from the pages of written English. "But were my Philip *com'd* again, I would not change my love."—Brome, *Northern Lass*.

COMICAL, "*comical* rhymes" (M. 135c), suited to comedy as distinguished from tragedy. "Such toys to see as heretofore in *comical* wise were wont abroad to be."—Edwards, *Damon and Pithias* (1571), *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 3b.

COMINATION, see Gom.

COMMODITY (M. 223b), profit, advantage, convenience.

COMMONING, "*commoning* with a yeoman" (M. 151c), conversing, talking, communing. "*Comoun*e or talke with another in cumpany, or felawshepe. *Communico*."—*Prompt. Parv.*

COMMUNICATION, "prove by *communication*" (H. 258b), conversation.

CONCEAVED, "thou *conceaved* Custer" (M. 196d), conceited, fanciful, "maggoty"; with, maybe, an eye on "deceived."

CONCLARE, "I cannot *conclare* it" (M. 216a), declare.

CONDITIONS, "his *conditions* . . . will be" (M. 140d), temper, character, general manners, behaviour, mode of life. "And it is oftentimes seen that dyuers, whiche before they came in autorite, were of good & virtuous *condicions*, being in their prosperitie were vtterly changed. . . ."—Sir T. Elyot, *Governour*, bk. ii., ch. 11.

CONEY, "my *coney*" (M. 176a), an endearment: cf. "duck," "lamb," mouse, &c.

CONFOUND, "till death me *confound*" (H. 270b), destroy.

CONSULTATION, "her answer and *consultation*" (H. 258c), deliberation.

CONVINCE, "in no wise he can *convince*" (H. 250d)—"the realm . . . subdue and falsely *convince*" (H. 259b)—"that they may *convince* all their enemies" (H. 259d), conquer, subdue, overcome.

COOLING CARD (M. 212d), *i.e.* cooling card: probably, says Nares, from primero, or some other game in which money was staked upon a card. A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Hence, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant. Halliwell says that Gifford ridiculed

this derivation, but he supplies an example (*infra*) of its use in the original sense. "There all is marr'd; there lies a *cooling card*."—Shakspeare, 1 *Hen. VI.* (1592), v. 4. "*Buc.* My lord, lay down a *cooling card*, this game is gone too far, You have him fast, now cut him off, for feare of civill war."—*True Tragedie of Ric. III.* (1594).

COPESMATE, "so honest a *copecsmate*" (M. 177*d*), companion, partner, associate: especially in business. "Misshapen Time, *copecsmate* of ugly Night."—Shakspeare, *Tarquin and Lucrece*, 925.

CORN, see Weed.

CORRECT, "if in time had him *correct*" (M. 193*d*), corrected: the exigencies of the rhyme appear responsible for this and also "affect" (q.v.).

CORSY, "a *corsy* to my heart" (M. 200*b*), distress, trouble. "To have a great hurt or domage, which we call a *corsey* to the herte."—Eliot, *Dictionarie* (1559). "His perplexed mother was driven to make him by force be tended, with extreme *corsey* to herselfe, and annoyance to him."—Pembroke, *Arcad.*, L. 3, p. 297.

COTTON, "this gear will not *cotton*" (M. 240*d*), succeed, prosper, get on well, agree. "It *cottens* well, it cannot choose but beare A pretty napp."—*Family of Love*, D, 3 b. "What meanes this? doeth he dote so much of this strange harlot indeede? now I perceive how this geare *cottens*? I scarce found it out now at last, foolish man that I am."—*Terence in English* (1614).

COUNTED, "Nothing . . . to a friend may be *counted*" (M. 142*c*), i.e. there is nothing for which a friend may not be reckoned upon.

COUNTENANCE, "by their first *countenance*" (H. 257*a*), at first sight, judging by appearances.

COVERT, "under *covert*" (H. 258*d*), coverture: as a married woman who "according to the law" is under the authority of, and takes her status from, her husband.

COVETISE (*passim*), covetousness. "Werry foo to *coveytise*."—*Ragman Roll*, 176.

Cow, see Short horns.

COZENER (M. 158*b* and *c*), cheat, thief. "O, the devil take such *cozeners*!"—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), i. 3.

CRAB, see Roast.

CRABTREE, "an old *crabtree-fast* carl" (M. 214*b*), fast = faced: hence sour-visaged. "He had such a *crabtree-fac'd* countenance of his own."—Chettle and Day, *Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green* (1600), 741 (*Materialen*, I., 22).

CRAKE, "*crake* no longer here" (Y. 96*d* and 111*b*), talk, gabble, or chatter boastingly.

CRASH, "dance a little *crash*" (M. 185*a*), apparently a set-to, frolicsome dancing.

CREDENCE, see Cure.

CRILESON (M. 206*c*), a Kyrie eleison ("Lord have mercy"), a short petition used at the beginning of the Roman Mass: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 352, s.v. Cry a leison.

CROOKED LANGUAGE (Y. 101*c*), abuse, railing. "Who was so busy as the maid, With *crooked language* Peter to oppose."—*Schole-House of Women* (1572), 714 [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 132].

CROSSBITE, "if she *crossbite* thee" (T. 306*b*)—"fighting and ever *crossbiting*" (T. 311*b*), here *crossbite* takes a weaker sense than usual—to deceive, swindle, trick, gull; obviously in these examples it means no more than to berate, scold, backbite.

CROSS CAPER, "show me one *cross caper*" (M. 155*b*), ? cross buttock, a particular throw in wrestling.

CROSS-ROW (A. 132*b*), the alphabet, the *Christ-cross row*: so called either because it was customary to arrange the letters in the form of a cross, or because in old primers a cross was placed at the beginning and at the end. "He hearkens after prophecies and dreams, and from the *cross-row* plucks the letter G."—Shakspeare, *Richard III.* (1597), i. 1.

CROUT, "my *crou*t" (M. 175*d*), an endearment.

CROW, (a) "pluck a good *crow*" (J. 28b)—"pluck a *crow*" (M. 155c), demand explanation, or satisfaction, or remedy for disagreeables. "If a crow help us in, sirrah! we'll pluck a *crow* together."—Shakspeare, *Com. Errors* (1593), iii. 1.

(b) see Pie.

CROW-TRODDEN, "th'art a *crow-trodden* whore" (M. 206d), wrinkled with crow's-feet. "So longe mote ye liven, and all proude, Till *crowis-feete* growin under your eie."—Chaucer, *Troil. and Cress.*, ii. 404.

CUCKOLD'S NOTES, "make thee sing the *cuckold's notes*" (M. 167a), the cuckoo as the type of cuckoldry: hence "I will *cuckold* thee."

CUCKOLDY KNAVE (M. 206d), a generic reproach, obviously without any specific meaning as used by Alison to her husband.

CUCKSTOOL (M. 190b), or cucking-stool, an instrument in use as late (Townsend) as 1801 for the punishment of harlots, scolds, fraudulent tradesmen, and the like. It consisted of a chair fitted at one end of a long bar, the fulcrum being situate near the opposite end of the bar, which, being fastened at this point, allowed the culprit to be poised in the air to be hooted and pelted by the mob. The length of the bar was sufficient, on occasion, if placed in or near water, to permit ducking when the peg or other fastening locking the short end of the bar to the ground or machine was released—hence another popular name, "ducking-stool": see Halliwell and Nares. "Item if an womman comme onto this lordshep an wold be kept privee withynne, and it be not the steweholders wil, thei shal doo the officers for to wite upon the peine of xl. s. and the same womman shal be take and made a fyne of xx. s. and be sette thries upon de *cokynge*stoele, and than forswere the lordship."—*MS. Bodl. e Mus.* 229.

CULLION (T. 313b), properly testicle: a generic term of contempt. "Love live Severino, And perish all such *cullions* as repine At his new monarchy."—Massinger, *Guardian* (1637), ii. 4.

CUNNING, subs., adj. (Y. 96c; A. 129b; M. 139c; 149d;

217*c et passim*), knowledge, skill, art: no bad sense attached to the word—see other volumes of this series.

CURCUMSTANCE (M. 204*c*), a misprint for *circumstance*.

CURE, "them that have the *cure*" (H. 251*b*)—"who careth not for his *cure* oft loseth credence" (H. 287*b*), charge, superintendence, management: specifically as in a "*cure* of souls." "Ionatas toke in *cure* of the forest."—*Gesta Romanorum*, p. 148.

CURSTMAS (M. 227*b*; 232*c*), Christmas: also *Curzenmas*.

CURST COW, see Short horns.

CURSY, "if thou makest *cursy*" (M. 198*a*), curtsey, obeisance.

CUSHION, "ye missed *cushion*" (M. 229*d*), to fail, to miss the mark: an archery term—*cushion*=the mark at which archers shot.

CUSS, "one another *cuss*" (M. 208*d*), not the modern vulgarism: *cusse* (the spelling of the original) is A.S.=kiss—Codrus had just offered to "buss" Alison.

CYNE, "men of *Cyne*" (M. 217*b*), Brandl thinks the exigencies of the rhyme would suggest "Inde."

DALLIFY, "do . . . not *dallify*" (M. 221*d*), dally: apparently a nonce-rhyme to "qualify."

DAMP, "my spirits are in a *damp*" (M. 225*a*), fit of dejection, depression of spirits. "Adam by this from the cold sudden *damp* Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd."—Milton, *Paradise Lost* (1667), xi. 293, 294.

DANCE, "*dance* me off your hose" (M. 230*d*), a direction to "quick change" business: the phrase is common enough nowadays.

DAW, "like a *daw*" (M. 141*a*), simpleton; here=foolometer. "As to hear the pratling of any such Jack Straw, For when hee hath all done, I compte him but a very *daw*."—Edwards, *Damon and Pithias* (1571).

DAY, see Dog.

DAYS, "I will *take no days*" (J. 77*a*), lose no time: cf. *day*=to procrastinate, delay. "I will intreate . . . his daughter to my sonne in marriage; and if I doe obtaine

her, why should I make any more *daying* for the matter, but marrie them out of the way."—*Terence in English* (1614).

DEAD, "done to *dead*" (Y. 93*b*), death : *to do to dead* = to put to death; Halliwell marks this "Suff[olk]," but the idiom is also frequent in the northern dialect. "Sone entrit thai quhar Sotheroune slepand war, Apon thaim set with strakis sad and sar; Feill frekis thar thai freris *dang to dede*."—*Wallace*, vii. 485.

DEAN, "because you take me for your *dean*" (M. 163*b*), a cleric usually attached to a cathedral or collegiate church, one of whose manifold duties it is to assist in the celebration of divine service: Cacurgus jocularly assumes choral directorship.

DELICATES, "eaten all *delicates* of flesh" (J. 40*c*), delicacies, dainties, tit-bits. "*Delycates* deyntie meates, *viantes delicates*."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1530). "Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try These rural *delicates*; where thou and I May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by."—Quarles, *Emblems* (1635).

DEMISE, (a) "ought to *demise*" (H. 249*b*), properly to bequeath: here = grant, give, acknowledge: now a legal survival. "Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour, canst thou *demise* to any child of mine."—Shakspeare, *Richard III.* (1597), iv. 1.

(b) "to *demise* my son and heir" (M. 211*b*), transfer, hand over, transmit: cf. "*demise* of the crown," which Blackstone explains as meaning that, in consequence of the disunion of the king's natural body from his body politic, the kingdom is transferred or *demised* to his successor: and so the royal dignity remains perpetual. In various applied meanings *demise* would, therefore, appear formerly to have been in everyday use.

DENTY DEAR, "God's *denty dear*" (M. 149*c*)—"God's *dinty*" (M. 158*c*), Brandl glosses *denty* (or *dinty*) = divinity.

DEPART, "we two might not *depart*" (Y. 94*a*), be divided, separated: cf. "till death us *depart*" (Marriage Service), now corrupted into "*do part*." "Right wor-

shipfull, understanding how like Scilirus the Scythians fagot you are all so tied together with the brotherly bond of amitie, that no division or dissention can depart you."—Lodge, *Wits Miserie* (1596).

DE PROFUNDIS, "I say a *De profundis* for her ery night according to th' old rate" (M. 204a), the first words (Vulgate) of Psalm cxxx.—"Out of the depths": see Misogonus.

DERAIN, "any battle to *derain*" (A. 124c), contest, champion, win, gain. "To *derayne* God's ryghte."—*Richard Cœur de Lion*, 7,096. "*Deraine* it with dintes and deedes of armes."—Alisaunder, *Frag.*, 122.

DESTINY, see Wedding.

DEUS, "*Deus charitas est*" (Y. 93d). Ep. 1 John viii. 16.

DEVIL, (a) "the *devil* and his dame go with all" (M. 181c), see Oaths. (b) See Saint.

DEVOIR, "do thou thy true *devoir*" (J. 52c)—"do her earnest *devoir*" (J. 61b), duty, endeavour, service: a French word once naturalised but now fallen into desuetude.

DEWCE-ACE, see Cards.

DICE, "I can teach you play at the dice" (Y. 112c and d), some of the games enumerated are still traceable. *Queen's game*, otherwise *Doublets* (*infra*), a game not unlike backgammon (see Halliwell, Nares, and O.E.D. s.v. Doublet 3b). *The Irish* [game], also somewhat akin to backgammon, is fully described in Cotton's *Compleat Gamester* (1680), 109, the difference being that Doublets in the Irish game are played fourfold, thus making livelier play; "her husband that loved *Irish* well, thought it no ill trick to bear a man too many" (Tarlton, *News Purg.*, 1590, 74). *Treygobet*, a dicing game apparently now untraceable: Hazlitt suggests "Hey-go-bet," but *Trey* (=three) is familiar in dicing and carding, whilst *gobet* (=piece, portion, &c.) may refer to the number of castings or some other technicality of play. *The Hazard*: "each man chose his game: some kept the goodman company at the *hazard*, some matched themselves at a new game called *primero*."—(*Use of Dice-play*, Percy Soc., p. 11.)

DICE HIC (M. 183a), the clerk is punning : he knows Sir John's weaknesses.

DICK, "that desperate *dick*" (M. 154d), a term of reproach = worthless fellow, ruffian, bully. "Such a desperate *dick*."—*Trial of Treasure* (E.E.D.S., Anon. Plays, 3 Ser., 225d).

DINGDONGS, "*dingdongs* to hang at my sleeve" (M. 169d), Cacurgus as the "fool" of the piece naturally asks for bells or *dingdongs*.

DISARD, "throw dreaming *disard*" (M. 179c), fool : a general term of contempt : here with a pun on "dice." "A *dizzard* or common vice and jester, counterfetting the gestures of any man, and moving his body as him list."—*Nomenclator*, 529.

DISCIPLE, "I would *disciple* him" (M. 168a), discipline. "That better were in vertues *discipled*, Then with vaine poems weeds to have their fancy fed."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), IV., i. 1.

DISCRETION, "this question that I have put to your *discretion*" (Y. 96c)—"I love well thy *discretion*" (Y. 100a), decision, judgment : cf. *World and Child* (Anon. Plays, Ser. I.), 177b.

DISCRIVE, "no pen can *discrive*" (M. 140a), describe, narrate. "The battellis and the man I will *discrinue*."—Douglas, *Virgil* (1512-3), xiii. 5.

DISEASE, "we *disease* our tent" (J. 7a)—"your horn ye *disease*" (J. 7b)—"I do not him *disease*" (J. 7c, *et passim*), trouble, discomfort, subs. and verb : generic for absence of ease or order ; see other volumes of this series.

DO, (a) "How it is best to be *do* therein" (Y. 98c), done : see Anon. Plays, Ser. I., 133d ; "The wrongs that ye have *do* Unto Holy Church."—Bale, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 235a. "I trust there shalbe *do* somewhat."—*Terence in English* (c. 1520), 555.

(b) "hanging *do* serve" (H. 282c), does : perhaps elliptical.

(c) "to *do* on a fool's coat" (H. 272b), put on, don : cf. "doff," "dout," &c.

(d) "do off his cap" (Y. 103a), remove, doff: see *supra*.

DOCTORABLE, see Excess.

DOCUMENTS, "youth that refuseth wholesome *documents*" (J. 12b), precepts, teaching, example: cf. modern usage—"a human *document*." "They were forthwith stoned to death, as a *document* unto others."—Raleigh, *History of the World* (1612), Bk. V., ch. ii., § 3.

DOG, "a dog hath a day" (H. 270b), everyone has a chance some time or other; there is a period during which a man has his hour and a dog his day, *i.e.*, is in his prime: see Heywood, *Works*, II., 36d (E.E.D.S.). "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), v. 1.

DOGGERY, "plain *doggery*" (M. 230a), nonsense, gibberish: Carlyle used the word to express worthlessness.

DORE, "I think she did *dore* me" (M. 162b), dare. "And otherwhile, yf that I *dore*, Er I come fully to the dore, I turne aȝen and fayne a thinge, As thouȝe I hadde lost a ryng."—Gower, *MS. Soc. Antiq.* 134, f. 121.

DOSTARD (T. 303a), a reproach: *dotard* (=foolishly fond person: in sarcasm), or *dastard* (=an intimidating bully)—at all events the rhyme probably suggested the word chosen.

DOUGHTY, "*doughty*, weighty, and sured" (H. 250a), see Sured.

DRAFF, see Still sow.

DRAFFSACK, "thou drousy *draffsack*" (J. 7a), a generic term of contempt: *draff*=dregs, dirt, refuse, and (specifically) brewer's grains; hence *draffy* (or *draffish*) =vile, worthless. "I bade menne to approche, and not doungehylls or *draffe-sackes*."—Udall, *Apophth. of Erasmus* (1542), p. 93.

DRAWLATCH, "*drawlatch*, come forth" (J. 42a), thief, idle fellow; also generic in contempt: cf. old wheeze, "Crosspatch, draw the latch," &c. "Well, phisitian, attend in my chamber heere, till Stilt and I returne;

and if I pepper him not, say I am not worthy to be cald a duke, but a *drawlatch*."—Chettle, *Tragedy of Hoffmann* (1631).

DRESSED, "to death I am *dressed*" (H. 281c), destined, prepared, appointed: in truth *dress* was formerly a hard-worked verb of action. "Toward the derrest on the dece he *dressez* the face."—*Gawaine*, 445. "He took bred . . . and *dresside* to hem."—Wycliffe, *Luke* xxiv. 30 (1380).

DRINK, "*drink* of the whip" (J. 78d), have a taste of, suffer: an old usage (see Cotgrave). *Drink* was formerly used to express many things besides the imbibing of liquor; hence "to *drink* (=to smoke) tobacco"; "to *drink* (=experience) the wrath of God"; "to *drink* (=breathe) the air": see Udall, *Works*, (E.E.D.S.), 125, s.v. Drink.

DRIVEL, "the *drivel* doth answer" (M. 190b), drudge, slut: a generic reproach: see Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 208-9. "Set this *drivel* out of dore, That in thy traines such tales doth poure."—*The Lover Describeth his whole State*.

DROWNED, see Tree.

DRUMLEDARY (M. 174d), not, I think, as Brandl suggests=dromedary, but a facetious synonym of drumble-drone=lout, stupid, drone, sluggard: cf. *drumble*=to slug, to loiter. The same idea is expressed by "dromeder" in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (Macray), ii. line 217: "An ould sober *Dromeder* toiles a whole month and often scratcheth his witts' head for the bringinge of one miserable period into the worlde." "Look, how you *drumble*: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come."—Shakspeare, *Merry Wives* (1596), iii. 3.

DRUNK, "*drunk* as a mouse" (J. 301b), a facetious meridian of drunkenness: for hundreds of similar synonyms see *Slang and its Analogues*, vi., s.v. Screwed.

DUBITATION, "high *dubitation*" (H. 258c), doubt, hesitation, uncertainty; hence "*problem of high dubitation*"=a weighty matter to settle, "a puzzler," "a nut to crack."

DULLISH, "*dullish* delights and riotous excess" (M. 142a), gross, vile: as tending to stupefy the finer senses.

DULSUM, "those *dulsum* nectar drops" (M. 135d), sweet, pleasant: Lat. *dulcis*. "Many smirks and *dulsome* kisses."—Ingelend, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 70b.

DUMP, "in a *dump*" (M. 205c), ill at ease, troubled: now only in the singular. "To see her in this dump."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle* (E.E.D.S., 3 Ser., *Anon. Pl.*, 99d), i. 3.

DUNMOW, "the way to Dunmow" (T. 295b)—"now go for bacon to *Dunmow*" (T. 316b), an early allusion to the curious tenure of the manor made by Robert Fitz-Walter in 1244, "that whatever married couple will go to the priory, and kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon." If (as Haydn says) from the earliest recorded claim in 1445 the flitch was only demanded five times (Ainsworth says six) up to 1855 it is, on the other hand, pretty clear that from the time of Chaucer the custom was frequently the subject of popular jest and merry speech. The lord of the manor opposed the revival after the award in 1855, but the publication of Harrison Ainsworth's *Flitch of Bacon* in 1854 seems in part to have rekindled popular interest: nowadays (1906), under somewhat changed conditions, it affords an excuse of a sort for public junketing. Pennant records an almost precisely similar custom at Whichenore, Staffs, on the occasion of his visit in 1780. "Do not fetch your wife from *Dunmow*, for so you may bring home two sides of a sow."—*Howell*, 1659.

DUST, "you need no more men . . . for this *dust*" (M. 156a)—"I'll *dust* him for it one day" (M. 215c), disturbance, ado, mellay; also as verb=to strike, beat (from Icl. *dusta*). "An engel *duste* hit a swuch dunt that hit bigon to dateren."—*Legend of St. Katherine*, 2,025. "If (which is a rare chance) she be good, to *dust* her [a wife] often hath in it a singular, unknowne, and as it were an inscrutable vertue to make her much better, and to reduce her, if possible, to perfection."—*Passenger of Benvenuto* (1612).

DYTH, "though to death they were *dyth*" (H. 286c), prepared, destined, ordained: the usual spelling is *dyght*, which accords with the rhyme—"right"—but possibly *dyth*, the *h* being silent, also accorded thereto.

EAR, "take on *ear*" (Y. 96d)—"lay on *ear*" (Y. 99d; 110b)—"have on *ear*" (Y. 111b), to strike, box the ears: "I lay, I stryke, as I lay one on the face, I lay one on the head or any other part," &c. (Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.*: see Face and Lay.)

EARS, "my *ears* be so long" (M. 148d), in original "years": still colloquial and vulgar.

EFTSOONS, "and so intend to do *eftsoons*" (H. 257d), an extended sense=in future, continually, *i.e.* soonforth.

EGG, see Meat.

EGGED, "I neither *egged* thee nor collop'd thee" (M. 207c), urged, incited, encouraged; here also, however, in punning reference. "The drede of God es that we turne noghte agayne tille oure synne thurghe any ille *eggyng*."—MS. *Lincoln A.* 1. 17, f. 196.

EGGS, "come you in with your seven *eggs*" (M. 188b), *i.e.*, do you meddle? are you seeking to overreach me? Heywood in his *Proverbs* has a similar expression, "in came the third with his v. *eggs*" (*Works*, II., 52c). "Eggs for money" was proverbial as a retort on attempts to bully, cozen, swindle, or overreach a person.

ELEMENT, "when Phæton fell from th' *element*" (M. 194a), the air, sky, the heavens. "And the complexion of the *element*, It favours like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible."—Shakspeare, *Jul. Cæs.* (1607), i. 3.

ELF, "the malapert *elf*" (M. 141a)—"Aman, that *elf*" (H. 262c), a mischievous, vindictive, or wicked person, a "devil." If Aman be intended for Wolsey we have a parallel passage in the "gracelesse *elfe*" of Skelton (*Why Come Ye Not to Court*, 1051).

ENGLISH, "plain *English*" (M. 201c), this early example of a still common colloquialism for calling a spade a spade is worth noting.

ENOUGH, see Feast.

ENSTABLED, "Justice in his seat . . . *enstabled*" (A. 123c), made firm or stable. "Ryȝt so the gyfte of pité festes, And *stables* the hert thare it restes."—MS. Harl. 2260, f. 4. "Articles devised by the king's highness to *stable* Christian quietness and unity among the people."—Strype, *Life of Archbishop Cranmer* (under 1536).

ENSUE, "they may virtue *ensue*" (J. 11b), follow after, practice. "Seek peace and *ensue* it."—Bible, *Auth. Ver.* (1611), 1 Peter iii. 11.

ENTEREMPT, see Interempt.

EREN, "*eren* then" (M. 161b), so in original: but it may be *erenow*=before this: apparently the author of *Misogonus* had a pretty fancy for word manipulation in adjusting his rhymes or measures; indeed, the whole piece seems a kind of protest or revolt from strictly orthodox canons.

ERY, "*ery* length of a spear" (M. 155a)—"*ery* minute seven year" (M. 176d)—"*ery* little wagpasty" (M. 181b), every, all, the whole.

ESPIES (H. 267b), spies. "Thou ne want non *espie*, ne watche, thy body for to save."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), Tale of Melibeus.

EVENSONG, "I have said mine *evensong*" (Y. 109b), evening prayer, vespers. "The yonge kyng entered into Reynes the Saturday at *euen-song tyme*."—Berners, *Froissart; Chronicle*, vol. i., ch. ccclxix.

EXCESS, "ye're an *excess doctorable* man" (M. 220c), i.e., very skilful, clever—like a learned or able man.

EXCOMMUNICATION (M. 197c), one of Codrus's attempts at word-juggling: see *Misogonus*.

EXERCISE, "of me they had no *exercise*" (A. 121a)—"*Peace* shall have no *exercise*" (A. 127b), knowledge, standing.

EXPEDIENT, "it is *expedient*" (H. 274a), this is obviously a mistake: Collier read "*inexpedient*," which is doubtless the sense, but Mr. Greg points out this does not restore the rhyme and suggests "*its inexpedience*."

EXSTRONOMY (M. 218d), astronomy, apparently a made rhyme of a sort to "*visiogmony*."

EXTORTETH, "the commons he *extorteth*" (H. 280b), practises extortion upon, racks. "To whom they never gave any penny of entertainment, but let them feed upon the countries, and *extort* upon all men where they come."—Spenser, *State of Ireland* (d. 1599).

EXTORY, "this *extory*" (M. 205c), history.

EXTRUMPERY, "*extrumperry* a whole day" (M. 203c), extemporary : see Misogonus.

EYNE, "his *eyne*" (M. 150c), eyes : a northern form.

FABLE, "without any *fable*" (T. 306b), without doubt, "no nonsense" : see other volumes of this series.

FACE, (a) "lay thee on the *face*" (Y. 95c)—"give thee on the *face*" (Y. 111b), strike, beat : see Ear. "By God I will lay thee on the *face*."—Wager, *Mary Magdalene* (Carpenter), line 1208.

(b) "Codrus could *face*" (M. 201d), a transferred sense of *face*=boast, vaunt; or elliptical for "face out"=persist in, or maintain assertions or conduct unblushingly, to brave with effrontery : cf. *Taming of Shrew*, ii. 1.

FACKLING, "it's my daily *fackling*" (M. 178c), a restoration from the copy made by Mr. J. P. Collier : the word rhymes correctly ; but what it means, or whether it is a reliable transcript of the original when in better preservation, one can only conjecture.

FACSIMILES (REDUCED). Title-page of *The History of Jacob and Esau* from an old copy in the Bodleian Library, page 1 ; Title-page of *Youth* (ed. c. 1557), p. 91 : also (ed. c. 1562), page 92, both from copies in the British Museum ; Title-page of *Godly Queen Hester* from a copy in the Devonshire collection, page 245 : also the last page of the same copy, page 247.

FAINT, (a) "*faint* to bend it" (M. 218b), fain, obliged.

(b) "I can no longer stand for *faint*" (J. 27b), faintness, weakness.

FAITORS, "false *faitors*" (H. 282d), scoundrels, impostors, vagabonds, a generic term of contempt. "There be many of you *faitours*."—Gower, *Confessio Amantis* (1393), i. 47.

FALCHION, "this *falchion*" (J. 41d), a small broad sword, lighter than the ordinary military sword and slightly curved at the point : in general use in the Middle Ages.

FALLETH, "it *falleth* not for me to fight" (Y. 97a), is not becoming, decent, fit.

FALSED, "to disclose the *falsed*, favell, and fraud" (H. 277d)—"their favell and *falsehood* (H. 287c), falsehood : in original *falsed* and *falsehed* respectively. "Thou comest of *Falsed*, and I of Privy Treason."—Bale, *K. John* (Works, E.E.D.S., 203d).

FAND, "twenty nobles . . . I *fand*" (Y. 100d), found : an irregular preterite, but still good Scots. "At last, (nigh tir'd,) a castle strong we *fand*, The utmost border of my native land."—*Fairfax, Tasso* (1600), iv. 55.

FARCING, "broth and *farcing*" (J. 58c), stuffing, force meat : Fr. *farce*.

FARDING (M. 158b ; 222a), an old but now vulgar pronunciation of "farthing."

FASHIONS, (a) "his *fashions* displease" (J. 6c), manner, behaviour, conduct. "As is false women's *fashion*."—Shakspeare, *Sonnet* 20.

(b) "of unlike natures and contrary *fashions*" (J. 14d), kind, sort. "Thou friend of an ill *fashion*."—Shakspeare, *Two Gentlemen* (1595), v. 4.

FATAL SISTERS (M. 210d), the Fates.

FATCH'D, "I caused you to be *fatch'd*" (M. 228b), fetched.

FATE, "when this *fate* were done" (M. 209b), feat, deed : formerly used in a more general and less heroic sense than now.

FATHERMILLERLY (M. 220a), familiarly : in original two words, "*father millerly*," which Brandl suggests stands for "father of our lady" ; the true reading, however, is clear enough.

FAVELL, "*favell* and fraud" (H. 277d)—"their *favell* and falsehood" (H. 287c), cajolery, deceit : especially by means of flattery. "False and *Favel*, and hire feeres many."—Langland, *P. Plowman* (1362), 889. "The first was *Fauell* full of flaterie, With fables false that

well coude fayne a tale."—Skelton, *Bouge of Courte* [Chalmers, II., 251 1c].

FEAK, "did you not *feak* him" (M. 160d), beat: cf. "*feage*," "*firk*," "*ferke*," all with the same meaning.

FEAST, "enough is enough, as good as a feast" (T. 312d). "Enough is as good as a *feast*: This for a truth say most and least."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 209d.

FEE, "give thee gold and *fee*" (Y. 102c), goods; i.e., money and kind, or as we say jocularly nowadays, "money and marbles." "His gold and his *feo* Among the pore delte he."—*Legend of St. Alexius*, p. 33. "Alasse, where is nowe my golde and *fe*?"—Skelton, *Magnif.*, 1993.

FEEL, (a) "I will *feel* if yet I can make him" (M. 143b), try, sound, test. "He hath wrote this to *feel* my affection to your honour."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), i. 2.

(b) "*feel* and perceive your mind" (H. 274c), understand. "We saie comenly in English that we *feel* a man's mind when we understand his entent or meaning, and contrariwise, when the same is to us very darke and hard to be perceived, we do comenly say, 'I cannot *feel* his mind,' or 'I have no maner feeling in the matter.'"—Udall, *Apoph. of Erasmus* (1542), p. 128.

FELL, "he looked so *fell*" (M. 169d), fierce.

FELLOWLIEST, "the *fellowliest*, joliest" (M. 172d), most companionable: in original *fellowlist*, which may be a corruption of "*feolanliche*" = fellowlike.

FELLOWSHIP, "a *fellowship*" (A. 128d), i.e., out of good fellowship: a common form of adjuration.

FELT, "I lack but a good *felt*" (M. 216a), hat: the word in this sense looks modern, but see Thynne's *Debate betw. Pride and Lowliness*, p. 31.

FEME, "fall in a *feme*" (M. 157d), foam, fume. "He *foameth* and *gnasheth* with his teeth."—Bible, *Auth. Vers.* (1611), *Mark* ix. 18. "She, out of love, desires me not to go to My father, because something hath put him In a *fume* against me."—Shirley, *Merchant's Wife*, iv. 5.

FET, "*fet* Lovel my hound" (J. 5c; *et passim*), fetch: see other volumes of this series.

FETCH, (a) "this subtle *fetch*" (J. 76c), trick, stratagem. "Yea, saide Skelton, if thou have such pretie *fetchis* you can dooe more then thys."—Skelton, *Merie Tales*, xiii.

(b) "it is good to *fetch* a frisk" (M. 185b), generic for "to get," "to do": a usage rarely met with at such an early date but common in modern slang. Thus to *fetch* a stinger=to get in a heavy blow; to *fetch* a howl=to cry; to *fetch* the brewer=to get drunk.

FIB, "thou *fib*" (J. 79b), apparently, from context, allied to *fib*=fable=to feign, pretend: hence the nursery word for a falsehood, *fib* being (says Skeat) a weakened and abbreviated form of fable. Here the action is personified as a reproach.

FIDDLED, "*fiddled* the bell" (M. 183a), *i.e.*, tolled the bell listlessly.

FIGHT, "how they *fight*" (Y. 105c), in reference to the jingle of the money in his pocket: see six lines lower, "Let not thy servants fight within thee."

FILE, (a) "unless you do it *file*" (M. 135d), polish, refine: frequently applied in old plays to language and style. "His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue *filed*, and his eye ambitious."—Shakspeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* (1594), v. 1.

FINE, (a) "what if in *fine*" (M. 143c)—"as all things hap in *fine*" (T. 292a), at the finish.

(b) "are ye so *fine*" (T. 296d), agreeable, pleasant.

FIPPENS, "I'll give him his old *fippens*" (M. 157c), if *fippence*=5d. it is another of the many examples, furnished by this play, of a present-day vulgarism boasting ancient lineage and authority. "A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his old *fippence* for 't now."—Barnes, *Devil's Charter* (1607), v. 1.

FIRE, "by this *fire* that burneth" (M. 209a), see Oaths.

FISH, see Whole.

FISHEALS (M. 207a), officials : see two lines above.

FIT, "this merry *fit*" (T. 299b), properly stave, stanza, verse—a part or division of a song, poem, &c. ; here the song itself : see other volumes of this series.

FIVE WOUNDS, "by th' *five wounds*" (M. 181d), that Christ received on the Cross.

FLEET, "get away with a *fleet*" (M. 215a), i.e., without delay or with ease : this subs. use of what was at the time a common enough verb of action is rare ; *fleet* = to move quickly (or skim) over, to hasten about a matter.

FLESH, "a wife? . . . he shall have *flesh* enou" (Y. 103c)—"he loveth fair *flesh*" (A. 103c), generic for sex and the organs and characteristics defining it, male or female. "She would not exchange *flesh* with one that loved her."—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale* (1604), iv. 3. "If you buy ladies' *flesh* at a million a dram you cannot preserve it from tainting."—Shakspeare, *Cymbeline* (1605), i. 5.

FLESHED, "the knave's *fleshed*" (M. 186b), amorous, "hot" : see Florio, *Worlde of Wordes*, s.v. *Andar in Carnafau*.

FLINGING FIEND, see Whirlwind.

FLIT, "when thou shalt *flit*" (Y. 95b), go, escape. "Lat [no] newefangylnes the ple Oftyn to remewe nor to *flyt*."—Ritson, *Anc. Pop. Poet.* (1791), p. 85.

FO'M (M. 238b), for him : see Misogonus.

FOND, "all thy *fond* gear" (M. 149c), foolish : see other volumes of this series.

FOOL, see Measure.

FOOLLORN, "a stark *foollorn*" (M. 151d), a made rhyme to "torn," with, perhaps, an eye—à la modern "port-manteau-word"—on either "fool born," or "fool lorn" (that is, a fool lost or ruined beyond recall). "Reply not to me with a *fool-born* jest ; Presume not that I am the thing I was."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), v. 5.

FOOL'S BOLT (M. 207c), jest, quip, shaft : the domestic

fool had unlimited license to satirise, attack, or poke fun at whomsoever he would.

FOOL'S COAT (M. 145a; H. 272b), the distinctive dress of a fool was motley (cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7, 12), a pointed cap adorned with a cock's-comb, fox-tail, or other emblem, and bells, with a bauble in the hand.

FOOTS, "of his *foots*" (M. 208b) in orig. *fotes*=feet (Gawayne): cf. "right *foote*" in previous line.

FORCE, "I *force* not what it were" (J. 26d)—"no *force*" (H. 268b), care: *no force*=it does not matter or signify. "The other sorte, *no force* at all, Say what they will."—*Schole-house of Women*, 26 (c. 1542).

FOREDONE, "I would that were *foredone*" (J. 21d), undone: in the text *foredone* should be *fordone*.

FORT, "I will take him right *fort*" (M. 157b), strong, powerful.

FORTHINK, "lest thou *forthink*" (Y. 95b), repent, "aby," be vexed, grieved or sorry. "Thou shalt repent. . . . Thou shalt *forthinke*, and sore rew."—Chaucer, *Rom. of Rose* [Chalmers] l. 201, 1.

FORTUNE, "I may *fortune* one day" (J. 76c)—"it may *fortune* come soon" (Y. 107a)—"should *fortune* such rage" (H. 276d), chance, befall, happen.

FOTHERED, "cham not *fothered* for all night" (M. 170c), foddered.

FOUNDER (M. 145c), patron, benefactor. "Marchol theyr *founder*, patron, and precident."—Lydgate, *Minor Poems*, p. 164.

FOX-TAIL, "would wear a *fox-tail*" (A. 119d), formerly one of the badges of a fool: cf. "flap with a *foxe-taile*, a jest" (Florio, p. 101). It seems also to have been a badge of infamy: "Such a one is carried about the town with a boord fastned to his necke all be-hanged with *foxtayles*, besides ye penalty according to his state in money."—Purchas, *Pilgrimage* (1613), ch. ii. § 2.

FREE, "fair and *free*" (Y. 103c)—"that lady *free*" (Y. 104a), noble, gracious. "He was flayre mane and *free*."—*Degrevant*, 33.

FREMMAN, "between one *fremman* and another" (J. 29b), stranger, one not related: usually "*fremed* folk," "*fremed* persons." "The sexte commandment forbeddes us to synne or for to foly fleschely with any womane, owther sybbe or *fremmede*, wedde or unwedde, or any fleschely knawyng or dede have with any."—MS. *Lincoln*, A. i. 17, f. 213.

FRENCH POCK (M. 218a), syphilis. The French "pass on the compliment" and call the disease "*mal de Naples*" (Cotgrave): cf. "*mal di Napoli*, *French pocks*" (Florio). "News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France."—Shakspeare, *Henry V.* (1599), v. i.

FREQUENT, "what . . . dances do you now . . . *frequent*" (M. 185b), here a generic verb of oft-repeated action—to do frequently or habitually: in the sense of to visit or resort to a place habitually the usage is common enough.

FRESH, "yet *of fresh* the next morrow" (J. 5d), afresh, anew, again.

FRISK, "to fetch a *frisk*" (M. 185b), frolic, dance, jig: see Fetch. "Checks us in the *frisks* and lavaltoes of our dancing bloud."—Feltham, *Resolves* (1627-8), pt. i., res. 13.

FRONT, "all his *front*" (M. 213a), show of authority, sternness; specifically of boldness—"a bold *front*."

FUR, "ne'er a gone *fur*" (M. 150a), far, another modern vulgarism with respectable years to back it.

FUSTING, "*fusting fumes*" (M. 187b), fustian (=pompous) airs, bombastic indignation.

GAD (M. 184c; M. 175a), a noteworthy anticipation of the favourite mincing oath of the eighteenth century, the earliest quotation for which in the O.E.D. bears date 1611. There seems little question of the intention of the author thus to differentiate the two pronunciations: *Gad*, *Gadd*'s are the original spellings, but *God* and *God's* occur frequently within a few lines before and after the examples now under consideration.

GAFFERS, "my *gaffers*" (M. 183*a*), here equivalent to friends, neighbours, fellows; a corruption of "granfer" = grandfather: see other volumes of this series.

GALLHOUSE, "the *gallhouse* he made" (H. 283*d*), the original spelling seems an instance worth preserving: Mr. Greg suggests "it is just possible some fanciful derivation from 'gall-house' affected the spelling" (*Materialen*, v. 60).

GANSER, "a tale of his *ganser*" (M. 145*d*), ? grandsire: cf. "gammer," "gaffer" with, maybe, a glance at *ganza*=goose. Butler employed *ganza* for anything wildly extravagant because the romance of the Man in the Moon feigned that Don Gonzales was carried thither by *ganza* or geese (Nares).

GASKINS, "your velvet *gaskins*" (M. 154*a*), wide loose breeches or hose.

GAYT, "she's a *gayt*" (M. 221*a*), a simple-minded, "innocent" person, one easily gulled.

GEAR, "wilt thou never leave this *gear*" (M. 187*b*), matters, affairs, courses (of conduct). "Ye wo' not to this *geer* of marriage then."—Fletcher and Shirley, *Nightwalker*, v. 1.

GENTLE, "our *gentle* nation" (H. 274*d*), in orig. "lenteile." It is a moot question whether *gentile* or *gentle* (as adopted in the present text) is meant: *gentile* is a doublet both of *genteel* and *gentle*.

GIB, "false *gib*" (M. 226*a*), a wanton, "cat."

GILL, "thou skittish *gill*" (J. 78*a*), wanton: but also generic for the sex.

'GIN, "'*gin* to feel" (M. 207*d*), begin. A contracted form of "begin" is adopted for the present text, as *gin* is obsolete save in poetry. A.S. *ginnan*. "As when the sun *gins* his reflexion."—Shakspeare, *Macbeth* (1606), i. 2.

GINGERLY, "ye go full *gingerly*" (Y. 104*d*), delicately, daintily, mincingly. "We stayghe and prolonge our goyng, with a nyce or tendre and softe, delicate, or *gingerly* pace."—Udall, *Floures for Latine Spekyng* (1553). "We used to call her at home Dame Coye, a

pretie *gingerlie* pice [piece].”—*Jack Juggler* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Series, 10d).

GIRMUMBLE, “had a little *girmumble*” (M. 168d), ? rough-and-tumble: cf. “*gire*”=revolve.

GIS, JIS (*passim*), Jesus: see Oaths.

GLEEK, “I suddenly *gleek*” (T. 316b), *i.e.* “get in the first blow”: a term borrowed from the card game of the same name. *To gleek*=to get a decided advantage by holding three of the same cards in hand, whereupon an opponent is said to be *gleeked*.

GLIKE, “the more she doth *glike* me” (T. 294a), scoff, flout. “Where’s the bastard’s braves, and Charles his *glikes*?”—Shakespeare, 1 *Henry VI.* (1592), iii. 2. See previous entry.

GLOMETH, “he gaspeth or *glometh*” (T. 297b), looks sullen or dejected. “Now smyling smoothly like to sommer’s day, Now *glooming* sadly so to cloke her matter.”—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), VI. vi. 42.

GOD, (a) “God’s above all” (M. 167d), we find similar expressions in Heywood—“God is where he was” (*Works*, II. 46d; 218a); “there was *God* when all is done” (*ibid.*, 17c). (b) See Oaths.

GODLIGE, “*godlige* for this merry song” (T. 314d), ? a form of thanks: cf. “*godlyche* (=goodly, politely) he hyr gret” (*Degrevant*, 675); also “as soon as it *goodlich* (=conveniently, well) may be in the abbey of Brune” (*Will. Thomas*, Earl of Kent, 1397).

GODLY QUEEN HESTER, see Queen Hester.

GOD’S FAST (Y. 98a), the forty days fasting by Christ in the wilderness: see Oaths.

GOETH, “he *goeth* far that never turns again” (M. 142a), Heywood’s version is “he runneth far that never turneth again” (*Works*, E.E.D.S., 90b; 182a).

GOF, “t’ *gof* Custer” (M. 197b), “my *gofe* cuckold’s cow.” (M. 169a), godfather: cf. *gom*=godmother (207a); *gaffer*=grandfather; *gammer*=grandmother, *ganser*=grandsire (145d).

GOLD, see Fee.

GOLD COLLARS, "gold collars be so good cheap" (Y. 101a), Youth is probably sarcastic: Mr. R. B. McKerrow's "shot" (*Materialen*, xii. 85, 276) is probably very near the mark—the phrase "might . . . refer to some installation of knights . . . at the moment unpopular. . . . From time to time large numbers of Knights bachelors were created . . . : owners of land of . . . (forty pounds [value] in the early part of the sixteenth century) were legally bound to become knights—with the consequent obligation of military service—and . . . enquiries were occasionally held, and all persons owning the so-called 'knight's fee' of land were summoned to receive knighthood or to pay a fine. One such great creation of knights took place in 1533 (Stowe, *Annales*, 1615, 562a)—but this is, of course, too late." It is added "all knights wore collars."

GOLIA, "ne'er a *golia* . . . that shall scare me" (M. 213a) whether Misogonus is alluding to Goliath of Philistine fame or to the order of Goliards is uncertain. The latter were an order of fools attached to the households of rich ecclesiastics. Wright considers them (*Walter Mapes*) to have been of the clerical order, but they appear ultimately to have degenerated into somewhat the same class as the jongleurs and minstrels among the laity, riotous and unthrifty scholars who attended on the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practising the profession of buffoons and jesters. At first their mission was moral. The name appears to have originated towards the end of the twelfth century; and, in the documents of that time, and of the next century, is always connected with the clerical order. It is a moot point whether *Golias* was a real person, from whom the order took their generic name, or a pseudonym. The name was connected with a series of satirical poems, in Latin, on ecclesiastical subjects, but mainly directed against the abuses of the Roman Church in the thirteenth century. They were probably (I again quote from Wright's excellent account of them) the immediate predecessors, and in some sense the cause, of the *Crede of Piers the Ploughman* and of the writings of Wycliffe, and thus they contributed to the Refor-

mation. From a classical standpoint, the majority of them are generally below criticism; from a moral point of view they are vigorous and healthy, though in studying them, nineteenth-century readers must bear in mind the great jealousy of monastic orders which has in all ages existed amongst the secular clergy, and the tendency in minds ecclesiastical to exaggerate into grave sins what ordinary men would be inclined to consider mere peccadilloes. All this, however, may be beside the mark, and Misogonus may only have had Goliath in mind: the story of the giant's death at the hands of the stripling David was one of the most popular themes. A close parallel occurs in *Colyn Blowbols Testament*, line 299:—  
 "Huge Golyas, with their wordis grete."

GOLPOL (J. 85c), obviously an endearment, but I do not find it elsewhere.

GOM, "Hold thy tounge, Comination Gome" (M. 207a), the clause in the original is as here given, and of which the present text is, I believe, a correct rendering. *Gom* (or *Gome*)=(1) a man; (2) a god-mother; and (3) care, heed, attention. The first was in common use as a familiar address without reference to relationship, and it would appear that Codrus uses the word (=godmother) in a similar transferred sense (=woman) of Alison his wife. *Comination* may be (1)=chattering (*comon*, or *common*=talk); or (2)=threatening (Lat. *comine*).

GONE, "I will unto him gone" (Y. 112a), an old form of *go*: cf. *Done*=do. "Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone And aid the damsel."—Fairfax, *Tasso* (1600), v. 7.

GOOD, (a) "consider ye have good enou" (Y. 102d), possessions: now always in plural. "Ladies . . . Of your gude and bodé han maistré."—*Ragman Roll* (E.E.P.P., i. 76, 153).

(b) "I would tute him a good" (M. 168a), i.e., teach him well, wisely.

GOOD DEEN, "good deen, master" (M. 198b), a corruption of "good even." Nares says that this salutation was used as soon as noon was past, after which time, good morrow, or good day, was esteemed im-

proper. "Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. Merc. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. Nurse. Is it good den? Merc. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), ii. 4.

GOOSE, see Shoe.

GOSSIPS, "who be thy other gossips?" (M. 209c), friends, neighbours: originally a sponsor (godfather or godmother). "They had mothers as we had; and those mothers had gossips (if their children were christened) as we are."—Ben Jonson, *Staple of News* (1625), Induction. "One mother . . . her little babe reuil'd, And to her gossips gan in counsell say."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), I. xii. 11.

GOWN AND CAP, "one would take him for a fool by his gown and cap" (M. 219a), i.e., by his distinctive dress: see Fool's coat.

GRACE, "in space cometh grace" (M. 167a), i.e., "in time all things come to those who wait": the proverb occurs with a slightly different meaning in Heywood (*Works*, E.E.D.S., 11a; 171a).

GRAIN, see Knave in grain.

GREEKING, "are ye greeking" (T. 304a), this—though clearly greeking in the original—may be a misprint for greeting=crying. If, however, this is not the case, but a verb formed from *Greek*=a cheat, a trickster, a sham, the meaning would be, "Are you shamming—pretending you do not feel my blows?"

GREEN, "a dame of flourishing green" (M. 136c), full of hope and vigour: cf. "a green old age."

GREY GROAT, "worth a grey groat" (M. 181d): Prof. Brandl (*Quellen*, 661) glosses this as "(de)gree groat = Preisgroschen." May, however, it not be that grey groat=a small standard of value, "a brass farthing"? "I'll not leave him worth a grey groat."—Marlowe, *Jew of Malta* (1586), iv. 4.

GRIEF, "that for this matter he take no grief at me" (J. 70c), offence, find no fault. "To implore forgiveness of all greif."—Douglas, *Virgil* (1512-3), 453, 43.

GRUMBOLD, "the saddle-backed grumbold" (M. 225d), sourling, grumble-guts.

HABS, "*habs* or *nabs*" (M. 181*b*), *i.e.*, "they are for getting all I have by foul means if not by fair"; "it's hit or miss with them": the phrase in many connections is common enough.

HAIL-PEAL, "an *hail-peal* in a moon" (J. 7*d*), greeting, salutation.

HAIR, "my *hair* is royal and bushed thick" (Y. 94*c*), *hair* in the Copland and Lambeth copies, but *heart* (clearly a mistake) in the Waley edition. Youth means to say that his hair is of the finest and thickest, such as would indicate character, vigour, and strength. Subsequently abundance of hair was supposed to denote a lack of brains—"more hair than wit."

HAKING, "in kissing and in *haking*" (M. 164*d*), wanton dalliance.

HAMPER, "I'll *hamper* him" (M. 144*b*), beat, trounce. "I'll speak with him, and *hamper* him too, if ever he fall into my clutches."—Dekker, *Westward Ho* (1607), ii. 2.

HAND, "viewing of the *hand*" (M. 218*a*), palmistry.

HANG, see Hedge and Tree.

HANGING, see Bells and Wedding.

HANGMAN, "to drive away that *hangman*" (101*d*), a reproach, but also an endearment: here, however, it is the former. "As they had seen me with these *hangman's* hands."—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 2. "To call a naughtie fellowe thief, or *hangman*, when he is not known to be any such."—Wilson, *Rhet.* (1580), 123.

HAPPING, "*happing* and lapping" (M. 140*c*), clothing, specifically in a "coddling" fashion. "The scheperde keppid his staf ful warme, And *happid* it ever undur his harme."—MS. *Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 53. "He should not be the better *hapt* or covered from cold."—More, *Utopia* (ed. Robinson), bk. ii., ch. iv.

HAPPY, "*happy* . . . as . . . a duke" (M. 234*a*), this meridian of happiness is unusual: the acme of en-

joyment is now on the lowest rung of the social ladder—"happy as a sandboy."

HARE, "of a contrary *hare*" (T. 305a), this should have been *hair*=character, nature, sort.

HARP, see String.

HART'S TONGUE, see Kitchen herbs.

HASTLINGS, "none of the *hastlings*" (M. 154a), i.e., not one of the hurrying sort, slothful: also *hastings*.

HAVE, "*have* at it" (or "with you") (J. 7d *et passim*; Y. 108c; M. 149c; T. 293a), to *have* at a thing=to try, attempt, begin; to *have* at a person=to try to strike or beat; to *have with*=to go with: the phrases are common enough.

HAYT, "cry *hayt*" (T. 307b), a fencing term on a home-thrust: also used by hunters; usually *hay!*=a hit! "The punto reverso! the *hay!*"—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), ii. 4.

HAZARD, see Dice.

HEADY, "come this way so *heady*" (M. 234d), impetuously, hurriedly. "Never came reformation in a noon, With such a *heady* current."—Shakspeare, *Henry V.* (1599), i. 1.

HEAL, "in good *heal*" (M. 203b; H. 283a), health, safety, welfare: see other volumes of this series.

HEAR'S, "all that *hear's*" (M. 135d), hear us: the play is full of such contractions: see Misogonus.

HEART OF GOLD (M. 171b), an endearment. "Mine own sweetheart of gold."—Bale, *Three Laws* (1538), *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 19a. "Grammercy, *heart of gold*."—Wager, *Mary Magdalene* (E.E.D.S.), line 477.

HEART ROOT, "my *heart root*" (M. 171d), an endearment: now obsolete as are some other "heart" compounds—heart-blood, heart-bound, heart-dear, heart-grief, heart-quake, heart-rising, &c.: others, however, such as heart-ache, heart-beat, heart-strings, &c., still survive, and are useful.

# A Song to the Tune of Heartsease.

*Moderato.*

Sing care a-way with sport and play, Pas-time is all our

pleasure If well we fare For nought we care, In

nirth con-sists our treasure. Let lun - kis lurk And

drud - ges work We do de - fy their slavery. He

is but a fool That goes to school All we de - light in bravery.

HEART'S EASE (M. 163c and d) and LABONDOLOSE HOTO (M. 193c). *Heart's ease* is contained in a manuscript volume of lute music of the sixteenth century, now in the Public Library, Cambridge (Dd., ii, ii), as well as in *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1698. Chappell sets the tune as given on the opposite page in *Old English Popular Music*, and says "it belongs in all probability to an earlier reign than that of Elizabeth, as it was sufficiently popular about the year 1560 to have the song now under consideration written to it." Apparently a reference to the words of the song occurs in *The Nice Wanton* (97d, verses 1 and 2), written before 1553, and printed in 1560. Therefore, if the usually accepted date of *Misogonus* (q.v.) is the right one, the words of the song as well as the tune are earlier than the time of Elizabeth. The reference is as follows:—

"Dal. O, good brother, let us go,  
I will never go more to-to school.  
Shall I never know  
What pastime meaneth?  
Yes, I will not be such a fool."

Shakspeare mentions the tune in *Romeo and Juliet* (1597):—

"Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,'  
'Heart's ease': O, an you will have me live, play  
'Heart's ease.'

"First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?"

"Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays  
'My heart is full of woe'; O play me some merry  
dump to comfort me."—(iv. 5, 102-8.)

Collier thought the song itself quite as good of its kind as the drinking song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. By a curious coincidence, it may well be that Shakspeare had not only this tune, but also the words of another song which occurs in *Misogonus*, in mind when he made reference to *Heartsease*. This is the coincidence. Peter, a few lines lower

down, sharpens his wit upon the musicians and propounds a question:—

“When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,” &c.—  
*Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5, 128–9.

Compare this with Philogonus's ditty “to the tune of *Labondolose Hoto*”:—

“Grief doth me gripe, pain doth me pinch,  
Wilful despite my heart doth wrinch.”—*Ante*, 193c.

Shakspeare, as was his wont, mentions a tune popular at the time, and also a poem which was no doubt equally popular. *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1597, was mentioned by Meres in 1595, and its supposed date is given by Dr. Furnivall in the *Leopold Shakspeare* as 1591–3. In the year 1590 a new edition of *The Paradice of Dainty Deuises* had been issued, and in it occurs the song “In Commendation of Music,” from which Shakspeare quotes. I give it entire, as it bears somewhat upon the other “song to the tune of *Labondolose Hoto*.”

#### IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

When griping grief the heart would wound,  
And doleful dumps the minde oppress,  
Then musick with her silver sound,  
Is wont with speed to give redress;  
Of troubled mindes for everie sore,  
Sweet musick hath a salve in store:

In joy it makes our mirth abound,  
In grief it cheeres our heavy sprites,  
The careful head relief hath found  
By musick's pleasant sweet delights.  
Our senses (what should I say more?)  
Are subject unto musick's lore.

The gods by musick hath their pray,  
The soule therein doth joy,  
For as the Romaine poets say,  
In seas whom Pirates would destroy,  
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe,  
Arion playing on his harpe.

Of heavenly gift that turnes the mind,  
Like as the stern doth rule the ship,  
O musicke, whom the gods assignde  
To comfort man, whom cares would nip,  
Sith thou both man and beast doth move,  
What wise man then will thee reprove?

This song also appeared in the earlier editions of *The Paradise of Dainty Deuises*, published in 1576, 1577, 1578, 1580, 1585, and 1596 respectively. In no place, however, are these words expressly attributed to Richard Edwards, who was (see facsimile title on the next page) mainly responsible for the collection; but he has, on the other hand, appended his name to a large number of the poems in the volume. The "sundry learned gentlemen . . . whose names heerafter followe" (see facsimile) included Lord Vaux the elder, Jasper Heywood, W. Hunnis, F. Kindlemarshe, and others.

It is, therefore, a moot point whether Edwards was the author of the poem, four lines from which were quoted by Shakspeare, apparently from memory, as there are variations which would naturally occur in such a case.

It is, however, probable that there is a connection of a kind between the poem "In Commendation of Music," which first appeared in Edwards's collection of 1576, and the "song to the tune of *Labondolose Hoto*" which occurs in *Misogonus*, the generally accepted date of which is 1560. A curious and suggestive fact is that Fleay attributed *Misogonus* to the pen of Richard Edwards, and held that it was that writer's "earlier attempt" referred to in the curiously nervous Prologue to *Damon and Pithias* (q.v.), written before 1566, and maybe as early as 1563-5. Edwards says he "did offend" by his "juvenile sports," and Fleay concludes the occasion was Christmas, 1559-60, when the Queen declined some play (see notes in present volume on *Albion, Knight*, and *Misogonus*).

I have become fully aware that popular "criticism" is infinitely more dangerous than popular "derivation"; therefore I seek to draw no conclusions: the coincidences may only be coincidences. Still, they render

# THE PARADICE

*of Dainty Deuises.*

Containing sundry pitbie precepts, learned  
Counsailes and excellent deuotions, right  
pleasant and profitable for all estates.

Deuised and written for the most parte by  
M. Edwards, sometime of her Maiesties Chappell; the rest by  
sundry learned Gentlemen both of Honor and  
Worship, whose names heer  
after followe.

Whereunto is added sundry new Inuenci-  
ons, very pleasant and delightfull.



AT LONDON

Printed by Edward Allde for Edward White  
dwelling at the little North doore of Saint Pauls  
Church, at the signe of the Gunne.

[Reduced Facsimile of the Title-page of "The Paradice  
of Dainty Deuises" from a Copy of the edition of 1596.  
now in the British Museum.]

it all the more likely that Shakspeare knew of, and had read, *Misogonus*. The point (if it be worthy of such a designation) may derive some emphasis from Shakspeare's "play" on "dumps"—"merry dump," "doleful dump," "My heart is full of woe." I take it, having of course in mind the generally loose style, language, and grammar of the play, that *Labondolose Hoto* may be freely translated "doleful dumps"; thus, *La (the) bon'* (for *bonne*=good, very, extreme) *do'lo'se*=*douloureuse* (=sorrowful) *hoto*=*hauteur*=elevation, height—whence "the extreme heights of sorrow" or "doleful dumps."

HEAVEN, "the might of the *heaven King*" (Y. 94a), the King of Heaven: cf. *heven-quene* (A.S.)=the queen of Heaven, the Virgin Mary; *heven-game*=bliss.

HEDGE, "When my soul hangeth on the *hedge* once Then take thou and cast stones" (Y. 111a)—"What's his gown gone too? Then he may go hang o' th' hedge" (M. 181d), "go to the devil": the modern form curtails the phrase to "he may go hang."

HEDGE-CREEPER, "Ah hypocrite, Ah *hedgereeper*, Ah 'sembling wretch!" (J. 76b)—"you *hedgereepers*" (M. 236b), a general term of reproach. "*Un avanturier vagabond qui fait la regnardiére de peur des coups*, a hedge-creeper."—Hollyband, *Dict.* (1593). "Call him a sneaking eavesdropper, a scraping *hedgereeper*, and a piperley pickthanke."—Nashe, *Unfortunate Traveller* (1594), p. 32 (Chiswick Press, 1892).

HEELS, (a) "my bulchin *turned up his heels*" (M. 198d), died. "Our trust is . . . you will *tourne up their heeles* one of these yeares together, and prouide them of such vnthrifths to their heires, as shall spend in one weeke . . . what they got . . . all their lifetime."—Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), Gro-sart, ii., 77.

(b) "*shake thy heels*" (M. 236a), i.e., stir yourself, be going. "Sir, I'll *take my heels*."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593).

HEIST, "heist have" (M. 187c), he shall: similar contractions are frequent—*hear's*=hear us (135c); *theil* (orig.)=they will (191b); *thout*=thou wilt (182b); *theist*=they shall (183b); *yest*=ye shall (205c); *weist*=we shall (203a), and so forth.

HENBIRD, "mine own *henbird*" (M. 186a), an endearment.

HENNARDLY, "Ye *hennardly* knaves" (M. 236c), ? from *hene* (A.S.)=abject, in subjection (Halliwell).

HERITOR, "an *heritor* of bliss" (Y. 95d; 115b), inheritor.

HEST, "attending on God's *hest*" (M. 189b), behest, command. "Now made forget their former cruell mood, T' obey their rider's *hest*, as seemed good."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), IV., iii. 39.

HIE, "O lively with *hie*" (M. 185d), high.

HIGHT, "a *hight* Eugonus" (M. 230b), *i.e.*, he was called: *hight* is the only instance in English of a passive verb. "Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond, That *highte* matrimoine or mariage."—Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales* (1383), 3,097.

HITCHCOCK (M. 218b), hiccough: spelled in the original as in text (usually, however, it is without the *t*), so, maybe, a *double entendre* was meant.

HITHER, "I would see your heels *hither*" (Y. 98c), *i.e.*, "see the back of you, with your heels turned hitherwards."

Ho, (a) "till thou criest, *ho*" (J. 8c)—"cry, *ho*" (T. 307b), Stop! Enough!

(b) "though thou think him past *ho*" (M. 167d), past restraint, beyond reclamation: see other volumes of this series.

(c) "neither thieves no[r *ho* . . .]" (M. 188a) ? whores.

HODDYDODDY (T. 312c), a simpleton, weakling, foolish fellow: a generic reproach. Also "*huddypeak*," "*hoddypole*," &c. "Sometimes I hang on Hankyn *hoddydoddy's* sleeve."—Udall, *Roister Roister* (c. 1534), i. 1. (E.E.D.S., 5c).

HOGSHEAD, "up, drowsy *hogshead*" (J. 4*d*), "sleepy head": "to couch a *hogshead*"=to sleep.

HOGSNORTON, "brought up at *Hog's Norton*" (Y. 110*b*), a synonym for boorishness, clownish manners, or disregard of the decencies of life. Hogs-norton is a village in Oxfordshire (properly *Hoch*=*High Norton*). Heywood (*Works*, II., 293*a*) has Hogstown, in a similar connection, which may be Hogs[nor]town or Hoxton. See Nares and Halliwell.

HOLD, (a) "*hold* here a ring" (H. 274*d*; 284*c*), take, accept. "For a sign of this, *hold* these same stony tables."—Bale, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 8*a*.

(b) "*I hold* you then a groat" (H. 272*b*), beg, wager. "*I hold* you a penny."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1593), iii. 2.

HOLIDAY-FACE, "put in on my *holiday face*" (M. 219*b*), the early occurrence of this phrase seems worth noting.

HONESTY, "my life, goodness, credence and *honesty*" (H. 269*a*), reputation. "I'll prove mine honour and mine *honesty*."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), v.

HONEY-POT, see Mustard-pot.

HONOUR, "of *our honour* we will neither speak nor speed" (H. 282*a*), Hester, it would seem, means to say that she will say or do nothing in the way of intercession: *our honour* refers to rank: in the beginning of his speech Aman says, "Of thine *honour* and goodness," &c., emphasising the titles "O lady Hester," and "most noble princess": cf. *honour*=a title common at one time to all men of rank, but now confined to certain offices. "His *honour* and myself are at the one."—Shakspeare, *Richard III.* (1597), iii. 2. Of course, there is the possibility that the phrase=(1) on my honour; or (2) having regard to our rank or position.

HORN, "if you be born to *hold with the horn*" (T. 317*a*), have or receive the distinguishing badge

of cuckoldry : see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I., s.v. Horner.

HORSE-COMB (A. 129c), a curry-comb.

HORSE-NIGHTCAP, "a song with a *horse-nightcap*" (M. 162c), halter, with (so it would appear) a pun enshrining *halter*="slowcoach." "Yea, his very head so heaue as if it had beene harnessed in an *horse-nightcap*."—*Bacchus' Bountie* (1593), in *Harl. Misc.* (ed. Park), ii., 304. "And those that clip that they should not, shall have a *horse-nightcap* for their labour."—*Penniles Parliament* (1608), in *Harl. Misc.* (ed. Park), I., 181.

HOST, "men think at *host*, with them was the Holy Ghost" (H. 276a), abiding, lodging with them : the comma after *host* confuses the meaning, and should be deleted. "Go bear it to the Centaur, where we *host*."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), i. 2.

HOWLING, "when we'r' *howling*" (M. 232d), singing, chanting : a facetious manner of speech not altogether unknown nowadays.

HUDDLE, "old *huddle*" (T. 295c), a general reproach : usually (modern) *old huddle and twang*. "I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these *old huddles* hit home."—Lyly, *Alex. and Camp.* (1591), O. Pl. (Reed), ii., 128.

HUDDYPEAK, see Hoddydoddy.

HUFFA (Y. 99a), an exclamation used as typical of blustering blades and swaggering bullies : frequently put in the mouth of the devil or vice of old morality plays. "With *huffa gallant*."—*Four Elements* (c. 1510), *Anon. Pl.*, I Ser. E.E.D.S., 16a. "*Huff, huff, huff*, who called after me?"—*Hickscorner* (c. 1520), *ibid.* 155d.

HUGGER-MUGGER (M. 212a), secrecy, concealment. "For God cannot abide to haue his benefites kept secrete in *hugger-mugger*."—Udall (1548), *Luke*, xvii.

HUM, "good *hum*" (T. 296b), strong ale. "Carmen Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers To their tobacco, and strong waters, *hum*, Meath,

and obarni."—Ben Jonson, *Devil's an Ass* (1616), i., 1.

HUMILITY (Y. 97c), this, obviously, is a mistake, and the speech is to Charity, who (98b) goes to seek Humility later on.

HURRICAMP, "yest see a *hurricamp*" (M. 186c), ? hurried departure: i.e., a hurried scamper.

HUS, "none of *hus*" (M. 163a), so in original—another modern vulgarism foreshadowed in this remarkable play. Another instance is found at 159d, "will you never *hinn*?"

HUSBAND (M. 190b), Melissa's use of this title is paralleled by Dame Christian Custance in *Ralph Roister Doister* (Udall, *Works*, E.E.D.S., 148, s.v. Spouse).

ICH, "*ich* am paid" (T. 294c), I: see other volumes of this series.

IMPOSTUME, "the *impostume* in my codpiece" (M. 151b), properly abscess, but here probably=swelling, with an esoteric innuendo.

IN, "will you never *in*" (M. 159d), go in: in orig. *hinn*: cf. Hus.

INCENSE, "his mind *incense*" (H. 277d)—"so kindly doth *incense*" (H. 279b), either (a)=stir up, rouse, urge; or (b) instruct, inform, school. "I think I have *Insens'd* the lords o' the council that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is,) A most arch heretick, a pestilence That doth infect the land."—Shakspeare, *Richard III.* (1597), iii. 2.

INCONTINENT, "I go *incontinent*" (J. 42c), immediately, at once. "Unto the place they come *incontinent*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), I. vi. 8. "*Furor*. Passe thee before, Ile come *incontinent*."—2 *Returne from Parnassus* (1606), ii. 3 (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. ix.).

INDENT, "this promise *indent*" (J. 32a), execute, make compact. "Shall we buy treason? and *indent* with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), i. 3.

INDIAN LAND, "all things that grow in the *Indian land*" (M. 218a), the New World: the object of Columbus  
A. P. II. C C

was to discover a new route to India, and for a long time it was supposed that America was either part of India or some land adjacent to it. Thus tobacco was called "the Indian weed."

INDIFFERENTLY, "his laws *indifferently* be not used" (A. 128b), impartially: see other volumes of this series.

INGRUM, "are you so *ingrum*" (M. 203a), apparently meant for ignorant.

INTELLECTION, "man's *intellection*" (J. 89b), intellect. "Some other ther be that haue theyr *intelleccyon* or reason clerely illumyned."—Atkynson, tr. *De Imitatione* (1504), iii. v. 109.

INTEREMPT, "good order may soon be *interempt*" (H. 274a), destroyed: Lat. A rare word, as also is its cognate form "interemption."

IPSY, "this drink is *ipsy*" (T. 299b), a kind of strong ale, "the very thing." Unless an interpolation when the play was "first printed," this is the earliest occurrence of the word that is known, the O.E.D.'s leading quotation being from Dufrey in 1719: but cf. *upty*, the first quotation for which in *Slang and its Analogues* is 1600.

IRISH, see Dice.

IS, (a) "Is his years" (M. 143a)—"here is pretty toys" (M. 148c)—"my bones is sore" (T. 304c), a construction worth noting, but by no means uncommon.

(b) "is a right man" (M. 182c)—"is worth you all" (M. 182c), elliptical: *he* understood.

IVY BERRIES (M. 136a). "Oftyn Poetes were crowned with Iuye: in token of noble witte and scharpe, for the yuye is alwei grene."—Trevisa, *Barth. De P. R.* (1398), xvii. liii. (Bodl. MS.). See Laurel.

I-WIS (Y. 93d), often, as here, a metrical tag; properly certainly, indeed, truly: see other volumes of this series.

JACK, (a) "*lay me on the jack*" (J. 78b), attack, lay blows upon: *jack*=a kind of loose-fitting outer garment worn by both sexes. "That they . . . should sticke to it like men, and *lay it on the iacks* of them."—North, *Plutarch* (1579-80), 127.

(b) "a beggarly *Jack*" (M. 173b)—"whiteliver *Jacks*" (M. 237b), a common fellow, chap: mostly in contempt and with an implication of low breeding and bad manners. "A common poynte of pleasure doying that euery *iacke* vseth."—*Ūdall, Eras. Par.* (1548), *Luke* vi. 65.

(c) "an old *ridden jack*" (M. 207b), obviously *jack* was used in contempt of women as well as of men; probably = *Jack-whore*: *jack* being a prefix denoting personification—cf. *Jack* jailer, *Jack* meddler, &c. (see previous paragraph). *Old ridden* = "foundered." "I let her to hyre that men maye on her *ryde*."—Skelton, *Bouge of Courte*, 400.

JACK-A-MALE, "it's no tale of *Jack-a-male*" (M. 209d). Prof. Brandl suggests that this may be "Jack-amend-all"; but does it not rather look like our old friend "Jack-in-the-box" (Fr. *malle*)? The French word had long been, and was still, in vulgar use, and the variant naturally suggested itself to the author when he sought a rhyme to "tale." *Jack-in-the-box* = a sharper or cheat, exactly suits the context, and the phrase would also doubly commend itself because affording a covert and contemptuous allusion to what had come to be regarded by many as the superstition of the real presence in the host which, when reserved in the pyx, was irreverently nicknamed "*Jack in the box*." The following quotations will serve to illustrate the various points raised. "Rayling billes agaynst the sacramente, termynge it *Iacke in the box*, the sacramente of the halter," "round Robin," with like vnseemly termes."—Ridley, *Last Exam.* (1555), in Foxe, *Acts and Mon.* (1583), 1759. "*Jak in the bokis*, for all thy mokis a vengeance mot the fall! Thy subteltie and palzavdrie our fredome bringis in thrall."—*Satir. Poems Ref.* (1570), xxii. 78. "These women . . . touns that lie worse than false clocks, By which they catch men like *Jacks in a box*."—Glapthorne, *Argalus* (1639), v. *Works*, 1874, i. 61.

JACK PRAT (M. 157b), a diminutive bumptious person; "Jack Sprat." "Heard you ever such a counsel of such a *Jack Sprat*."—Marr, *Wit and Science* (E.E.D.S. Anon. Pl. 4 Series, 73c).

JACK SAUCE (M. 167c), a saucy fellow, "Mr. Impudence." "*Jack sauce . . . thov lovt, thov hoddie peake.*"—*Robin Conscience* (c. 1550), 240 (Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., III. 242).

JACOB AND ESAU. The text (pp. 1-90) is taken direct from the copy of the edition of 1568, now in the British Museum (C. 34.2.3). The spelling and punctuation are modernised, except where it has seemed advisable, in accordance with the general plan of the present series, to retain the original orthography, and to alter as little as may be the original pointing. The black-letter edition of 1568 is unlikely to have been the first: the play was licensed in 1557-8 to Henry Sutton, and was probably printed soon after. Copies of no other edition than that now under consideration—of this, however, there are examples in the Bridgewater Collection and at the Bodley, as well as at the British Museum—have been recovered. The piece was first reprinted in modern times by Hazlitt in his 1874-6 edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays*. The story follows very closely the Biblical account, and the reader will need little help in that respect in following the development of the action. The play is regularly divided into acts and scenes. *Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &c.* "That were *foredone*" (21a), read *fordone*: a misprint; "as *ere* was eat, Jacob" (34c), read *e'er*; "with all my stomach cheer" (35d), original *stomachere*; "see, and the knave" (39c), omit the comma after *see*; "*ever* since so lusty" (40c), orig. *even*; "lusty *and* fresh" (40c), orig. *as*; "Our good old Isaac" (45c), *Once* in original; "set Mido before Abra, [I] trow" (45d), *I* not in orig.; ["*they're fit*] for better men" (50a), not in original: supplied by Hazlitt; "he [*is*] to have his venison" (51d), *is* not in orig.: supplied by Hazlitt; "*and when she hath sung let her say thus*" (256b), "Referring to the speech below . . . in the old copy this direction is printed in the margin, and such is, no doubt, its most suitable position" (Hazlitt); "as any wench in twenty mile; about her head" (58a), the semi-colon is misplaced: it should come after *about*; "Once our mark" (58b), so in the original: the emendation suggested by Hazlitt is *one sure*, or perhaps we ought to read *sour*; "I hear

a young kid *blea* " (59c), *blee* in original; "*Abra. Come in, dame Rebecca*" (67b), in original *Mido*, but obviously the line is to *Abra*; "whom [it] pleaseth thee" (73b), *it* not in original; [*Ragan and the others, &c.* (77d)], this stage direction is, of course, not in the original, having been inserted by Hazlitt: it is thought well to retain it with this note of its extra-textual value; "*ere* thou art caught" (78d), *or* in original; "*Deborah. But by my truth*" (79d), in original given to *Rebecca*; "he lieth in await to *slae* thee" (82a), a misprint: it should be *sle*, or, as in original, *slea*; "*fle* hence" (82a), another misprint I regret to say for *flee*; "for I have a word, &c." (82d), this line in original is given to *Isaac*, an obvious blunder; "as fast [*as*] thou can" (83c), [*as*] not in original: suggested by Hazlitt; "yea, mother, [*I*] see" (85c), [*I*] not in original; "*Esau. All prest here*" (87b), placed opposite to the second line down in original.

JADGE, "th' art a *jadge*" (M. 207a), so in original = jade: the form appears unrecorded in the O.E.D.

JAGS, "my beggarly *jags*" (M. 157c), rags, tatters; here = shabby clothes: originally a kind of cut or fray made in cloth to form a fringe, tassel, or other ornamental edging; or a slash cut to show another colour underneath.

JAVEL, "uses me like a *javel*" (T. 301a), a low, worthless fellow, "dirt." "Expired had the terme that these two *iavels* should render up a reckoning of their travels."—Spenser, *Mother Hubbard* (1591), 309.

JELLY, "this *jelly* grout is *jelly* and stout" (T. 300b), *jelly* = good, excellent (rare before seventeenth century); *grout* = a kind of ale (see Halliwell, s.v. *Grout*). "The woodes selves . . . are verie jocund and *jellie*."—Dalrymple, tr. Leslie's *Hist. Scot.* (1596), I. 7.

JERTS, "three *jerts* for the nonce" (J. 9d), stroke, stripe, lash: a dialectical form of jerk. "Give him a *Ierte* or two vpon the nether part of his buttocks."—Markham, *Caval.* (1607), II. (1617), 40.

JET, "to *jet* here" (Y. 98d)—(also Y. 103a; M. 173b; T. 292a), strut, stalk proudly, put on "side" in walking. "Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock

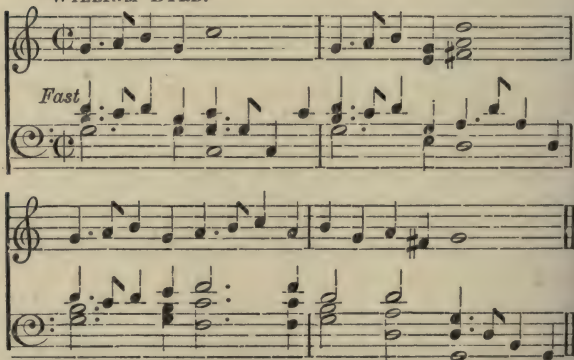
of him ! how he *jets* under his advanced plumes."—  
Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), ii. 5.

JIS, "by *Jis*" (M. 176c), Jesus : see Oaths.

JOCHUM, "the old *Jochum*" (M. 186c), a half-familiar half-contemptuous address : probably a by-form of *jock*="fellow," "chap," &c. *Old* in this sense is not glossed in the O.E.D. before 1588 (*Tit. A.* iv. 2. 121).

JOHN, "John, come kiss me now" (J. 298b), Chappell says that nothing remains of words except "Jon come kisse me now, Jon come kisse me now; Jon come kisse me by and by, and make no more adow." It is mentioned in the interlude of *Nature* (Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 121, l. 150), written between 1486 and 1500 by Henry Medwall, chaplain to Archbishop Morton (of Canterbury): "Com kys me Johan gramercy Ione this wed they euer more." The music is given in *Citharen Lessons*, 1609; *Airs and Sonnets*, M.S., T.C. Dublin, &c. It is mentioned in Heywood's *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness* (1600); in 'Tis merry when Gossips meet (1609); in a song in *Westminster Drollery* (1671 and 1674); in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621); *The Scourge of Folly* (N.D.); Brathwayte's *Shepherd's Tale* (1623); in Hy. Bold's *Songs and Poems* (1685); and in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*.

#### WILLIAM BYRD.



JOHN-A-PEEPO (Y. 106*d*), ? a meddler, Paul Pry: a nickname of the same order as "John-a-Dreams," "John-a-Nokes." The form *peep* is somewhat unusual at this date, and if it is a variant of *peeko*, Pride may possibly be poking fun at Charity's squeaking, shrill voice, or biting speech.

JOINTS, "stir your *joints*" (M. 148*d*), look lively: cf. "stir your stumps": *joint*=limb (as distinguished from a portion or a section of a limb) is unrecorded in the O.E.D. save of meat as divided by the butcher, of which latter the earliest quotation is dated 1576: note also the curiously modern and suggestive use of "pins" two lines below.

JOLLITY, "in my youth and *jollity*" (Y. 94*c*; 98*a*), grace, personal accomplishments. "Yf by beaute of facion, or by a body fayr grete or wel adurned, or by fayr here . . . and by the other *Iolytees* shold a Squyer be adoubed Knyght," &c.—Caxton, *Chivalry* (1484), 46.

JOYLY, "I had *joyly* game" (J. 73*d*), fine, splendid, excellent: a variant of *jolly*. "This dog . . . taketh the prey with a *jolly* quickness."—Fleming, tr. *Caius' Eng. Dogs* (1576) (Arber, *Garner*, III., 239).

JUMP, "in one tale *jump*" (M. 205*c*), agree, coincide, tally. "Al this *iumped* wel together."—G. Harvey, *Letter-Book* (Camden), 27.

KA KOB, "like Jackdaw that cries *ka kob*" (J. 34*d*), the well-known kae or caw of the jackdaw.

KAY, "had the *kay*" (Y. 98*c*), this seemingly cockney Irish pronunciation of "key" is in truth the correct one and was the standard down to the close of the seventeenth century. In M.E. the rhyme was with day, play, say, &c., and Dryden so employs it. On the other hand, early in the fifteenth century the (northern) spelling *kee* was in vogue, from which it appears that the modern pronunciation "*kee*" is of northern origin, but it is difficult to say how it came into general English use (O.E.D.).

KELE, "kele you a little" (Y. 110b), make less bump-tious, or cocksure; "cool," take the shine out of: Youth has been "talking through his hat." "His courage was *kelit* with age."—*Dest. Troy* (c. 1400), ii. 464.

KENN'D, "so they may be *kenn'd*" (H. 254a), descried, seen, discovered. "As far as I could *ken* thy chalky cliffs."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2, 101.

KETTERING (M. 133d), a town between Cambridge and Leicester: see *Misogonus*.

KIND, "by *kind*" (M. 217c), nature, natural disposition, inheritance.

KING DAVID'S VEIN (M. 233c), *vein*=manner of speech, style, character, gifts. "This is Ercles' *vein*, a tyrant's *vein*."—Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (1592), i. 2.

KIRK, "i' th' *kirk*" (M. 232d), church: Northern English and Scots, formerly (O.E.D.) used as far south as Norfolk, and still extending in dialect use to north-east Lincolnshire.

KITCHEN HERBS AND SALADS (J. 58d and 59a), most of these are still well known and in everyday use—thyme, parsley, spinach, endive, sorrel, sage, borage. The rest are less commonly known or altogether unknown. *Rosemary* was used as a garnish; as a popular symbol of remembrance it is frequently mentioned by old writers; sprigs of the herb were carried at funerals or dipped in the loving cup at weddings (see *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4). "I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewd broth with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with *rosemary*."—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Kn. of B. Pestle* (1611), v. 1. *Succory*=chicory. *Lacture* is glossed by Halliwell as "a mixture for salads," but is it not rather lettuce (Lat. *lactuca*)? *Violet*, the use of violet petals in salads or cups is counterparted by their modern use as a crystallised sweetmeat. *Clary*, see *Anon. Plays*, 1st Ser. (E.E.D.S.), 238d. *Liverwort*, "sodden in wine is good for the diseases of the liver and lungs" (*Herbal*, ii. 36, 1562). Marigold flowers were formerly made into a conserve, and

are still sometimes used as a flavouring for soups, and to give a yellow colour to cheese (O.E.D.). "The conserve that is made of the floures of *marygoldes* . . . cureth the trembling of the harte."—Lyte, *Dodoens* (1578), II. xiii. 164. *Pennyroyal* was in request for various cordials and for pharmaceutical use. *Bugloss* was thought to be a remedy against snake, viper, and other venomous bites.

**KNACK**, "any such childish *knack*" (J. 19a), trick, joke, trifle.

**KNAVE IN GRAIN** (M. 154c), an out-and-out knave, one whose knavery is shown as it were in the very grain, "hair," or texture. *The Knave in Graine new vampt*.—Title of Play, 1640.

**KNIGHT**, "a *knight* with a spear" (Y. 97d), i.e., a soldier: see *John* xix. 34. "That knyght quha peir-sit our Lordis syde with the speir."—Winzet, *Four Scoir Thre Quest*. (1563), *Works* (1888), I. 77.

**KNIGHTHOOD**, "my *knighthood* is utterly stained for ever" (M. 157a), properly chivalry: here=reputation for valour, prowess, courage. "He was of *knyght-hod* and of freedom flour."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), Monk's Tale, 652.

**KNIGHT OF THE COLLAR**, "made *Knight of the Collar*" (Y. 100d), i.e., hanged.

**KNOT**, "unknit me this *knot*" (M. 188c), explain this puzzle, mystery, &c.

**KNOWLEDGE**, "Nature's law it is the eldest son to *knowledge*" (J. 24a), recognise, acknowledge.

**LABONDOLOSE HOTO**, see Heart's ease.

**LACTURE**, see Kitchen herbs.

**LADY OF WALSINGHAM** (M. 203d), the shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham in Norfolk: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 274-5.

**LAG**, "to come *lag*" (J. 77b), late, last, lowest part. "That came too *lag* to see him buried."—Shakspeare, *Rich. III.* (1597), ii. 1.

**LAND, LAUD**, good *land* (M. 219b), so in original.

LANDLEAPER, "thou *landleaper*" (M. 235*b*), "Erro. . . . Rodeur, coureur, vagabond. A roge: a *land leaper*: a vagabond: a runagate."—*Nomenclator*.

LANGUISH, "such lewd *languish*" (M. 187*c*), language (i.e., *langwidge*, "widge" approaching the *sh* rather than the *ch* sound).

LAP, "*lap* of a thousand marks" (H. 264*b*), i.e., a bribe, *douceur*, something to satisfy or mitigate greed: cf. *lap*, verb=to soothe, act with pacifying or seductive effect.

LAPPING, "happing and *lapping*" (M. 140*c*), nursing and fondling as a child in its mother's lap, caressing. "Sche toke up hur sone to hur And *lapped* hyt fulle lythe."—*Sir Tryamour* (c. 1430), 417.

LARNED (M. 204*b*), a dialectical form current in the 14th and 16th centuries, and now considered vulgar: also *Larning* (M. 140*c*; 185*d*).

LARON, see Oaths.

LAUREL, "Sir Phœbus' *laurel crops*" (M. 135*d*)—"laurel boughs"—(M. 136*a*), an emblem of literary distinction. Laureateship was a regular university degree in grammar, poetry, and rhetoric: the candidate was presented with a laurel wreath. "Skelton wore the *laurel wreath*."—Churchyard. "Return triumphant with your *laurel boughs*."—*Pilg. to Parnassus*, Anon. Pl., Ser. 9 (E.E.D.S.), s.v. Laurel boughs.

LAURENTIUS BARIWNA (or BARIONA) (M. 133*d*), see Misonogonus.

LAW, "take (=receive) the law of the game" (J. 9*c*), the means to enforce authority or observance of rules: Esau proceeds to beat Ragan. "That she and her sonne shulde *take* ryght and *law* on them according to theyr desertis."—Lord Berners, *Froiss.* (1523), I., xii. 11.

LAY, (a) "I shall *lay* thee on the face" (Y. 95*c*)—"lay him on the visage" (Y. 101*c*)—"lay thee on the lips" (M. 186*a*), attack, assail, beat, strike. "*Lay* on, Macduff, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough."—Shakspeare, *Macbeth* (1605), v. 8. 33.—See Ear.

(b) "what land or *lay*" (H. 257c), an old hunting phrase signifying a place of lodging, abode, habitation: it can hardly (*Materialen*)="faith," "law," (hence "nation," for which, indeed, no authority is given), because Hester (being a Jewess) could not have said she was ignorant of the faith she was born in. "I have found ye, Your *lays*, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges."—Beaum. and Fletcher, *Bonduca* (c. 1625), i. 2.

LEASINGS, "false *leasings*" (H. 280b), lie, falsehoods, deceptions: pleonastic.

'LECTED, "'lected for my 'scretion" (M. 196b), elected or selected; there are many similarly clipped words in the play: see *Misogonus*.

LEMAN, "his leman she will be" (Y. 103d), whore, mistress: cf. Riot's assertion that he shall no wife have (also M. 164c and 175d).

LEND, "he will *lend* me a mock or twain" (J. 13d), give, bestow, afford. "Jhesu, þat me love hast *lende*."—*Hymns to Virgin* (c. 1430), 23.

LENGER (M. 140b), longer.

LESSE, "if you *lesse* him" (M. 145a), part with, lose. "I *lesse* on him so myche trauaile."—*Hymns to Virgin* (c. 1430), 46.

LET, (a) (Y. 95a and b), hinder, put difficulties in the way of: as *subs.*=hindrance, difficulty. See also T. 303a—"wouldest thou let her?"

(b) "you'll *let* me half a score of your sows *borow*" (M. 210b), hand over: specifically on security. "For þe wrangwis takin' . . . of 1 scheip & a kow, quhilkes war ordainit of before be the lordis of consale to have bene *lattin to borch* to þe saide Alex."—*Acta Audit.* (1839), 100. 2 (1482).

LETTER'D, "*letter'd* my paternoster" (M. 232d), repeated: set forth as the alphabet is *lettered* by being called over: cf. *letter*=to instruct in letters. "Yf God sende you children. . . . Do them to be *lettred* right famously."—G. Ashby, *Policy Prince* (c. 1460), 648.

LEYNE, "I will it *leyne*" (H. 284b), conceal.

LIBERAL, "a *liberal* wife" (T. 302b), free of speech, action, or person; wanting in prudence or decorum. "And where there is a quicke witte & a *liberall* tong, there is moch speche."—*Pilg. Perf.* (1526), 131.

LIBERALITY, "by my *liberality*" (M. 218c), by the amplitude of my training: cf. "*liberal* arts and sciences," originally such branches of knowledge that were characteristic of, and suited to, a free man.

LICENSE, "I asked nobody *licence*" (J. 35d)—"*license* the Queen" (H. 260d), leave, permission; and as verb, to authorise, give permission. "I besече your Lordship *license* me to sytte downe."—Latimer, in *Foxe's Acts, and Mon.* (1555), 1366, 1. "For a space he taketh *lycence*."—Copland, *Hye Way to Spyttel Hous*, 493.

LICKERING, "*lickering* on's brain" (M. 154c), *i.e.*, playing himself with drink, "bemusing" himself: now slang. "If that your throates are dry, I'le *liquor* them."—*Timon* (c. 1600), iii. 4.

LIFEDAYS, "our *lifedays* are but short" (J. 82d), lifetime: having had a run of nearly 700 years in English speech, this expressive and useful word fell into oblivion, the last recorded quotation in the O.E.D., save a nonce-revival by Morris, being the clause under consideration.

LIFT, see Chery.

LIGHT, (a) "by this *light*" (*passim*), a common oath: *i.e.*, "by this good light," or "by God's light." "By that *light* that guides me here."—Wilkins, *Mis. of Enf. Marr.* [*Works*, E.E.D.S.], v. "By this *light* Thou are the welcomest man in Christendom."—*Fair Maid of Bristow* (1605), iii. 3 [E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9].

(b) see Lips.

LIGHTLY, "loose me *lightly*" (Y. 100a)—"how *lightly* it shall be done" (Y. 101c), easily, without effort: cf. "*lightly* come, *lightly* go." "Sir, she said, that shall you *lightly* wit."—*Dane Hew* [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iii. 145].

LIKE, (*ā*) "how she doth *like* you" (Y. 105a), please, suit. "This is my loved sone that *lyketh* me."—*Pilg. Sowle* (1413), v. xii. 103.

(b) "*like* breeds the *like*" (M. 141a), an instance of similarity. "*Lyk to lyk accordis wele.*"—*Sc. Leg. Saints* (c. 1375), 543.

LIKELY, "thou art a *likely* fellow" (Y. 102c), seemly, capable-looking, giving promise of success. "Beseen and *likly* men."—*Paston Letters* (1454), I. 265.

LIN, "ne'er *lin*" (M. 239d), cease, desist. "Who never *lins* to run Loaden with bundles of decayed names."—2 *Ret. fr. Parn.* (1606), *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9 (E.E.D.S.), iv. 3.

LIPS, "my *lips* hang in my light" (Y. 99b), a not uncommon figure of speech. "Thine *lips* hang in thine eye."—Skelton, *Magn.*, 1061. "Your *lips* hang in your light, but this poor man sees . . . how blindly ye stand in your own light."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 62b.

LIST, "at *list*" (M. 162c), pleasure, will, desire. "Pleyn at your *list* I yelde me."—*Rom. Rose* (c. 1400), 1957.

LITHER, "so slothful and *lither*" (J. 39c), bad: chiefly of physical defects—sorry, worthless, impotent, spiritless. "Crystys curs, my knave thou art a *ledyr hyne*!"—*Towneley Myst.* (c. 1460), xiii. 147.

LIVER, "I'll *liver* them" (M. 197b), deliver: see *Misogonus*.

LIVERWORT, see *Kitchen herbs*.

LOB, "such a lout or such a *lob*" (J. 41c), lout, clodhopper, bumpkin. "To prove oure prelates goddes And lay men very *lobbes*."—*Image Ypocr.* (1533), 1645.

LOGICS, "I could a chopped *logics*" (M. 225d), *i.e.*, was good at argument: see other volumes of this series.

LONG, "*long* of me" (M. 210b), because, "along of." "Its all *long* of you I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleep on it."—2 *Ret. fr. Parn.*, Prol. (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9)

LONGETH, "it *longeth* not to me" (Y. 96d)—"that *longeth* to me" (H. 264b), concerns, appertains to,

"is (or is not) my business." "She durste never seyn ne do But that thing that hir *longed* to."—Chaucer, *Rom. of Rose* (c. 1366), 1222.

LORE, "those which follow his *lore*" (M. 141d), doctrine. "Directyng their wayes by Gooddis holy *lore*."—Crowley, *Pleas. and Pain* (1551), 591.

LOREL, "like a *lorel*" (A. 119c), a good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-weel, worthless fellow: a generic reproach. "I am laureatte, I am no *lorelle*."—Skelton, *Garu.* (c. 1529), iii. 14.

LOUDLY, "such *loudly*" (M. 201d), openly, palpably. "He lyeth *loudlie*."—*Pasquil's Ret.* (1589), C. iv. b.

LOUT, "never to *lout*" (A. 124d), bellow. "I *lowte* as a kowe or bull dothe."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1530), 615, 2. See Low.

LOVE CHILD, "as *love child* as ever woman bore" (M. 204d), not in the modern nineteenth-century sense of a child born out of wedlock: here *love* is an adj. = lovely, with the article "a" understood.

LOVE TICKS (M. 171c), properly *love-taps* = gentle pats, blows, touchings, and other caresses with the fingers; here = dalliance of all kinds: cf. "ticking and toying."

Low, "did cry out and *low*" (M. 165c), call out, howl, "bellow." "In al his lond *loowen* shal the woundid."—*Wyclif* (1382), *Jer.* li. 52. See Lout.

LOWANCE, "give me my *lowance*" (M. 146a), "a limited portion of food or drink, or its equivalent in money, given in addition to wages," allowance: cf. modern "beer-money." "Our *lowance* waxt so small."—R. Baker (c. 1565), in Hakluyt, *Voyages* (1589), 141.

LUBBER, "speak *lubber* speak" (M. 149c)—"the *lubber* now skips" (M. 186b), an idle lout, clumsy fool, awkward, uncouth fellow, drudge. "Two greate *lubbers* brought after hym the heed of the monster, in a great basket."—Ld. Berners, *Arth. Lyt. Bryt.* (c. 1530), liv. (1814), 198.

LUBBUN LAW, "to take *lubbun law*" (M. 181b), for "lubbard-law," i.e., to play a child's (or fool's) game: see previous entry.

- LUCK, "so *luck* an hour" (M. 228a)=lucky, fortunate : see Misogonus.
- LULLETH, "as a dog that *lulleth* a sow" (J. 30b), pulls by the ears. "I *lolle* one about the ears. *Je luy tire les oreilles*. I shall *lolle* you aboute the eares tyll I make your eares cracke."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1530), 614. 1.
- LURCH, "never give over *i th' lurch*" (M. 182b), i.e., at "a certain concluding state of the score [in some games] in which one player is enormously ahead of the other" (O.E.D.). The earliest quotation given by Dr. Bradley exactly representing this technical sense bears date 1598, and is from Florio (s.v. *Marcio*, a *lurch* or maiden set at any game); whilst the earliest for the derived colloquialism, "to leave in (or give) the lurch," bears a similar date. This example from *Misogonus* is, therefore, an earlier and suggestive illustration of *lurch* used technically in a fashion which immediately foreshadows its employment colloquially to signify discomfiture, disadvantage, &c.
- LURDING, "thoust be my *lurding*" (M. 170a), instead of *lurden*, on account of the rhyme with *birding*: a general reproach—rascal, vagabond, sluggard, loafer, but here seemingly in a watered-down sense=hanger-on, dependent.
- LUSK, "a sturdy *lusk*" (A. 124c), a sluggard, "Mr. Idlesby." "*Luskes*, slovens and kechen knaves."—*Cocke Lorell's B.* (c. 1515), 11.
- LUST, "your best *lust*" (J. 28b)—"th' adst no *lust*" (M. 229a), wish, desire, pleasure.
- LUSTY, "he was a *lusty* fellow" (Y. 103b)—"your looks be so *lusty*" (H. 257b), handsome, gay, pleasant, well-apparelled: a generic commendation.
- LUSTY-GUTS (M. 173d), good livers, *bons vivants*.
- MAB, "thou mother *Mab*" (J. 78a), a generic term of contempt=slut, slattern, wanton: an early but perhaps "nonce" example; the word is not found again until the end of the 16th century, when it, and its cognate verb (=to dress carelessly), is registered as slang in *The Dict. Cant. Crew* (c. 1690).

MACEDON, "a *Macedon born*" (H. 286a), Macedonian, but compare "I am Aman . . . of the stock of Agag" (252d).

MAGICATION, "your *magication* craft" (M. 221c), magic: a nonce word.

MAIDENS, "the *maidens*" (M. 218b), in orig. *maidnes* = maid's sickness, "green sickness": Cacurgus is talking bawdry, or suggesting it, in his choice of words.

MAID MARIAN (M. 175b), a wanton, strumpet: from the fact that in the old morris dances a woman of loose character often personated the Maid Marian. "And for woman-hood, *maid Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee."—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), iii. 3. "Not like a queene, but like a vile *maide Marian*, A wife, nay slave, unto a vile barbarian."—Harrington, *Ariosto* (1591), xlii. 37.

MAKE, "a very *make*" (M. 221a), ? a shortened form of *make-bate*=busybody.

MAKESHIFT, "a *makeshift* comes in" (M. 158b), rogue, "shifster," one living by his wits or by shifts: earlier than the premier quotation in the Oxford English Dictionary.

MAN, (a) "a tale here o' th' *man* i' th' moon" (M. 201a), i.e., a problematical story, a traveller's tale; proverbial from 1310 to the present time. "We say (not the woman) the *man* in the moon."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 279a. (b) See Mouse.

MANET, *Qui manet in charitate in Deo manet* (Y. 93c) see 1 John iv. 16.

MANKIN, "are you *mankin* now" (J. 28b), furious, fierce, mad. "Come away, . . . she is *mankine*."—Udall, *Roister Doister* (c. 1553), iv. 8 [*Works* (E.E.D.S.), 99b].

MANNED, "with harlots, and varlets, and bauds he is *manned*" (M. 141c), waited on, attended by; the usage dates back to 1122. cf. "to *man* a ship."

MARIGOLD, see Kitchen herbs.

MARK, "a lap of a thousand *marks*" (H. 264b), a money of account, value 13s. 4d.: see other volumes of this series.

MARROW BONE, see Whistle.

MASE, "wonderfully to *mase*" (M. 201d), wonder, feel confused or perplexed.

MASHIP, "much good do it his *maship*" (J. 41a), mastership: "apparently the abbreviated form (at least when used in writing) implied disrespect" (O.E.D.). "How vainely you snap . . . now at our Masterships; now at our *Maships*."—Jewell, *Def. Apol.* (1567-9), 412 (1611).

MAST, "set her out to *mast*" (M. 195c), to fatten on beech-nuts, oak-apples, and chestnuts.

MASTERS, "farewell, *my masters*" (Y. 98d). Charity is addressing the audience.

MASTERSHIP, "your *mastership* to scorn" (M. 159b), see Maship.

MATCH, "a shilling by this *match* I have got" (M. 198c.), i.e., by the change of hens for capons.

MAUGRE, "in *maugre your beard*" (M. 189c), in the original *in manger your bearde*, which is obviously corrupt. The suggested reading has this difficulty: "in" is superfluous, but redundancy is frequent in this play. The meaning would otherwise be clear: Misogonus avers he will keep his boon companions, and allow them to continue sponging on him, *maugre* his father's *beard* (=notwithstanding all he can or will do), a very common and varied locution—*maugre* (a person's) teeth, head, cheeks, eyes, face, heart, will, &c., &c. Or, it may well be that the copyist (see Misogonus) has blundered by mistaking *manger your beard* for *mangery or beard* (=luxurious eating, the fare usually associated with banqueting and festivities, and the coarser meat of inferior joints—or as the Americans say, "chicken-fixin's v. common doings"). Again, *beard* may be meant as a variant of *board*, but this is hardly probable. The following quotations illustrate, in part, the various readings, and a decision textually must be left to the individual student. "*Maugre myn heed*, I muste have tolde her or be

deed."—Chaucer, *Dethe of Blaunche*, 1201. "I shall abide in England *maugre your heart*."—Bale, *K. John* (c. 1550), *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 177c. "Thy *mangerie* is mingit all with cair."—Henryson, *Mor. Fab.* II. xxvii. The *beards* of oxen, swine, &c. (See O.E.D.)

MAUNDS, "in my *maunds*" (M. 198b), baskets. "Like as a partrich in a *maunde*, so is the hest of the proude."—Coverdale, *Ecclus.* (1535), xi. 30.

MAW (M. 178a), an old card game: see Ruff.

MAYOR OF LONDON (Y. 100b), an anachronism seemingly, for the title of *Lord Mayor* was granted by Edward III. as early as 1354.

MEAL'S-MEAT, "I had not a good *meal's-meat* this week" (J. 8b), repast, the food eaten at a meal. "But yt be a *melys mete*."—*Sir Cleges* (c. 1410), 347.

MEAN, "neither treble nor *mean*" (H. 254b), the tenor and alto parts and the tenor clef—intermediate between the treble and base: this example is earlier by at least forty years than the leading quotation in the O.E.D.

MEASLES, (M. 218a), leprosy, scurvy.

MEASURE, "a fool can keep no *measure*" (M. 147a), observe moderation, exercise restraint.

MEAT, "as full of knavery as an egg is full of *meat*" (M. 150b), replete, as full as may be.

MEATED, "as much need to be *meated* as you" (J. 36a), fed, supplied with food. "Good husbandry *meateth* his friend and the poor."—Tusser, *Husb.* (1573), 139 (1898).

MEED, see Sorrow.

MEGRIM (M. 218b), low spirits, melancholy, headache.

MELL, "with me to *mell*" (J. 13c)—"the time that we did *mell*" (A. 126d)—"wise men will not *mell*" (H. 271b), interfere, meddle, contend.

'MEMBRE[N]CE (M. 228d), remembrance: possibly the scribe omitted to ear-mark the "e" for the "n" now restored.

MEMORANDUM (M. 206*d*), memory.

MENDATION (H. 264*a*), falsehood, lying, mendacity.

MERCHANT, "ye saucy *merchant*" (J. 80*d*), fellow : half contemptuously familiar : see also M. 143*d*.

MERRYGREEK, "it's a good *merrygreek*" (M. 177*d*), madcap, rascal, rogue : see *Roister Doister*.

MERRY PIN, "on a *merry pin*" (T. 313*d*), good spirits, merry frame of mind : Chaucer has a variant, the earliest recorded, "By my fader kyn Youre herte hangeth on a *ioly pyn*" (*Merch. Tale*, 272).

MINIKIN, "my *minikin*" (M. 184*d*), an endearment. "A *minikin*, a fine mincing lass."—Kennett MS.

MINION, "have you found out your *minion*" (M. 175*a*), darling.

MINSIMUST, "old *minsimust*" (M. 196*d*), mumpsimust : here="Mr. Cocksure." Properly an error or prejudice obstinately adhered to : from the story of an ignorant priest, who had for thirty years used *mumpsimus* for the proper Latin word *sumpsimus* in his devotions, and who, the mistake being pointed out to him, replied, "I will not change my old *mumpsimus* for your new *sumpsimus*."

MISCHIEF, "there's no *mischief* . . . but a priest at one end" (M. 191*a*), we now say, "*Cherchez la femme*."

MISCHIEF'D, "I'll be *mischiefed*" (M. 156*c*), a mild asseveration, "the devil take me if" : cf. "with a mischief," and similar phrases.

MISERATIONES, &c. (Y. 96*b*), see Psalm cxliv. 9.

MISERS, "these *misers* within my father's tent" (J. 76*d*), wretches, miserable persons. "But without any watch comest to sleep like a *miser* and wretch."—Becon, *Works* (p. 172).

MISOGONUS, the text of which will be found on pp. 133–243, is in every respect a remarkable and notable play. It is extant in manuscript only, and forms part of the celebrated Devonshire collection, which also includes so many other priceless unique black-letter and manuscript rarities. The history of the fragment (for fragment it is, though a substantial one, little

having been lost) is shrouded in obscurity. It is not known whether the play was ever printed. The Devonshire manuscript is a copy made by one signing himself Laurentius Bariwna (or Bariona), and he endorsed his manuscript transcript "Kettering (near Cambridge), 20 November, 1577" (see title-page). Apparently "Bariwna" is an assumed name (Heb. = Pigeon-son): but the point of contact of the Christian name "Laurentius" with the scene of the play—"Laurentium"—may be noted. The manuscript is in vol. 8 of the "Devonshire Plays" (Folio series). These plays form a continuation of the Kemble collection, and they were bought by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, sometimes separately, sometimes in groups, to fill up gaps in the Kemble plays. The original manuscript is bound up with a transcript made in modern times for, or at the instance of, Mr. J. Payne Collier, and on the title-page of this transcript there is the following autograph note by Mr. Collier: "N.B. This transcript was made by a person not very competent to read the original, and it therefore contains errors.—J. P. C." In spite of this fact, however, the modern transcript has proved of the greatest value; the corroding hand of Time has laid so heavy an impress on the original copy that this duplicate has proved of the last service in restoring words, phrases, and even entire lines that had become indistinct, or otherwise obliterated and faulty. In the present text all insertions between square brackets—[. . .]—which are not otherwise attributed in the list of "restorations and suggested readings" which appears on pp. 416-20, are supplied from this source; and it will be observed that these salvages are exceedingly happy, and by no means few in number or trivial in import. Moreover, in turn, these "restorations" directly tend to make possible many other suggested readings that would otherwise have been by no means "safe," even if possible. In this last respect, Professor Brandl, of the University of Berlin, who was the first to render the play accessible to modern readers by including it in *Quellen*, has been very happily successful. It has been but seldom that I could add to his list: not more than a dozen instances throughout the play. In other respects, too, Professor Brandl's work, as a

whole, has proved, on testing, to be of the most careful and exact kind. Beyond a few trifling errors of the press—obvious even to the tyro—the *Quellen* text seems to be a faithful rendering of the original. Further, for reasons that will appear, Professor Brandl has well and justly earned the thanks and acknowledgments of students of English literature the wide world through for filling one of the most notable gaps in the catalogue of old English plays that have, during the last fifty years, been recovered and made accessible to the modern reader. For the play is, as I have said, a notable one in many respects; and its author, whoever he was, had a grip of his native tongue and of its colloquial possibilities that was of the finest and prettiest. In the matter of words and their uses, *Misogonus* seems to foreshadow much that we regard as modern, or as comparatively modern developments. This play will, indeed, be found a curiously suggestive and instructive study in the use of dialect; in the originals of baby-talk, clipped, and gutter English; in glimpses of formation akin to that of Bishop Wilberforce's (or was it Lewis Carroll's?) "portmanteau-word"; in what Albert Smith used to call "Medical Greek," or "the Gower-street dialect"; in its oaths; and in its grammatical peculiarities. Who was the man? He was, at all events, a master of words—I had almost written, a connoisseur of heterodox English; for, in truth, there seems to be not a few indications suggestive of a set revolt from orthodox and purist canons, both in the written and spoken word. I am inclined to think, too, he was—*must* have been—a son of Alma Mater: none but a University man could have "slung his mother tongue round his neck" so scientifically, in so Kiplingesque a fashion, or with so much precision of effect, either as regards his heterodox English, his unorthodox measures, or his manufactured rhymes. Few—I submit few—will deny the unknown author of *Misogonus* this meed of just credit when they have read the play, and appreciated the value of his manipulation of English, supported as it is by glimpses of a similar "at-home-ness" with French, as instanced by colloquialisms such as *do'lo'se* for *douloureuse* and *bon'* for *bonne*. It may, I urge, also rightly be surmised from these specimens of the quality of his

work, that he was capable of much better things. That he ever "climbed Parnassus' hallowed hill," or wore at last "the laurel boughs of fame," are questions that will probably remain unsolved for ever. The prologue, it is true, is signed "Thomas Richardes": so, presumably, he wrote the entire play. Of "Thomas Richardes" absolutely nothing is known. Fleay and others have assumed it to be a pen-name of Richard Edwardes—the juxtaposition of Richardes and Edwardes is "odd." Fleay further claimed that *Misogonus* must have been the play declined by Queen Elizabeth on December 31, 1559 (*Hist. of the Stage*, p. 58); and, therefore, that *Misogonus* is an earlier attempt of Edwardes', the author of *Damon and Pithias*. In the preface to that play Edwardes is undoubtedly strangely nervous about, and excuses himself for, some earlier effort which "did offend" by "juvenile sports." Anent which, the remarks under *Heartsease* (q.v.) are pertinent. On the other hand, as Prof. Brandl very aptly remarks (*Quellen*, p. lxxviii, "there were, in 1559, enough political morals to which Queen Elizabeth could have taken exception . . . we must always remember that many plays have been lost." As a matter of fact, John Payne Collier claimed that *Albion, Knight* (q.v.), was probably the play refused by the Queen on the occasion of her disquiet. To this Fleay demurs, holding that a play that was "stopped" would certainly not have been allowed to be published, whereas *Albion, Knight*, was licensed (S. R., 1565). Besides these considerations, there is always the question of date to be reckoned with. The downward limit is, of course, the date of Bariona's transcript, 1567—Edwardes died 1566—whilst the upward limit would appear to be bounded by the "'rection in the North," when *Eugonus* was born, he at the time of writing being "twenty and four," thus supplying two dates, 1536 (that of the Pilgrimage of Grace) and 1560, as the date of the play. This chronology, which is not so certain as would appear on the face of it, corresponds, of course, with Fleay's suggestion; but, equally of course, it would not militate against the Edwardes theory of authorship if an earlier date were found to be more exact or likely. Evidence of a kind is not altogether wanting to warrant a supposition that *Misogonus* may be

an earlier production than it is generally thought to be. But, as is usual in respect to questions of date as regards our early drama, the facts must be taken with all reserve, and with no disposition to strain deduction therefrom, nor with too much insistence on their value as evidence. The only really definite fact is, after all, one that turns upon an uncertainty: whether the words "to the tune of *Heartsease*" (q.v.) were really written to it by the author of *Misogonus*, as stated by Chappell, or not. The alternative is that he might have incorporated the words bodily into his play as well as appropriating the music. But this is, of course, unlikely. In support of the theory that the words of the song are part of the play, and not an extraneous importation, it must be remembered that in the case of the other "book of words" (see *Labondolose Hoto*, 193c) our author clearly provided his own text. If, then, the words "to the tune of *Heartsease*" were actually the work of the author of the play, it would seem to indicate that *Misogonus* is somewhat earlier than 1560. For this reason. There is a passage in *The Nice Wanton*, printed in 1560, but which was written before 1553, which seems to refer, in a direct manner, to these "words" (and in passing it may be noted that they are not likely to have been among the known interpolations in that play):—

Dal. O, good bróther, let us go,  
I will never go more to-to school.  
Shall I never know  
What pastime meaneth?  
Yes, I will not be such a fool.

Compare this with verses 1 and 2 of *Heartsease* (163c and d), and there will be found sufficient to suggest that Dalilah is quoting snatches of this song from *Misogonus*, the words of which are supposed to have been written to the tune. The inferences are obvious. Other internal references in *Misogonus* that might throw light on this question of date are as follows:—

(a) "Perhaps I would make him afraid with conscience, and duty, and *laws of the King*" (143d). Henry VIII. died Jan. 28, 1547, and Edward VI. July 6, 1553. If any deduction is to be drawn from

the *Nice Wanton* reference, *Misogonus* would seem to be a Henry VIII. play. But see *b* and *d*.

(*b*) "Hold your hands, stay, i' th' queen's name!" (160*a*). Queen Mary's dates are, *accession* July 6, 1553, *died* Dec. 1, 1558, when Queen Elizabeth *succeeded*. The inference here is, that if a Henry VIII. play, it was altered to suit representation when Elizabeth came to the throne—it is not likely to be a Mary play, for internal evidence shows we are in Protestant times (see *a*, *c*, *d*, *infra*), and yet the new doctrines and protests do not seem to have been so long established that they have come to be regarded as of the established order: there is still uncertainty.

(*c*) "I say a *De profundis* for her at th' old rate" (204*a*)—"Your prayers [for the dead] are but superstitions" (204*a*)—" [It's] popery to use fasting" (164*c*)—"A Bible? nay, soft you, he'll yet be no more wise" (174*c*)—"He is none of this new start-up rabbles" (174*c*)—"master is o' th' new learning" (204*b*)—"there's ne'er a day but I have her in my bead-roll" (204*a*)—"pose o' th' Bible book" (197*a*). The various "pointers" may be chronicled as follows: the *De profundis* at the old rate may refer to the usage of the Church (*a*) prior to the Articles of Religion "agreed upon by Cromwell, the two archbishops, sixteen bishops, forty abbots and priors, and fifty of the Lower House" in 1536; or (*b*) to the period between the foregoing and the signing of the Six Articles drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in 1539. *Prayers for the dead* as *superstitions* may refer to the clauses in the first-named "Articles" which enacted that "prayers might be offered to the saints for their intercession, but all superstitious abuses were to cease . . . that it was good to pray for departed souls, and to have masses and exequies said for them, but the Scriptures having neither declared in what place they were, nor what torments they suffered, that was uncertain, and was to be left to God—therefore all the abuses of the Pope's pardons, or saying masses in such or such places, or before such images, were to be put away": a similar injunction was emphasised in the Book of Religion, published in 1540, the changes not being so great as to render it necessary to reprint the Missals or Breviaries, and the old books were still made use of. *It's*

*popery to use fasting*: fasting is first directly referred to in the Book of Religion (1540), where it was set forth that "fasting and the other fruits of penance were good works, but of an inferior nature to justice and the other virtues." The reference to the *Bible* and '*posing on the Bible book*' in all probability referred to the Great Bible, published in 1539: the Genevan Bible was not issued till 1560. "*The new start-up rabbles*," considering the pro-reformation character of the play, cannot, with consistency, refer to the moderate reformers, and the term would probably be more applicable to the extreme section, the Anabaptists, who began to make headway in England about the same date (1540-9). *The new learning*: this phrase, to denote the doctrines of the reformers, was used as early as 1530 by Bishop Latimer, and so was likely to have filtered through into common parlance within a few years. "*Pose on the Bible book*": a change in the form of oath took place in 1550, up to which time the formula concluded with "so help me God and all saints." The general conclusion as to date, drawn from the foregoing allusions, seems to point to a period between 1540 and 1553, when Henry VIII. died: this corresponds with the *Nice Wanton* allusion.

(d) "men to *serve a prince well able*" (196b): see *a* and *b supra*.

(e) "*Will Summer*" (212c, *et passim*): the mention of this favourite jester of Henry VIII.'s as a generic nickname might seem to argue for a later date were it not that much earlier than this period Somer the "sot" (Heywood) was from his unique position the target of all lances. There are other references, but none so explicit as these, save that already referred to as constituting the hitherto accepted date of *Misogonus*—"the rising 'rection i' th' north," and Alison's conjecture therefrom that Eugonus was "twenty and four" years old (231 c and d). Against this may be set Philogonus' statement (209c) that "it's twenty year since," a discrepancy which appears to have been unnoticed. The father's calculation would naturally be more dependable than the disjointed recollections of unlettered peasant folk. There yet remains the question of text. As I have said, Prof. Brandl's text in *Quellen* is,

practically speaking, a *verbatim et literatim* transcript of the original (but faulty) manuscript, which is worthy of all credit. My own text, though following the same manuscript, is in two particulars essentially different. The original spelling, in accordance with the scheme of the present series of reprints, has been modernised; but I have endeavoured, in every respect, to preserve the author's work, and have been especially careful to indicate what concerns the student by note, gloss, or reference. As regards punctuation, it has been necessary at times to interpret, and, truth to tell, although I have bestowed much and particular care upon both the modernisation of the text and the punctuation, the latter often misleading in the original, I fear I may not always have been able to hit the mark exactly: a few corrections and variorum readings in this particular will be found *infra*. From other points of view the play is noteworthy. The "business" of *Misogonus* must have been considerable if the author's "book" was properly "studied"; the powers of even the "stars" of the day must have been taxed to their utmost. From beginning to end the primary dialogue and action is interspersed with a wealth of repartee, aside, and suggestion such as is observable in no other play of the same period or for a good deal later, not even excepting *Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Another fact seems worthy of mention as possibly showing that *Misogonus* was well known up to and after Shakespeare's time, and thus indirectly corroborating the presumption that Shakspeare had the play in mind when writing *Romeo and Juliet*. In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (c. 1597) occur lines that appear to be direct quotations or "winking echoes" indeed:—

"You twoo are pilgrims to Parnassus hill

Where with sweet nectar you your vaines may fill;  
Where youe may bath youre drye and withered  
quills."—*Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (Macray).

"... I never clime the toppe of that your hallowed  
hill,

... nor tasted once thos dulsume Nectar dropps,  
That now I mighte my verce indite with Poet's  
painting quill."

—*Misogonus* (135*d*), Prol., lines 9–11.

" There may youe bath youre lipps in Hellicon,  
And wash youe tounge in Aganippe's well,  
And teache them warble out some sweet sonnete."

—*Pilg. Parnassus*, 41-3.

" . . . . . [gifte] of eloquence and vercyfyng skill  
. . . Nimphes which haunte the springes of Agan-  
ippey fount

. . . [which] were wounte comicall rimes in Poets to  
distill."—*Misogonus* (135c), Prol. 1-3.

" There may youre templs be adorn'd with bays."

—*Pilg. Parnassus*, line 49.

" Yf any ask then, why I decke my temples thus with  
bayse."—*Misogonus* (136b), Prol., line 17.

" Return triumphant with your laurell boughes."—P.

" Thinke not I have the lorrell bowes, or Ivy berryes  
gotte."—*Misog.*, 136a.

And so with other examples:—"Phœbus' trees" (P.), "Sir Phebus lorrell croppes" (M.)—"deserving brows" (P.), "why this garlande her I war, not beinge Laureat" (M.)—"hallowed well" (P.), "hallowed hill" (M.), &c. *The story of Misogonus* is that of the Prodigal Son with such divergences from the parable as might naturally be expected from independent treatment. Philogonus, a man of substance, has twin sons born to him, his wife dying in their infancy without revealing that, for some unspecified reason, she had kept from her lord's knowledge the fact of twins, one of whom, the elder, she sent secretly away. The younger, "lapped," "nuzzled," and "fondled," grows up a scapegrace, and surrounds himself with boon companions; drinking, gambling, and whoring, to his father's grief and distress. So contumelious does he become that he beards his father, defies him, and tells him that as an only son he must inherit his father's lands and goods. At this point, through the agency of two old servants, Philogonus learns of the existence of the absent elder child, by that time grown up, a young man of twenty-four. Thereupon he discards Misogonus, and sends for Eugonus, so that in the end the ne'er-do-well has to subordinate himself to his father. Prof. Brandl points out the great similarity of treatment between *Misogonus* and the *Acolastus* of Gnaphæus,

published in 1529; indeed, his searching analysis of the play should not, surely cannot, be missed by any but the most superficial of readers.

*Corrections, Variorum Readings, &c. made and suggested by Laurentius Bariona in the original MS.* [Where not otherwise indicated, the following are Bariona's corrections of his own clerical slips. As a scribe he was far from accurate. The interlineations inserted above the line suggest, however, that he checked his transcript with the original from which he made his copy. This is supported by the apparent detection by him of some of his own blunders immediately he had made them; for he has drawn his pen through a word wrongly written—see *think* for *find* (176*d*)—and written the right one immediately afterwards. But the larger number of Bariona's corrections and his suggested emendations are inserted above the line. Those entries *infra* marked "(B.)" are apparently not errors, but Bariona's suggested improvements or variorum readings of the original text; those marked "(B.?)" are doubtful instances of a similar kind.] "If any ask then why I deck my temples thus with bays" (136*b*), (B.) the original ran, "Why dost thou deck (then some may say) thy temples thus with bays": cf. "There may your temples be adorned with bays" (*Pilg. to Parnassus*, i. 49); "Or why this garland here I wear, not being Laureat" (136*b*), (B.) in original "Darst thou this garland wear not being poet Laureate?"; "forth *at once*" (136*d*), (B.?) *at once* is inserted over the line; "*lascivious* lust" (137*a*), in original *licentious*; "his life doth lead" (137*b*), *life* is inserted over the line; (B.?) "*our* beginning" (137*b*), in original *this*; "Right worthy Philogonus" (138*d*), Bariona altered this to *Philogones*; "hath *ever* deserved" (138*d*), in original *always*; "'Tis the part" (139*b*), in original *a*; "how *much* my ability" (139*b*), *much* inserted over the line; "I will *answer*" (139*c*), *answere* inserted over the line; "my grievance" (139*c*), in original *the*; "A motherless infant" (140*b*), (B.?) in original *youngling*; "ne'er be *reclaimed*" (142*d*), *re* inserted over the line; (B.?) "*servant* Litur[gus]" (144*d*), in original *frend*; "how the noddy doth creak" (145*c*), *how* inserted over the line; "laid *on* table" (145*d*), Prof. Brandl's

reference is to this line (202), but I suspect this is a printer's error for line 201: at all events, the *Quellen* note is to the effect that in the original the *o' th'* (which occurs in the preceding line) is in the original *one*; "I dare say now, *everyone*" (147b), the *everye ech one* of the original text has been altered by Bariona to *everye choone*; "in kitchen *or hall*" (147d), in original *or the haule*; "what *care I*" (150a), *care I* is inserted over the line; "*some maidens*" (150b), in original *some* is inserted over the line; "*thou be his natural*" (150c), in original *be thou*; "I *were* fit for *that*" (151a), *wer* inserted over the line: *that* is *the* in original; "with the *best*" (151a), in original *rest*; (B.?) "*ride bayard*" (151d), in original *use*; "*draw your sword*" (152c), in original *drawe out your*; "*out of hand*" (153a), in original *in hande*; "*go to my wench*" (153b), in original *the*; "*And cause*" (153c), in original *come cause*; "I am, *sir*, come" (154a), *sir* inserted above the line; "By *th'* same *token thou* taughtest me" (155d), *token yow* in original: also in original the *same* of present text is represented by *some*, which, if the correct reading, makes *th'* redundant; "lest I be" (156a), in original *he*; "come again *speedy*" (156a), (B.?) *again I praye spedye*; "fought myself *liefer*" (157a), *rather* in original; "*beggar's brats*" (157a), in original *beggarye*; "in a *feme*" (157d), in original *some*; "pay for *the reckoning*" (158c), *the* is inserted above the line; "promised *me that you would*" (161a), (B.?) *promised to dust him* in original; "promise *ye the getting*" (161d), *the the* in original; "more *if I can*" (161d), original has *if ye*; "stand to *it*" (161d), original reads *tot*; (B.?) "*God's fish*" (162b), in original *Gods soking*; "None of *hus*, to tell" (163a), (B.?) in original *hus both to*; (B.?) "shall sing the *fr. e . . de*" (163b), in original *tenther*: Prof. Brandl has "*(frise . . nde?)*": see Note-Book, s.v. Sing; "*rusty*" (163b), in original *trusty*, and so printed in *Quellen* (p. 439, l. 66), although in his notes (lxxxvi, s.v. V. 66) Prof. Brandl gives it as he intended to give it in text, *rusty*; "Examples we have *plenty*" (164b), in original *twenty*; "laugh in my *sleeve*" (165c), altered by Bariona to *slefe*, why is not quite clear; (B.?) "How the *pickthank*" (166a), in original *pickepurse*; "*scrip and a staff*" (167c),

*bagg* in original; "tell ye vort, a went in right now" (170a), *ye* and *in* are inserted above the line; "is he well" (170c), *he* is inserted above the line; "*thoust tarry here still*" (170d), in original *thou shalt*, and *here* is inserted above the line; "*Cham a-hungered*" (171a), in original *I am an*; "I befool your heart" (175b), *your* is inserted above the line; (B.) "*Pardon, good madam*" (175b), original has *I crye yow mercye*; (B.?) "*think her an*" (175c), in original *she is an*; "*why broughtest him not*" (176b), in original *broughtes thou him not*; "*he'll come*" (176b), *heile* above the line; (B.?) "*grope a trull*" (176c), in original *wench*; "*and ne'er blan*" (176c), in original *and nere are blanne*; (B.?) "*I shall think*" (176d), *find* is erased for *think*; "*I'll have him now*" (176d), *now* is inserted above the line; "*could not thence get*" (177a), in original *away*; "*tables, or anything*" (177c), or *anything* inserted above the line; "*Nuncle, good uncle*" (178c), *Nuncle* is inserted above the line; "*give the priest*" (179a), *lett* is erased for *give*; "*motherkin a God*" (180b), in original *of God*; "*begin now to frown*" (180d), in original *for*; "*I'll not throw*" (181a), in original *play*; (B.?) "*Ery little wagpasty*" (181b), in original *When I was a*; (B.) "*thout be bonably cursed*" (182b), in original *shouldst haue bine first*; "*my parishioners*" (182c), inserted over the line; "*I pray he go*" (183a), *he* inserted over the line; "*when I fiddled the bell*" (183a), *me* is erased for *when*; "*the vicar will be next*" (185a), in original *wil lead*; "*I find it in my text*" (185b), *fetch* is erased for *find*; "*Trifle not the time then*" (185b), *then* is inserted above the line; "*he would brave*" (185b), *haue* in original; "*he bites like a cur*" (186b), *he* inserted above the line; "*my words will verify*" (186d), in original *would*; "*O, merciful Lord God*" (187a), *god* is erased for *Lord God*; "*What! not your father*" (187c), *not* is inserted above the line; (B.) "*she's of worshipful blood*" (188b), original has *a gentlemans*: Prof. Brandl directs attention to "*this gentlewoman*," three lines lower down; "*proceeds of pure love*" (189a), *it* is erased for *proceeds*; "*them that have need*" (190a), so in Bariona, *them* inserted above the line: in the original *tham*; "*how the drivell*" (190b), the original has *who the devil*: Bariona was apparently squeamish; "Did you e'er

*hear* " (191d), *here* inserted above the line; "*spite doth*  
*my mind*" (193c), original has *hath*; "*I had put her*"  
 (195b), in original *set*; (B.?) "*I wa'nt you*" (195d),  
 in original *warrant*, of which Bariona's *waunt* is a  
 contracted form, apparently altered to suit the rhyme  
*haunts you* (two lines *infra*), which he had changed  
 from the original *has yow*; "*some excommunication*"  
 (197c), *ex* is inserted above the line; "*Madge Mumble-*  
*crust*" (197d), in original *our Alison*: "*between our*  
*Alison and our Alison*," an obvious blunder; "*De*  
*good deen, master*" (198b), *good* is erased for *master*;  
 "*I pray thee*" (198b), in original *Custar*; (B.?) "*I*  
*have got at the least*" (198c), *I am sure* is erased  
 for *I have got*; "*what I speak*" (199a), in original  
*say*; (B.?) "*sheist mend it soon*" (201a), in original  
*showe yow*; "*talk'st of another*" (201d), in original  
*some*; "*I will tell you*" (203c), *you* inserted above  
 the line; "*It went to my heart, &c.*" (204d), in  
 original this and the preceding line are reversed and  
*it was read it be*; (B.?) "*mo can tell*" (205d), *moe*,  
*wives* can tell in original; "*might crave it*" (206a), in  
 original *speak*t (speak it); "*two thumbs on one foot*;  
*tut, she stood by*" (206b), *toes* in original: *she* inserted  
 above the line; "*had not begun*" (207b), *had like a*  
*fool* erased for *had not begun*: Prof. Brandl directs  
 attention to the ending of the next line, "*like a fool*";  
 "*might'st yet chese*" (207c), *haue* in original; "*me*  
*privy did make*" (209b), *present* in original; "*depart*  
*home for this time*" (210c), *hence* erased for *whome*  
 (=home); (B.?) "*My heart is even big enought*"  
 (213b), *would serue me* in original; "*he that told*  
*my father*" (214a), *he* and *father* entered above the  
 line; (B.?) "*crabtree fast carl*" (214b), *chit* erased  
 for *carle*; "*heist to that*" (214d), *to* inserted above  
 the line; "*while thou livest*" (215a), *thou* inserted  
 above the line; "*Saint Mary*" (216b), *mary* inserted  
 above the line; "*at one word*" (218b), *that* in original;  
 "*that I can help them*" (219a), *I* inserted above the  
 line; "*I'll go put in*" (219b), *in* inserted above the  
 line; (B.?) "*my simplication*" (219c), in original  
*sublimation*; "*dost thou doubt*" (220b), *thou* inserted  
 above the line; "*now go'st about*" (220b), *dost go* in  
 original: Bariona seems to have blundered in his  
 alteration and written *non gost* for *now gost*;  
 "*thought it to be*" (220d), in original *thought*

him; "to leave her changling there" (220d), *the* in original; "you know well, and" (221a), *and* erased for *well*; "as true, I know, as it had comed" (221c), *tho* erased for *I know*; "Praised be the Lord" (224c), *god* erased for *ye lorde*; "should either lie" (225c), *coulede* in original; "all thy teeth" (225d), *this* in original; (B.?) "thine own mind" (226b), *head* erased for *mind*; (B.?) "the Devil cast him" (226b), in original *the* (=thee); "did not tell" (226c), *knowe* erased for *did not*; "What's matter" (226d), *ha* erased for *whates*; "I were happy" (227b), in original *unhappy*; "are not we the needier" (227b), *we have* erased for *not*; (B.?) "Saint Swithin" (229a), in original *Bridget*; "by my master's leave" (229b), *my* inserted above the line; "a go-go-good son" (229c), *go-go* inserted above the line; "privy mark" (230c), *mark* erased for *privy*; "let's have some room" (231b), *some* inserted above the line; "what should we say" (232a), *speak* in original; "she has augrim" (M. 232a), *an* erased for *augrim*; "sent her gossips to [seek]" (232b), *for* in original; "i' th' honour of" (232b), *oth oner of* in original; "St. Steven's Day that year" (232c), *oth* erased for *that*: *year* in original reads *weke*; "a God's [name] home" (232c), in original *home a God's name*; (B.) "I will see that my father shall" (232c), in original *I myselfe for your paynes will*; "my son! my comfort" (233d), *my son* inserted above the line; "repent ye of thy" (235c), *of this* in original; "pardon this once" (235d), *this once* inserted above the line; "Ha! ye let them" (236b), *Ey* erased for *Ha ye*: probably the interrogative form is more correct than the reading of the present text—"Ha' (=Have) ye let them slip by ye? you hedgecreepers!"; "with cogging at cards and at dice" (237b), original reads at *coginge with cardes and dice*; "must be fain" (237d), *be* inserted above the line; "which on you can tell" (238b), *can* erased for *which*; (B.?) "put to thy need" (238c), in original *shift*; "rede" (238d), in original *have a read*; "among you can tell" (240d), *ye* erased for *tell*; "home I did fetch" (242b), in original *haue*; "all the blame in me" (242d), in original *to*.

*Restorations of mutilated text, suggested readings, &c.*

All words and passages in the text (pp. 133-243) contained within brackets—[ . . . ]—not mentioned *infra* are supplied from the modern transcript of the Devonshire manuscript made for Mr. J. P. Collier. The remainder—that is, those which follow—are the suggestions of Prof. Brandl in his edition of the play published in *Quellen*, except where otherwise attributed to the present editor, marked *Ed.*, or in some other respect differentiated from this general rule: *Collier* = Collier transcript. “I never climb[ed],” original *clime* (135*d*); “Actus prim[us]. *Scena prima*” (138*a*); “E[PELAS. CACURGUS]” (138*a*), *up* (Collier), *elas* (Brandl), *Cacurgus* (*Ed.*); “I loved him, then” (141*b*), *th* (Collier), *an* (Brandl); “[ . . . make many cries]” (144*c*), italics to Brandl; “[Ph]ilogon[us] . . . servant Liturg[us]” (144*d*), *Ed.*; “a simple thing, God [wot I]” (145*a*); “a fool’s coat d[oth wear]” (145*a*); “as a qu[erellous sot]” (145*a*), the first *e* from Collier, the rest Prof. Brandl’s suggestion; “in m[y ear]” (145*a*), *y* from Collier, the rest Brandl; “cannot l[ie]” (145*b*), *ie* is restored by *y* in Collier’s copy, and Prof. Brandl refers to i. 2, 36 (148*a*), “[a fool], he think[s], can neither lie nor flatter”; “makes me g[reat sport]” (145*b*); “What aileth thee, Will [Summer]” (145*d*), Prof. Brandl supports this by referring to the fifth line preceding; “[CACURGUS]” (146*c*), *Ed.*; “[Cacurgus]” (146*c*); “[And sheweth]” (147*d*), the italicised letters are Brandl’s, the rest from Collier; “[A fool], he think[s]” (148*a*), in original *thinke*, the *s* to *Ed.*; “[CACURGUS]” (149*a*), *Ed.*; “[Let] him taste” (151*d*); “[An observation . . . here]” (151*d*); “Scena Four” (153*d*), in original 4, *Ed.*; “[MISOGONUS . . . CENOPHILUS]” (156*d*), *Ed.*; “[MISOGONUS . . . CENOPHILUS]” (160*a*), *Ed.*; “[I would] fain know” (168*c*), *Ed.*; Prof. Brandl suggests *I should*; “[By his talk]” (168*d*), *By his*, Brandl: *talk* from Collier’s transcript; “[therefore fulfil my desire]” (168*d*), the italicised letters by Prof. Brandl; “[CACURGUS.] CENOPHILUS. [ORGALUS.]” (171*a*), *Ed.*; “[go when] I bid thee” (173*b*), the italics only are Prof. Brandl’s; “[Or from my] service” (173*b*), *Ed.*; Prof. Brandl suggests “Or out of my service”; “been your [leman]” (175*d*); “your [jester]” (175*d*); “[It] doth me” (176*a*), the

whole phrase as italicised is a restoration from Collier's copy and should have been so printed in present text; "on's merry [conceits]" (176a); "been for you[r] man" (176b), *Ed.*: you in original; "[To Misogonus] I have brought him" (177b), *Ed.*; "[Sir J.] [To tick] tack" (178c), the italics to *Ed.*; "[Melissa.] . . . fool" (185c); "[PHILOGONUS . . . MELISSA.]" (187a), *Ed.*; "[PHILOG.] . . . her'st thou me" (188a), to Prof. Brandl, who likewise suggests that *herst*=*botherst*; "[Out of my] sight" (188a), *Out* is Brandl's suggestion, of *my* being a restoration from Collier's copy; "maugre" (M. 189c), see Note-Book; "for God[']s sake" (190a bis), *Ed.*; "[Philog. G]et thee home" (193a); "[My] grief" (193a); "[CODRUS . . . ALISON.]" (195b), *Ed.*; "Heave slow, heave slow!" (195b), these four words (Brandl) in another hand; "puddings and souse" (M. 195d), see Souse; "[Codrus.] [It's a] good" (196d), to Prof. Brandl; "[I dur]st pose" (197a), the italics to Prof. Brandl; also "[Cac]" in the next line; "my cow with whi[te face]" (199c); "what comfort cans[t bring] . . ." (199d); *bring* is Prof. Brandl's suggestion: the points should have been omitted; "know'st me of [old]" (199d); "an I lay a[mayd] . . . . heap of ashes la[id.] [Alison. Wh]y, what's the matter" (202c), the italicised words are Prof. Brandl's; "so fine . . ." (202c), Prof. Brandl suggests *drest* as the missing word; ". . . [in my] . . ." (202d), *old frock*, Brandl; "if the fair be no . . ." (202d), *not ceast*, Brandl; "have me go and [seek]" (203a); "as 'screetly as some [of those] . . ." (203b). Prof. Brandl suggests filling with "in the (uni)versity"; "your son and heir was [sent]" (205b); "in no drunken f[it]" (205b); "woman to [Polona went]" (205b); "Philog. [By that] saying" (205c), *By* is to Brandl; "out of [my wit]" (205c), the italics to Prof. Brandl; "[Alison.] Fear you not" (208a); "[To tr]anquillity" (208a), the italics are Prof. Brandl's; "[My] mistress" (208a), Dr. Brandl's restoration; ". . . she sent away . . . . toes on h[is ri]ght foot" (208a), Dr. Brandl suggests "*The eldest* she sent away . . . . *He had six toes* on his right foot"; "if need shall re[quire]" (201c); "with a toast [in the fire]" (210d), *Ed.*: Brandl suggests "at our fire"; "[CACURGUS. MISOGONUS.]" (211c), *Ed.*;

"[Cac . . . u]f, leave such words" (213c), Prof. Brandl thinks this may have read "*Cacurgus*. Stuff! leave such words"; "[*Misog*. Tell'st] thou me" (213d); "[Cac . . . . th], know" (213d), Brandl's suggestion is "*Cacurgus*. In faith, know"; ". . . . [ye can, else . . . ]" (214a), Brandl suggests "Do what ye can," &c.; "[ISBELL . . . . CACURGUS.]" (215d), *Ed.*; "[*Madge*. Na]y, it shall" (216c), *Madge* to Brandl: *Na* to Collier's copy; "though I ne'er spea . . ." &c. (216c), Brandl suggests "speacifye I would [ra-r]a-rather"; "[I can] tell" (218c), *I* to Brandl: *can* to Collier's copy; ". . . [y] my great" (218d), Brandl suggests "By"; "[Both thing . . . g] past" (218d), all but the italicised *g* are to Brandl; the points and the second *g* should have been omitted; "[*Madge*.] What a wise man" (219a), in original *Is*, but Prof. Brandl has, I think, rightly corrected a blunder in the manuscript; "Wa'nt him [h]as been at Cambridge" (219b), in original *as*, *Ed.*; "was ne'er se[en]" (221b); "I give you good warn[ing]" (221b); ". . . [y] well restrain me" (223d), Prof. Brandl suggests "It ma[y] well," &c.; "[Cac.] . . . . ye do a godless" (223d), Prof. Brandl's complete restoration is suggested to be "*Cac*. If ye say it ye do," &c., and in the next line "Fare now well for this time"; "[CODRUS . . . MADGE.]" (224a), *Ed.*; "all thy teeth were [out]" (225d); "at last [shrift]" (226a); "thou worm-eaten morell" (226a), in original *woreton*: Brandl's gloss; "when ye [h]ad gone" (227a), *Ed.*; "[Codrus.] His 'membre[n]s" (228c), *Codrus* to Brandl: in original *membres*, *Ed.*; "Intrat C[rito] [Crito]" (228d); "[Codrus.] . . . be long" (229a), Brandl suggests "*Codrus*. Don't be long"; and in the next line "*Come* with a wannion": also the restoration "[*Alison*]" in the succeeding line: supplying "*If I wer[e]*," in the next: "[*Eugonus*.] *I must be*" in the next: "*Do you know*" in the line following: *Madge* in the next: and suggesting "*believe*" to follow Margery in the succeeding one; "she knows that thou dos[t] . . ." (229c), Brandl suggests "*dost not*"; "i' th' j[ail]" (230c); "he's twenty and fo[ur]" (231d); "I can te . . ." (232a), Brandl "*I can tell flat*"; "what should we say . . ." (232a), Brandl suggests "*say more*"; "[what's] thirty and thirty . . ." (232a), Brandl suggests "thirty and

thirty *mo*”; “thou wert all . . .” (232*b*), Brandl suggests “all *full of snow*”; “I were sent her gossips to [seek]” (232*b*); “in Curstmas [*week*]” (232*c*); “once a letter[’d] my pat’noster” (232*d*), *Ed.*; “thoust be a man one day, Cust[er]” (232*d*), Brandl in his supply note has “*Custer(d)*,” but I fail to see the why and wherefore of (*d*); “[*Eugonus.*] . . . . [u]se have I” (234*a*), Brandl’s complete restoration runs, “*Eugonus.* Full cause have I”; “. . . [and] lands” (234*a*), Brandl suggests “*On Sea and lands*”; “. . . [Nept]une’s rage” (234*a*), Brandl suggests, “By Neptune’s rage”: the letters italicised are from Collier’s copy; “. . . . not been ready at need” (234*b*), Brandl suggests, “*If thou hadst not been,*” &c., and completes the line by “such a fathe[r I find],” the *r* of “father” being from Collier’s copy; “that one me he doth be[stow]” (234*b*), *one* is a misprint here for *on* and the italics are to Prof. Brandl; “[PHILOGONUS . . . . CRITO]” (234*d*), *Ed.*; “What some[*wh*]ere he be” (235*a*), *Ed.*; “I ne’er yet that [meant]” (236*a*), and in the next line Prof. Brandl supplies “*ardness*” to complete it; [*Orgal.*] As fine as I see” (236*d*), “[*Cenoph.*] . . .,” two lines lower, “[*Misog.*]” top of page 237, and “[*Orgal.*] Marry,” two lines lower down—all these are supplied by Prof. Brandl; “Exit Miso[gonus.]” (237*d*), *Ed.*; “pardon me, a[n I] . . . .” (238*d*), Brandl suggests “*do miss*” to complete the line; “ye heard me but [lu] . . .” (238*d*), Brandl suggests “*lure*”; “. . . [If *th*]ere be any gentleman” (239*a*), *If t* to Brandl, the *h* being from Collier’s copy: the three points should be deleted; in the following five lines the italicised words and letters are also restored by Prof. Brandl, the rest of the letters in the brackets being printed from Collier’s copy, thus: [*Or any*] gentlewomen, [*In tow*]n or o’ th’ country [*That f*]or Saint Charity, [*Will have a str*]ay fool: [*One* is here on this stool]; “And eat my belly *full*” (240*b*), Prof. Brandl suggests reading *fill*; “and ye’ll ha’ me, or [he] . . .” (240*d*), *hence*; “[. . if an]y body [*will se*]nd their wenches” (241*a*), the italics to Brandl; “[LITURGUS . . . LITURGUS.]” (241*b*), *Ed.*: the second “LITURGUS” is inserted in error. The catch-names hence to “*Intrant Phi[logonus] et Lit[urgus]*” are, with one exception—viz., “[*Liturg.*] Why, I’ll

entreat" (242*d*), supplied from Collier's copy—all restorations of Prof. Brandl's; from the "entry of Philogonus et Liturgus," which would appear to have been intended for another and concluding scene, Prof. Brandl's restorations are those marked in italics, thus: "[*Philog.*] Will he . . . [*Liturg.*] . . . with, &c. [*Misog.* I *hav*e sinned . . . most g*rievously*, *Many*] times . . . [*Philog.*] . . . [*speak from my heart . . .*]." The remainder of bracketed words and letters in this passage are from Collier's copy, with the two following exceptions for which the present editor is responsible, "Will he, thinkes[t] thee," and "[*And*] now I repent."

MISSAY, "that shall thee curse or *missay*" (J. 68*d*), slander, say ill of. "Nathless her tongue not to her will obey'd, But brought forth speeches myld when she would have *missayd*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), IV., vi. 27.

MISUSE, "*misuse her not*" (M. 188*b*), abuse, treat improperly or cruelly. "Upon whose dead corpses there was such *misuse* . . . By those Welsh women done, as may not be (Without much shame) retold or spoken of."—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry IV.* (1598), i. 1.

MITHERS, "if I could catch the old *mithers* eft" (M. 214*d*), ? *mither's-son* (=mother's son), a very common phrase formerly. "Thryes thorow at them he ran Then for sothe, as I yow sey, And woundyt many a *modur sone*, And xij. he slew that day."—*MS. Cantab.*, Ff. v. 48, f. 127.

Mo (*passim*), more.

MOCKAGE, "answer in *mockage*" (M. 190*b*), mocking, mockery, taunts. "Spake it all in *mockage*."—Udall, *Roister Doister* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, 88*a*), iv. 6.

MOILING, "spend our days in irksome *moiling*" (M. 163*d*), toil, labour. "*Moyling* for a mite, and watching to save a pennie."—*Man in the Moone* (1609).

MOME, "Simple *mome*" (J. 9*a*: also M. 170*c*; T. 301*b*), blockhead, fool, buffoon. "A gull, a ninny, a *mome*, a sot."—Florio, *Worlde of Wordes* (1598), p. 81.

MONKFORK (M. 222*a*), ? *munchfork* (=eating fork).

MOON, see Man.

MORELL, "thou worm-eaten *morell*" (M. 226a), "jade": a reproach.

MORPHEW (M. 218a), a scaly or scurfy eruption on the face. "Whose band-leese bonnet vailes his o'er-grown chin And sullen rags bewray his *morphew'd* skin?"—Bp. Hall, *Satires* (1599), bk. iv., sat. 5.

MOTE (*passim*), may.

MOTHERKIN, "by the *motherkin* of God" (M. 180b), a diminutive of "mother."

MOUSE, (a) "*a man or a mouse*" (M. 182d), proverbial=something or nothing.  
(b) see Drunk.

MUSCADINE, "the best *muscadine*" (M. 172a), also *muscadell*, a sweet, strong wine, of Italian and French manufacture. "And I will have also wyne de Ryne, With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne, *Muscadell*, terantyne, and bastard, With Ypocras and Pymment comyng afterwarde."—MS. Rawl. (Halliwell).

MUMBRANCE, "my *mumbrance*" (M. 197c), remembrance: see Misogonus.

MUMCHANCE (M. 178c), a game of hazard with cards or dice: silence was the rule whilst playing; hence the name.

MUSTARD, "Why do men eat *mustard* with salt fish?" (Y. 96c), see Nash's *Prayse of the Red Herring*, III., p. 195 *et seq.* (McKerrow). Mustard sauce is still a common condiment with salt fish of kinds. "*Mustard* is metest with alle maner salt herynge, salt fysche, salt congur, samoun, with sparlynge, salt ele, salt makerelle."—Russell, *Boke of Nurture* in *Babees Book* [E.E.D.S. (1868) 172-3]. Here *salt-fish*=fish from salt water, *not* fish salted and dried, so that olden and modern customs as regards *salt* (otherwise "*fresh!*") herrings are not divergent: see *Materialen* xii. 81, end of note on line 119.

MUSTARD-POT, "the priest's hand is in the *mustard-pot*" (M. 180a)—"in the *honey-pot*" (M. 180c), Sir John has been winning, making it "hot" for the players; and, conversely, has "sweetened" his own luck.

MUTTERANCE, "as God shall me *mutterance* lend" (M. 203c), utterance, speech: a striking resemblance

—mutter+utterance—to what are known as port-manteau words; *i.e.*, words packed with more than one meaning—squarson (=squire+parson).

MYTHINK (M. 173*d*), methink.

NABS, see Habs.

NAIL, see Misogonus, *Corrigenda*.

NAM, "*nam a deo missa*" (H. 254*c*), Mr. W. W. Greg (*Materialen*, v. 50, note line 151), says "Esther is said to mean 'star,' and Hadassah (Edissa) 'myrtle' [Esther, ii., 7]. Whether there is any authority for the present explanation, whether it is only inserted for the sake of the rime, I cannot say." In the Vulgate the name is given as "Edissa" (see *Jewish Ency.*, vi., p. 132).

NAME, "he takes the profit and ye bear the *name*" (H. 280*b*), credit: *to bear the name*=to be in repute, either in a good or bad sense. "They have no remorse who bereth the *name*."—*Schole-house of Women*, l. 859.

NAMELY, "And *namely* the prince must needs himself apply" (H. 252*b*), especially, in particular. "And, *namely*, those that married be."—*Schole-house of Women* (1572), line 30.

NANTIPACK, "thou *nantipack*" (M. 207*a*), whore, harlot: a generic reproach: cf. "pack." Prof. Brandl glosses this *Anabaptist*, and refers to Bale's *K. John*, 102.

NASO OVID (H. 283*a*), see Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, 653 and 439.

NAT (T. 295*d*), not.

NATURAL, (a) "his own *natural* land" (M. 210*a*), native: *i.e.*, the land of one's birth. Rare in this sense.

(b) "what a *natural*" (M. 147*c*), fool. "That a monster should be such a *natural*."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), iii. 2.

NAUNT (M. 228*c*), aunt. One of many instances in which *n* is found prefixed to a word properly commencing with a vowel: *e.g.*, *newt*, *nickname*, *nuncle*; cf. the converse flexion omitting *n*, *adder*, *apron*, *umpire*, *orange*, for *nadder*, *napron*, *numpire*, *norange*.

NAVEL, see Womb.

- NEAR, "I will not come a foot *near*" (J. 28a), nearer.
- NEAT, "that old *neat*" (M. 215c), horned beast: a reproach, probably in reference to cuckoldry: cf. Bull's-feather.
- NEAT'S LEATHER (M. 233a), ox-hide.
- NEIGHBOURHOOD, "and ye'd any *neighbourhood*" (M. 227a), friendliness, neighbourly feeling.
- NEW, "all my sides be *new*" (T. 308d), i.e., the beating has produced a thorough change from a normal condition: the transferred sense as necessitated by the rhyme is legitimate enough.
- NEW EQUITY (A. 122a), see Albion, Knight.
- NEW EXPERIENCE (A. 123c), see Albion, Knight.
- NEW GUISE, "I shall one day handle him of the *new guise*" (J. 85d)—"it is of the *new guise*" (H. 268c), fashion, custom—"upstart" men, "new-fangled" dress or deportment: cf. modern "new woman." The word *new* is, in truth, used alike of the oldest and of the newest cant.
- NEW LEARNING, "master is o' th' *new learning*" (M. 204b), the doctrines of the Reformation. "Ye sayed that it was plaine, that this *new lernyng* (as ye call it) was not the trowth. . . . Ye call the Scripture the *new Lerninge*; which I am sure is eldre than any lerninge, that ye wote to be the old."—Latimer (c. 1530), in Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* i., ii. 119.
- NEW START-UP RABBLES (M. 174c), evidently referring to the reformers: see previous line and Misogonus.
- NICE, (a) (*passim*)=foolish. "For thu has played atte dice, or at som other games *nyce*."—*Childe of Bristowe*, 400.  
(b) see Niset.
- NICK, "*i' th' nick*" (M. 180b), at the right time.
- NIL, "I *nil* to count" (M. 225a), will not (A.S.). "Nylling to dwell where syn is wrought."—Ashmole, *Theat. Chem. Brit.* (1652), p. 117.
- NINEPENCE, see Shilling.
- NINE WORTHIES, "past the *nine worthies*" (M. 160c), equal in valour to the classical nine.
- NISSET, "*a little pretty niset*, ye be well nice" (Y. 104d), this should have read, *A! little, pretty niset*, &c.

A!=Ah! *Nicet* (or *Nisot*)=a wanton, a darling.  
*Nice*=dainty, desirable. See Heywood, *Works*, III.,  
s.v. *Nycebecetur*.

NOBLE, "I have lost a *noble*" (M. 179c), a gold coin  
worth 6s. 8d.

NODDIFIED (M. 182d), edified, with an eye on *noddy*=  
fool, simpleton, ignoramus: *Cacurgus* is poking fun  
at Sir John: see next entry.

NODDY, "how the *noddy* doth creak" (M. 145c), fool,  
noodle: "who nods (*Minsheu*) when he should  
speak." "Ere you come hither, poore I was some-  
body, The king delighted in me, now I am a *noddy*."  
—Edwards, *Damon and Pithias* (E.E.D.S., *Works*,  
6d).

NONAGE, "in mine *nonage*" (H. 257c), legal minority.  
"King Henrie died during the *nonage* of this Alex-  
ander."—Holinshed, *Descript. of Britain* (1577-87),  
ch. xxii.

NONE, "*none* my virtues" (H. 273b), "of" under-  
stood.

NOTHER (*passim*), neither.

NOVUM (M. 178c; 179a), in orig. *nounce* and *novns* re-  
spectively (Lat. *nonus*=ninth). Properly *novum* (or  
novem) *quinque*, a dicing game played by five or six  
persons, the principal throws being nine and five.  
"Abate a throw at *novum*."—Shakspeare, *Love's*  
*Labour's Lost* (1594), v. 2.

NOWN, "who cham his *nown* son" (M. 147c; 172a),  
own.

NUNCLE, "*nuncle*, good *nuncle*" (M. 178c; 228c), uncle  
—i.e., mine uncle: see Naunt. "Prythee, *nuncle*,  
tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeo-  
man."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), iii. 6.

NUR[s]LING, "*nur[s]ling* him with liberty" (M. 141a),  
nursing, cherishing, bringing up, rearing—a diminutive  
of *nurse*: usually spelt *noursling*, *nousling* or  
*nouseling*. "Those mothers who, to *nousle* up their  
babes, Thought nought too curious."—Shakspeare,  
*Pericles* (1609), i. 4.

NUTMEG, "will ye have a *nutmeg* to grate" (M. 175b),  
*Cacurgus* is speaking ambiguously to *Melissa*. A gilt  
*nutmeg* (*Nares*) was a common gift at festive times;

but also *nutmegs*=testes. "My precious *nutmegs* doe not wound, For fear I should not live; I'll pay thee downe one hundred pound, If thou wilt me forgive."—*History of Jack Horner* (1697), p. 18.

OATHS (*passim*). For variety and force it would be hard to beat the samples to be found in *Misogonus* and other plays in this volume. The bare mention of the fact will suffice: the most casual search will reveal many; and there is no need for special glossing.

OCCASION, "*occasion* is . . . your subjects to rebel" (H. 274a), the passage is probably elliptical or corrupt; the sense, however, seems clear; viz., that "*occasion* is given to your subjects to rebel." There are several ways of restoring the ellipsis or corruption:—(1) *Occasion is*=occasions (*vb.*); (2) *Your subjects*=To your subjects; (3) *Your subjects to rebel*=Your subjects do rebel.

OCCUPY, "to occupy his laws to your behove" (Y. 93b), use, practise, perform, observe, carry out. "When the night is past . . . why should we *occupie* anie longer a candle?"—Marbeck, *Bk of Notes* (1581), 34.

OF, "bestow them of Joan" (M. 148d), on: cf. *on*=of. "He bestow a whole book of him."—*Marprel. Epist.* (1589), 60 (1843).

OLD-RIDDEN JACK (M. 207b), see Jack.

ONE-AND-THIRTY, see Cards.

ON'S, "lickering *on's* brain" (M. 154d), of: cf. *of*=*on*. "To be enamoured on a goot."—Lydgate, *Reas. and Sens* (c. 1430), 113, 4286.

Oo, "far than *oo* have" (M. 201b), orig. *how*.

OPPRESS, "the queen will *oppress*" (H. 282b), ravish, force, violate. "Fro the day that he *oppresside* Thamar, his sister."—Wyclif (1382), 2 *Sam.*, xiii. 32.

OR, "the client must pay *or* the lawyer assay" (H. 263b), ere, before.

ORDINARY, "if thou makes't a' th' *ordinary*" (M. 182c), ? a gambling game carried on at an ordinary. "Rafflings, *Ordinaries*, and other public games."—*Lond. Gaz.* (1684), No. 1950, 4.

OVERTHWART, OVERTHWARTING (M. 221a; T. 313b), per-

verse, contentious, unfriendly; to oppose, cross, thwart.

PACKING, "let him be *packing*" (M. 183*d*), be off, to depart summarily. "Will ye be *packing*, you ill-favoured lout."—*Trial of Treas.* (E.E.D.S.), *Anon. Pl.*, Series 3, 239*c*.

PAGINS, "her monthly *pagins*" (M. 137*c*), pageants: i.e., display the part played or acted. *Pes pagyn* playen þei þat hiden þe treupe of Goddis lawe."—Wyclif, *Serm.* (1380), *Sel. Works* I., 129.

PALL, "gold and *pall*" (H. 260*d*), rich cloth, such as was used for the robes of persons of high rank: specifically "purple." "Sche put on hur a garment of *palle*, And met the marchand in the halle."—*How a Marchant Dyd Hys Wyfe Betray* (c. 1460), 197.

PAN, "this bill is naught but for to *wipe a pan*" (A. 122*a*), to be used as "waste," or as bumfodder.

PARAGE, "noble blood and high *parage*" (H. 249*b*)—"base *parage*" (H. 273*b*), descent, lineage. "Ladies of high and noble *parages*, With whom he hardly scapeth great marriages."—Udall, *Roister Doister* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, 14*b*), i. 2 (c. 1553). "*Parage* is none thyng but honour auntyently acustomed."—Caxton, *Chivalry* (1484), 46. "Lordes of worthy *parage*."—Roy, *Rede Me* (1528), 61 (Arber).

PAREL, "my *parel* is so worn" (M. 216*b*), apparel, dress: the word was fast becoming obsolete.

PASSETH, "he *passeth* nothing on Rebecca . . . and much less *passeth* he on Jacob" (J. 6*c*)—"I *pass* not whether she do me praise or blame" (J. 7*c*), careth, regardeth, reckoneth. "They *passe* for no doctores: They mocke the Pope: They raile on Luther."—Ascham, *Scholem.* (c. 1568) I. (Arber), 82.

PATCH, "even like a *patch*" (T. 304*c*), fool, dolt, booby. The original "Patch" was Lord Cardinal Wolsey's domestic fool, whose real name was Sexton (Heywood, *Works*, E.E.D.S., I., 133*c*; 265*d*, s.v. Somer). The nickname "Patch" was derived either from *It. pazzo* (=fool) or from the patched garb or face: undoubtedly at a later date (see *Mid. Night's Dr.*, iv. i. 215) it became associated with patched garb (O.E.D.).

PEAK, "wander abroad and *peak*" (J. 31a), comport oneself dejectedly, mope, cut a sorry figure. "Yet I . . . *peak* like John-a-Dreams . . . and can say nothing."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), ii. 2. 594.

PEASE, "not worth a *pease*" (H. 262c), a common standard of insignificant value. "Alle that for me thu dos pray, helpeth me not, to the uttermost day, the valure of a *pese*."—*Child of Bristowe*, 370 (Hazlitt).

PEASE MOW (M. 195c), stack of pea-haulm.

PEEL'D JACK (M. 188d), a reproach, term of contempt: originally peeled or scalded by disease (see other volumes of this series).

PENNY DOLE, "we had *penny dole* i' th' honour of St. Nicholas" (M. 232b), cf. *dole-beer*, *dole-bread*: anything distributed in alms.

PENNYROYAL, see Kitchen herbs.

PERFIT, "I will be so *perfit*" (J. 19c), perfect: see other volumes of this series.

PERILLUS (H. 283b), Mr. W. W. Greg (*Materialen*, v. 59) points out that a "parallel is also drawn between Peryllus and Aman by Barclay in the *Ship of Fools*, ed. Jamieson, ii. p. 39-40"; and also that "similar legends are told of the inventor of the *guillotine* in France and of the 'maiden' in Scotland."

PERSONAGE (H. 258b), person, "figure." "Of what *personage*, and years is he?"—Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), i. 5.

PERUSE, "*peruse* this region" (H. 254a), survey, search carefully. "March by us: that we may *peruse* the men."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), iv. 2, 94.

PETTICOAT, "I'll pay him o' th' *petticoat*" (M. 157b), beat, trounce, punish: cf. "dust one's jacket." "I dare jeopard a groat, If he may reach them, will have on the *petticoat*."—*Jacob and Esau*, ante, 77c.

PHYSICARY, Master *Physicary* (M. 219c), physician: a usage unrecorded in the O.E.D.; properly medicinal preparations, in which sense Isbell may previously have used it (216c), "Some *phisicary* I'll seek." If so this example anticipates that given by Dr. Murray half a century or more.

PICKPURSE, "the *pickpurse* hath gotten my money" (M. 158d), pickpocket.

PICKTHANK (M. 166a), flatterer, tell-tale, sycophant. "He never denyethe His lordes resons, but a *thanke to pike*."—Occleve, *De Reg. Prin.* (1412), 112 (Rox.).

PIE, (a) "too high for the *pie*" (M. 163a), see previous line, "too low for the crow."

(b) "a little pretty *pye*" (Y. 104d), "chatterbox," "sauce-box."

(c) "*wily pies*" (T. 308c), cunning wily persons: as a magpie. "A *wylie pye*, and a feloe full of shiftes."—Udall, *Eras. Apoph.* (1542), 321b.

PILATE'S VOICE (M. 236d), a big ranting voice: in old mysteries all tyrants were made to speak in strident tones. "In *Pilate's vois* he gan to cry, And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), *Miller's Prol.* l. 16.

PILL, see Poll.

PIN, "not care a *pin*" (M. 215a), trifle: cf. "rap," "fig," "rush," "straw," &c. "But when he is to highest power, Yet he is not worth a *pin*."—*Babees Bk.* (1433), 93 (E.E.T.S.).

PINION, see Cards.

PINK, "*pink* and drink" (Y. 112d), to put home a rapier's point; i.e., play the ruffler, swaggering blade, or blood of fashion. "I will *pink* your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this."—Jonson, *Ev. Man in his Humour* (1598), iv. 1.

PISS, "Casting thy *piss*" (M. 216c), i.e., diagnosing by inspecting the urine.

PITTANCE, "I will eat a *pittance*" (J. 66c), an allowance of food or drink: as allotted to monks, or given as a "dole" in charity. "They have beene allowed only a poore *pittance* of Adam's ale."—Prynne, *Treachery and Disloyalty*, pt. ii., p. 33.

PITTER PATTER (H. 267c), in original "from pytter pat-tour . . . to tytter totur" (=titter-tatter, to rhyme with *patter*), i.e., uncertainty (as *pit-pat* steps) will come to unstability (as a tottery position).

PLACE (Y. 98*d*; H. 270*b*; 278*c*), see Aback.

PLEAD, "had *plead* but thy tricks" (M. 176*b*), probably to Melissa, who had caused Sir John to be sent for: thus the phrase means "I had *but to* (understood) *plead* thy adorning charms, graces, &c.—he'll come quick enough."

'PLEXION (M. 227*d*), complexion: formerly applied to bodily characteristics generally.

PLUCK, see Crow.

POLL, "*to pill or to poll*" (T. 295*c*), usually to pillage and strip, to ruin by depredations and extortions, literally to make bare of hair and skin. "No man ought to *poole and pill* his brother."—Stubbs, *Anat. Abus.* (1583), II. (1882), 30.

POPERY, "*its popery to use fasting*" (M. 164*c*; 222*d*), see Misogonus.

PORAILLE, "*alms to the poraille*" (H. 260*a*), poor (O.F.). "The *porayll* and needy people drewe vnto hym."—Fabyan, *Chronicle*, vol. i. (an. 1550).

PORT, "*with another port*" (J. 72*c*), manner of living: i.e., in better and more splendid state. "Keep house, and *port*, and servants as I should."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1593), i. 1.

POSE, "*pose on the Bible-book*" (M. 197*a*), swear, depose.

POST, see Cards.

POT, "*they shall to the pot*" (J. 77*a*), punishment, and (in an absolute sense) death. The suggested origins are that *pot*=(1) the melting pot; and (2)=pit, dungeon (Smyth Palmer): probably the latter is nearest the mark; influenced, however, by the former. A *place of punishment* seems primarily implied: apparently death or absolute ruin is not necessarily (but is sometimes) involved. "Vnder a *pot* he schal be put in a pryvie chamber."—Langland, *Piers Plowman*, 627. "Then goeth a part of little flock to *pot*, and the rest scatter."—Tyndale, *Ans. to Sir T. More* (1525), p. 110 (Parker).

POUNDER, "*pounder matter*" (M. 206*c*), ponder: the original reads, "*Pounder matter, well, if she should*

not knowt, who showlde knowe?" I take it that Philogonus is confused and unconvinced; Alison and Codrus are plying him—the one jogging against and interrupting the other—with their recollections of the affair. Codrus either notices a gesture of surprise on the part of Philogonus, or hears an aside of Alison's—the piece is chock-full of implied "business"—and voices the dissent by "Ponder [on the] matter?" and answers it. The original text and punctuation alike suggest this reading. Another reading—and it may be admitted as equally good—is, "Ponder matter well! if," &c.

'PPOINTED (J. 14c), appointed.

PRANK, "go *prank* ye" (T. 295c), dress up, "tittivate."  
"Some *prancke* their ruffes; and others trimly dight  
Their bay attyre."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), I.  
iv. 14.

PRAY, see *De profundis*.

PREACH, see Tyburn.

PRESENTLY (*passim*), at this present time, at once: cf.  
by and by=immediately. "Go *presently* make search  
throughout the city."—*Fair Maid of Bristow*, i. 3  
[*Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9, E.E.D.S.].

PRESSE, "put in *presse*" (H. 257b), i.e., these virtues  
conduce strongly to pleasure or happiness: cf. *press*=  
to urge with vehemence—"he *pressed* upon them  
greatly, and they turned in unto him" (*Gen.* xix. 3).

PREST (*passim*), ready.

PRETTY, "a *pretty* man and a wise" (102b), clever, able,  
strong, valiant: cf. "tall," "sfout," "by and by," &c.,  
and similar words which have changed in meaning  
somewhat in the same fashion as *pretty*.

PREVENTED, "and so *prevented* thee" (J. 74c), antici-  
pated, forestalled, got beforehand with: Fr. *prevenir*.  
"*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most  
gracious favour."—*Book of Common Prayer*.

PRICE, "of a good *price*" (Y. 101a)—"a servant of  
*price*" (Y. 102a)—"Aman is of *price*" (H. 270d), value,  
estimation, worth, or (as in last example) power.  
"Though virtue then were held in highest *price*."—

Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), v. i. 1. See also Matthew, xiii. 26.

PRICKLOUSE KNAVE (T. 318a), tailor, an epithet still in everyday use: see *Slang and its Analogues*, s.v. Pricklouse. "She would in brave terms abuse him, and call him rascall, and slave, but above all *pricklouse*, which he could not abide: wherefore having often forbad her, and seeing she would take no warning, on a day tooke heart at grasse, and belaboured her well in a cudgel: but all would not suffice; the more he beat her, the more she calde him *pricklouse*."—Tarlton, *Newes out of Purgatorie* (1590).

PRIEST, (a) "I would have been thy *priest*" (M. 150a), i.e., to "offer thee in sacrifice," to administer punishment, to put to penance: a very suggestive figurative use. "I'll be his *priest* that toucheth but a hair of him."—Chettle and Day, *Blind Beggar*, &c. (*Materialen*, i. 58, 2169).

(b) see Mischief.

PRIESTED, "if thou canst be *priested*" (M. 151a)—"make thyself priest" (M. 153a), to be (or get) ordained.

PRIESTS, "and all *priests* that be, may not live without charity" (Y. 94b), see 1 Cor. xiii. "Beholde nowe thou arte made a preste and sacreyd to doo this holye mysterye. Se than that feythfully and devoutly and in due tyme thou offre thy sacryfycce vnto God and shewe thy selfe irreprouable and without defaute. Thou hast nat loused thy charge of lyuyng but hast bounde the with a more straye bonde of discyplene and arte holden to a more great perfeccyon of holynes. Also the preest oughte to be adowned with all vertues and gyue all theyr exaample of good and holye lyfe."—C. of Richmond, *The forth boke of ye folowyng Iesu cryst* (Wynkin de Worde? 1520) Bv. (*Materialen*, xii. 73).

PRINCIPAL, "a *principal* of this my tale" (H. 259d), basis, main point, beginning.

PRINKOX (J. 85c), a pert, saucy youth, precocious strippling, "whipper-snapper": see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 5. "Your proud university *princox* thinks he is a man of

such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment."—2 *Ret. fr. Parnassus* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 9), iii. 2.

PRINT, "in my brain to *print* such abusion" (A. 131*d*), fix deeply, impress strongly: an echo of the invention of printing.

PROBABILATION (M. 228*d*), probability: see Misogonus.

PROFUNDIDITIS (M. 219*b*), deep or abstruse points, profundities.

PROMOTE, "he did *promote* thee" (Y. 100*b*), cf. "May I to Tyburn for *promotion* climb" (Taylor, *Works*, 1630, ed. Hindley, 9).

PROPER, "*proper* of body" (Y. 104*a*), well-made, handsome, pleasing, desirable of person: see Heb. xi. 23.

PROSE, "a great wise *prose*" (A. 120*c*), precept: a rare usage, but cf. Lat. *prosa* (= *prorsa*; e.g., *prorsa oratio* = straightforward or unembellished speech).

PSALMS, "shall he leave out the *Psalms* and his Pater Noster?" (M. 183*d*), Sir John in "cutting" the service had omitted the Psalms, which precede the Magnificat; also the Pater Noster (Lord's Prayer) which follows the Creed.

PUDDING-PRICK, "I care not a *pudding-prick*" (A. 127*b*), a skewer or pin securing the pudding cloth: hence something of little value.

PURR, "come around as a *purr*" (M. 176*b*)? It would appear that Ænophilus is referring to Sir John's prowess in the use of women—he has just referred to Melissa's tricks (charms)—and, if so, *purr* may = a one-year-old ram. On the other hand, *purr* may be elliptical for "*purr* of fortune" (*All's Well*, v. 2), the antithesis of "fortune's frown"; i.e., Sir John's coming will be as good as Fortune's smile.

PURSE, "sometimes for anger he will out with his *purse*" (J. 13*d*) ? offer, as an insult or jibe, to pay Jacob for his interference.

PURSLANE, see Kitchen herbs.

PUT PIN, "play at *put pin*" (M. 239*d*), or pushpin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately,  
A. P. II. F F

the object being to cross them: which sounds very like the modern game of spillikins. It would seem that the pins were also aimed or blown towards some object.

PYE, see Pie.

QUARKENED, "You'll be *quarkened* anon" (M. 195d), choked; properly *querkened*=(usually) to suffocate by swallowing: the suggestion is that Codrus will choke himself by his much lamentation. See Misogonus.

QUARTER-SACK, "I am able . . . to bear a *quarter-sack*" (J. 53c), a sack capable of holding a quarter of grain. "*Quarter sacks* were here [Cambridge] first used . . . men commonly carrying . . . eight bushels of Barly."—Fuller, *Worthies* (c. 1661), 156 (1662).

QUATER, "I come *quater*" (M. 176d), Prof. Brandl (*Quellen*, 661) says Sir John "comes fourfold (or makes the fourth), inasmuch as he—instead of prayer-books—brings with him cards, dice, and tables" (177c).

QUECK, "I catch a *queck*" (Y. 96a), "? a knock, whack" (O.E.D.): the only illustration is the one now under consideration. Is not *queck*, however, a variant of "*quetch*"=a shake, jerk, &c.; which, as a verb (to shake), is common enough, but the substantive sense of which (save an uncertain *queck*) is not recorded in the O.E.D.? Or may it not be an irregular form of *quake* (=blow, shaking), which in combination frequently occurs, though rarely used independently? The root is the same in both *quake* and *quetch*. At all events the sense seems clear enough: if Youth falls he will get a shaking, and may possibly break his neck. "The *quakes* [blows] and shakes of Fortune."—Feltham, *Resolves*, I. ii.

QUEEN, "*Queen's game*," see Dice.

QUEEN HESTER (THE INTERLUDE OF GODLY). The text (modernised in spelling and re-punctuated where necessary) will be found on pp. 245–287, preceded by two facsimiles from the original—the title-page and the

last page—which I am able to give through the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, in whose priceless collection of our early drama this “new interlude drawn out of the Holy Scripture” is to be found, being the only printed copy known to be extant. It formed part of the collection made by Kemble, the actor, a collection which was sold before his death in 1823 to the then Duke of Devonshire for £2,000. A full and interesting bibliographical account, together with a collation of this rarity, will be found in *Materialen*, V., iv–xvi, as an introduction to what it was desired should be a letter-perfect version of the original text. I have noticed a few slips, less than a baker’s dozen in all, but these are of so trivial a character, and so readily rectified by the textual critic, that they need little notice, here at all events: they are simply the lapses of the “human element” against which the only safeguard is unmanipulated facsimile. Still, in the event of a new edition of the *Materialen* text, it will no doubt be thought desirable to rectify these errors. “Substantial accuracy,” at which Mr. W. W. Greg aimed, has, undoubtedly, been attained; and, what is more to the purpose, his forewords are, in other respects, altogether admirable as a critical estimate of, and exhaustive inquiry into, the “What-why-and-who” of the play in every conceivable connection. I can only give results, or, at best, a bald *résumé* here, making due acknowledgments as I go. I can, moreover, add but little: Mr. Greg has left little for others to do, and even there has, more often than not, indicated the course of inquiry. *Date*. The facsimile title-page gives this as 1561; and there is every reason to suppose that the ducal copy is of the first and only edition (*Materialen*). The words “First edition” on the facsimile are in Kemble’s handwriting. *Reprints*. (a) By Mr. John Payne Collier in *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, part 7 (London, Privately Printed, 1863): 50 copies only. (b) By Dr. A. B. Grosart in *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*, vol. iv. (Printed for Private Circulation only, 1873): 106 copies only. (c) By Prof. W. Bang in *Materialen zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas*, Band V., edited from the quarto of 1561 by W. W. Greg (Louvain, A. Uystpruyst,

1904). (d) The reprint in the present volume, a modernised text of the edition of 1561. *Date and Authorship*. The date given in the only printed copy extant, which is also probably that of the only edition, supplies a downward limit, 1561: of other direct evidence there is none. Fleay, on grounds which Mr. Greg (*Materialen*, V., xi-xiii) examines and shows to be insufficient, pronounces for some time after December 4, 1561; and attributes the authorship to the same hand as *Misogonus*, and that hand Richard Edwards, the author of *Damon and Pithias*. Now, although it is conceivable that the writers of these two last-mentioned plays might have been the same person, it is altogether incredible that the author of *Godly Queen Hester* could have written *Misogonus*. As Mr. Greg points out, "the impossibility becomes still more obvious if we compare one of the reprints of the former [*G.Q.H.*] with the full text of the latter [*M.*]. The author of *Misogonus* has a vastly greater command both over his metrical medium and over dramatic realisation than has the writer of the *Godly Queen*." The two plays are juxtaposed in the present volume, and they can now be studied with minuteness and care. The force of Mr. Greg's opinion will, to my mind, receive ready emphasis thereby; and, in addition, it will be seen that another characteristic of *Misogonus* which I have treated at length (pp. 403-20)—namely, its wealth of diction and its octopus-like grip on the vernacular—renders the possibility of the joint authorship of these two plays still more unlikely. Another attribution of authorship is that of Mrs. Stopes (*Athenæum*, 1900, pp. 538). This lady attributes *Godly Queen Hester* to the same pen as *Jacob and Esau* (see *ante*, pp. 1-90), and seeks to show that the author of both plays was a Master of the Children of the Chapel, one William Hunnis. The arguments are suggestive but inconclusive; they are likewise much too lengthy to receive more extended notice in this place. Let us now revert to the internal evidence as to date as introductory to the latest suggested attribution of authorship as formulated by Mr. Greg in *Materialen*: I will merely premise that the canons he lays down, as necessarily governing deductions from topical allusions, seem to be of the soundest. Direct allusions

and topical intentions are pretty numerous in *Queen Hester*. Moreover, they all appear to be centred in, and directed at, one personage in the play, the "wicked lord Aman." Dr. Grosart was the first to draw attention to a close parallel between the picture drawn of Aman in the play and the "acts and monuments" of Cardinal Wolsey as matters of historical knowledge. "To no 'minister' are the allusions in the piece more applicable than to Wolsey" (*Materialen*). If Aman is indeed Wolsey, it follows that the play was written before 1530, and after the commencement of proceedings for suppressing the monasteries in 1524. Mr. Greg concludes from this that "we shall . . . be justified in supposing . . . some date between, say, 1525 and 1529 inclusive." Upon this supposition Prof. Bang, the general editor of *Materialen*, inclines to the opinion of a Skeltonian authorship—a member of the political and literary school or party of Skelton, *perhaps* Skelton himself. Mr. Greg agrees, pointing out that during the period named (1525 and 1529) Skelton was antagonistic to his former patron; and, although unable personally "to trace distinct metrical or stylistic similarity, yet there is, apparently, nothing in the linguistic or dramatic characteristics of the piece to render the date, or Skelton's authorship, improbable. He concludes by suggesting that another obvious but tentative attribution is to William Roy, the author of *Read Me and Be Not Wroth*: but differences here are distinct as to poetic style. In conclusion, I may add that Prof. Gayley, in *Representative English Comedies* (xxxiv.), without discussion, places *Queen Hester* to the year 1561.

*Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &c.* "That utterly none durst once *rebel*" (251c), in orig. the *b* is broken: Grosart has *revell* (550, l. 10); "*Quoqz, si princeps*" (252b), a contraction: the *z* is in original the black-letter *ȝ* = quoque; "for all *rules* and laws" (264d), in original *rewlers*: Mr. Greg thinks this is a misprint for *rules*, and, agreeing with him, I have adopted his suggestion; "the rest *divide* among his whole guard" (266d), in orig. misprinted *deulde* = *deuide*, to which Grosart corrected it; "we know right well the *lords* envious to be" (269d), in original, Grosart and *Materialen*, *wordes*: Greg (v. 55, note

on line 618), while admitting the possibility of a misprint here for *lords*, does not think any change necessary, but as I fail to see how *words* can be envious *one against the other for fee and office* (of course, the phrase *may* be elliptic), and that *lords* can be so inclined, I have preferred a corrected reading; "Sirs, tarry you a season" (272c), "perhaps a misprint for *Sir*" (*Materialen*); "*Is* that your grace" (274b), in original *If*; "men think at host, with them, &c." (276a), omit the comma after *host*: an oversight; "all that they said cannot be take or *said*" (276a), in original *sayed*: Collier read *laid* (=set forth, admit, allege), Grosart read *sayed*, and likewise *Materialen* with a note that Collier was probably right.

QUEEN'S NAME, see Misogonus.

'QUEST, "I 'quest you" (M. 221d), request: see Misogonus.

QUICK, "what *quick* cattle hast thou here" (M. 196c), living, in a live state. Cacurgus, true to his rôle, and hearing the cackling of the capons in the basket, has probably an eye also on "quek" (=quack). "A cantell of Essex chese . . . wel a fote thycke, Full of maggottes *quycke*."—Skelton, *El. Rummyng* (c. 152), 431.

QUYNEBLE, "it is impossible that I and wisdom should knit in one *quyneble*" (A. 131d) ? *quinible* (= "a part in music, one octave above the treble"—O.E.D.), as a rhyme to "impossible": i.e., wisdom and I cannot agree together, or "sing in tune." "And playen songes on a small ribible; Therto he song sometime a loud *quinible*."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (c. 1386), *Miller's Tale*, 145-6. "They finger ther fidles, And cry in *quinibles*."—*Image Ipocr.* (c. 1550), iii. 78.

RAKEHELLS, "rascals and *rakehells*" (M. 187b), scoundrels, debauchees, rakes "so bad as only to be found by scouring hell," or reckless enough to sweep hell" (*Century*): cf. "*rake hell* and skin the devil, and you'll not find such another": a common proverbialism.

RAPE, "I'll *rape* you o' th' rags" (M. 157c), Prof. Brandl glosses this as rap (? =to beat, strike), you *on*

the rags. I am inclined rather to think it should be read, "rape you of the rags"; i.e., dismiss from service and strip of livery. *Rags* was obviously generic (then as now) for clothes (old or new), for three lines lower Misogonus speaks of coats of "good Spanish cloth"; whilst the original *rape*=seize, take by force.

RATE, see Misogonus.

REALM (H. 279*d*), in orig. *realme*: note the rhyme with "redeem": it rhymes with "seen" earlier (253*c*). The earliest form of the word is *reaume*: the spelling *realm* did not become standardized until about 1600 (O.E.D.).

REBEL, "Principality with Equity doth rebel" (A. 128*a*), oppose, resist, contend: *equity* should read *Equity* in the text *passim*: there seems little doubt that the *dramatis personæ* included one so called.

RECOIL, "that soonest will recoil" (H. 261*c*), read *recule*, a very common form, for the sake of the rhyme with "mule."

'RECTION, "the rising 'rection in the North" (M. 231*c*), insurrection: see Misogonus.

RECTOR CHORYE (Y. 106*c*), the rector (or leader) of the choir. "To do suche thinges as they shalbe commaunded to do by the rector of the quere."—Yorks. *Chantry Surv.* (1546), II., 433 (Surtees).

REDE, "by my rede" (Y. 95*d*)—"wilt thou rede me" (Y. 98*a*), counsel, advise. "And where ye sat, he said full certain, if I would follow his reed."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle* (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., 3 S., 149*a*). "Therefore I reed you three, go hence and within keep close" (*ibid.* 133*b*).

REDUCE, "He may yet reduce him" (M. 167*d*), bring back from error. "Whan I erryd, thu reducyd me, Iesus."—*Digby Myst.* (c. 1485), v. 313: see next entry.

REDUCED, "when I am home reduced" (M. 234*b*), brought back. "God . . . shal reduce . . . you agayn unto the londe of your faders."—Caxton, *Gold. Leg.* (1483), 54, 1: see previous entry.

REJOYUCE, "*rejoyuce* your heart now" (M. 198*d*), rejoice: probably a nonce-formation, as Dr. Murray does not record the form.

RELIGION, "who *religion* subdueth to humility" (H. 272*d*), the church. See Queen Hester.

REMEDILESS, "*remediless* I die" (J. 27*b*), without prospect of aid or rescue. "Being clear *remidiless* from cure Of all my pains."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), III., Note-Book, s.v.

REMORSE, "some *remorse* on thee to have" (J. 75*d*), pity, compassion. "This latter grace, Sister, I crave, have thou *remorse* of me."—Surrey, *Æneid* (c. 1547), iv. 574.

REN (*passim*), run.

RENT HENS, "to take my *rent hens*" (M. 196*a*), payment in part or wholly in kind was a common feature of ancient tenures: thus we read of "rent-beeves," "rent-capons," "rent-oysters," "rent-salt," &c. "De cxi Rent Egges."—*Durham Acc. Rolls* (1366), 45 (Surtees).

REPROBATE, "Jacob was chosen, and Esau *reprobate*" (J. 3*c*), rejected, set aside. "The younger is elected, the elder *reprobate*."—*Bible* (Douay Ver., 1609), Gen. xxv.

REPROVE, "and flattering *reprove*" (H. 263*c*), so in original, but to rhyme with "believe" the equally common form *repreve* seems required.

RETCHLESS, "youth that is *retchless*" (J. 12*b*)—"retchlessly" (J. 20*b*), reckless: see other volumes of this series.

RETORUMES, "though I lack *retorumes*" (M. 201*a*), rhetoric (?)

RICHARDS (THOMAS), see Misogonus.

RIDE, see Bayard.

RIDES, "both *rides* on a mule" (H. 261*c*), the northern third person pl. in "s"; it is frequent enough in this and other plays of the period.

RIG, "better than any schemish *rig*" (M. 161c), wanton, harlot. "Fie on thee, thou ramp, thou *rig*."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle* (E.E.D.S., *Anon Pl.*, Ser. 3, 124a).

RIGHT, (a) "a *right* man" (M. 182b), i.e., undoubtedly deserving of the name of man. "I am a *right* maid for my cowardice."—Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (1592), iii. 2.

(b) "*right* now" (Y. 101b; M. 162a; M. 169b), just: American by survival. "Sufficing *right* ynow as for a day" . . . "The dede slepe . . . Fell on this carpenter, *right* . . . Abouten curfew-time."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1386), *Miller's Tale* [Chalmers, I. 29, lines 3629-3645].

RING, see Hold.

RINGING, "Is not this a jolly *ringing*?" (Y. 107d), a pr. par. subs. from *ring* (see 107c)=to fit with a ring, as the finger or a swine's snout: cf. *manacling* from *to manacle* (*infra*). "Ring these fingers with thy household worms."—Shakspeare, *King John* (1596), iii. 4. "The infinite goodness of God . . . is a *manicling*, or restraining his Omnipotence."—*Vind. Hammond's Addr.* (1550), 31.

RISING, see 'Rection.

ROAST, (a) "*roast* a crab" (M. 148d), see *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 3, 106c; s.v. Crab, 261a; s.v. Back, 251b and 252a).

(b) "to take up the *roast*" (M. 153c), apparently =to take the lead: a variant of "to rule the *roast*."

ROBIN HOOD (M. 149b), the name of the celebrated outlaw had long been proverbial for anything extraordinary: Cacurgus's "business" has led him to some grotesque "make-up."

ROOK, "some way to *rook* him" (T. 308c), cheat, deceive.

ROPE-RIPE, "just *rope-ripe*" (M. 156b), fit for hanging.

ROUND, "let me have *round* game" (M. 180c), straightforward, honest: e.g., *round-* (=honest) dealing; *round-* (=plain) speech; *round-* (=unvarnished) truth, and so forth.

ROYAL (*i.e.*, RIAL), (a) "I have won a whole *royal*" (M. 181c), a gold coin of varying value, from 10s. in Henry VI.'s time to 15s. in Queen Elizabeth's; in the reign of James I. the rose-rial was worth 30s., and the spur-rial, 15s. "A bag of *royals* and nobles."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 97a.

(b) see Hair.

RUDDOCK, "down with that *ruddock*" (M. 181a), a gold coin: probably a generic cant term. Usually *red-ruddocks*, from the poetical and conventional idea that gold was red, as harpers were blind, &c. Many illustrations are given in *Slang and its Analogues*.

RUFF, "*ruff*, maw, and saint" (M. 178a), an old game at cards: similar to whist. "A game at cardes called *ruffe* or trump."—Florio, *Worlde of Wordes* (1593), s.v. Ronfar.

RUFFLE, "I shall *ruffle* among them" (J. 72c), swagger, flaunt, "put on side." "One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons And *ruffle* in the Commonwealth of Rome."—Shakspeare, *Tit. Andr.* (1593), i. 2.

RULE, "here is good *rule*" (H. 296a), behaviour, conduct, procedure.

RUSH, "no matter a *rush*" (M. 203b), one of the lowest minimums of value: see *Slang and its Analogues*.

RUSK, "have in a *rusk* Out of the busk a lusty captain" (A. 124c), ? *rush*: note the rhyme with "busk" (=bush), "tusk," and "lusk": cf. "On betyth the *buske*, another hathe brydde" (MS. Douce 52).

RUTH, "great *ruth*" (J. 48b; M. 192c), sorrow, pity, compassion.

SAD, SADLY, SADNESS, "some good *sad* wise counsel" (J. 13c)—"sober, *sad*, gentle" (H. 258b)—"the Queen's wisdom *sadly* must deal" (H. 259a)—"wisdom, *sadness*" (H. 257b), serious, earnest, sober-minded or demeanoured, discreet—so also, *mutatis mutandis*, *sadly* and *sadness*. "My father and the gentleman are in *sad* talk."—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale* (1604), iv. 3.

SAINT, (a) "a young *saint*, an old devil" (Y. 110c), the reverse—"young devil, old saint"—was quite as common: the proverb occurs in both Heywood's *Proverbs* and *Epigrams* (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II. 27c and 177a).

(b) see Ruff and Saint.

(c) (M. 178a), *i.e.*, *Cent*: an old card game thought to be like piquet. The name is derived from the score —100.

SAINT ANN (H. 268b), whose day is July 26th; see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I., 30a; 101a; 106c; 220d: also *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (*ibid.*, *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 3, 105c., &c.)

ST. ANTHONY (M. 195c), the patron saint of swineherds: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I., 67c and 221a.

ST. CHARITY (M. 239a), see *Anon. Pl.*, Ser. 3 (E.E.D.S.), 132b and 293d; and Hazlitt, *E.E.P.P.*, I., 192.

ST. CLEMENT'S DAY (M. 232b), November 23rd: see Clemented.

ST. CUTBEARD (M. 198a), St. Cuthbert.

ST. JOHN'S FACE (T. 306a), *i.e.*, the conventional aspect given to the Apostle of Gentleness and Love.

ST. LOY (M. 151a), the patron saint of goldsmiths: see *Anon. Plays*, Ser. 3 (E.E.D.S.), 10d and 294b. "Thou malapert knave, controlest thov me? Thov shalt fare the worse, I swere by *Saint Loy*."—*Robin Conscience*, 153 (Hazlitt, *E.E.P.P.*, iii. 236, q.v.).

ST. NICHOLAS (M. 232b), the patron of scholars, whose day was December 6th: see a long account in Nares' *Glossary*, s.v. Nicholas.

ST. STEVEN'S DAY (M. 232c), December 26th, the festival of the first Christian martyr.

ST. SUNDAY (M. 182a), in humorous reminder to Sir John of his duties: subsequently CEnophilus swears by St. Thais when Sir John hears Susan Sweetlips is at the church, and is pleading hard to be excused from further play.

ST. THAIS (M. 184b), see previous entry: others, however, think it=St. Mathays.

ST. THOMAS WATERING (H. 267b; 276a), sometimes St. Tyburn of Kent: a place of execution for Surrey.—See *Anon. Plays* (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 1, 273b and c.

SALTER, "Our Lord's *salter*" (M. 216*d*), the daily office in the Roman Breviary or Divine Office, as distinguished from Our Lady's Psalter or Little Office. The decree of Pius V. imposed the Breviary, as it at present exists, upon the whole Roman Church, with certain specified exceptions. The Divine Office consists of Matins, with Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, and Vespers with Compline. The daily recitation of the Divine Office in the Roman Church is obligatory: (a) on all clerics who hold a benefice; (b) on all persons in holy orders; and (c) on all religious of both sexes professed for service of the choir. A remnant of this custom is found in the Preface to the Prayer Book, where it is enjoined that "all Priests and Deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause." The Little Office, or Our Lady's Psalter, is modelled on the Divine Office, though not nearly so long, and recited in honour of the Virgin Mary. In many congregations the Little Office is substituted for that of the Breviary.—(*Ency. Dict.*)

SANKE, "*Sanke that*" (M. 150*a*), in original "*Sanke yt* by my tosse," and probably elliptical=Thank [you for] that: Prof. Brandl, however, says it should read *Sanke yu* (=you).

SARVING, "where be your *sarving* men" (M. 153*a*), this pronunciation is now either dialectical or vulgar.

SATHAN (H. 267*d*), *i.e.*, Satan: an old spelling.

SAUNCE-BELL, "hear the *saunce-bell* go ding-dong" (M. 182*a*), the sanctus-bell used during the Divine Office (see Salter). Sometimes these bells were (and are) placed outside the church in order that the call to prayers might be heard at a distance, and also that those unable to attend might be reminded of the different parts of the service as it proceeded. This would explain the fact of its being heard by the revellers away from Sir John's place of duty.

SAY, "even for a *say*" (A. 125*d*), trial, taste, sample, assay. "This fellow, captain, Will come in time to be a great distiller, And give a *say*, I will not say

directly, But very fair, at the philosopher's stone."—  
Jonson, *Alch.* (1610), i. 3.

SAYSTOW (M. 220a), say'st thou : see Misogonus.

SCAB, "the *scab* with my mistress doth tupe" (M. 186b),  
a generic reproach. "*Pages.* What are yee, *scabs*?  
*Watch.* The Watch: this the Constable."—Lyly,  
*Endimion* (1591), iv. 2. "*Sir To.* Out, *scab*! *Fab.*  
Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot."—  
Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1601), ii. 5.

SCAPES, "can ye not refrain from letting such *scapes*"  
(J. 9c), misdemeanours—Ragan had presumed to sneer  
at Jacob to Esau, who, while reviling Jacob himself,  
resented a servant taking a liberty.

SCASE, "*scase* dry" (M. 146d), scarce: an old form  
(Lydgate).

SCATH, "done me such *scath*" (J. 74c), harm, hurt, in-  
jury. "To do offence and *scath* in Christendom."—  
Shakspeare, *K. John* (1596), ii. 1.

SCIENCE, "no such *science*" (M. 139b), knowledge.

SCOTTISH JIG (M. 161c), the meaning is obvious: cf.  
Irish-whist, Reels of Stumpie as synonyms; and  
"Scotch warming-pan"—a chambermaid.

'SCREETLY, "as '*screetly* as some" (M. 203b), discreetly :  
see Misogonus.

'CRETION, "lected for my '*cretion*" (M. 196b), dis-  
cretion.

SCRUB, "thou scurvy *scrub*" (M. 226b), any mean, ill-  
conditioned person or thing.

SEELY, "not one *seely* bit" (J. 25d), trivial, silly (q.v.).

SEEN, "profoundly *seen*" (M. 258b), experienced, skilled,  
competent. "Excellentlie *seene* in the Greeke and  
Latine toongs."—Harrison, *Britaine* (1586), p. 23.

SEMBLANT, "fair words and good *semblant*" (H. 252c)—  
"*semblant* to Saba the Queen" (H. 258b), likeness,  
resemblance. "Wept and made *semblaunt* of all  
sorowe and heuyness."—Fabyan, *Chronycle*, ch. lxxxi.

SEMBLATION, "speak without *semblation*" (M. 199c),  
dissimulation : i.e., in reality rather than in seeming.

SENNIGHT (M. 212c), week, seven-night: still dialectical.

SEVEN YEAR (M. 176d; 196c; 212a), an indefinite but long time: cf. "it's ages since I saw you," and see other volumes of this series for numerous illustrations.

SHAKING OF THE SHEETS (THE) (M. 185c), one of two very old country dances given (Chappell's *Old Eng. Pop. Music*, New Edition) by Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music*. It is uncertain whether it was originally a ballad or a dance tune. There is, however, an early ballad, *The Dolefull Dance and Song of Death: intituled Dance after my pipe*, which was evidently intended to be sung to it, and which begins with a reference to it as a dance tune. "Can you dance *the Shaking of the Sheets*, A dance that every one must do: Can you trim it up with dainty sweets, And everything that 'longs thereto?" &c. This ballad is in the Roxburghe collection at Oxford and in the B.M. MSS. It is found in William Ballet's *Lute Book* (Trin. Coll., Dublin), and besides mention in *Misogonus*, it is referred to in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary*, in Lilly's *Pappe with a Hatchet* (1589), in Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), and is alluded to by Rowley, Middleton, Taylor, Marston, Massinger, Heywood, Dekker, Shirley, &c. See next page.

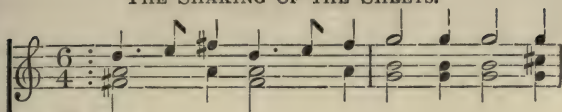
SHEEP'S EYE, "cast a sheep's eye" (T. 295b), to ogle, or leer: formerly to look modestly and with diffidence but always with longing or affection. "When ye kyst a shepys ie."—Skelton, *Works* (c. 1500), 121 (Dyce).

SHEIST, "sheist mend it soon" (M. 201a), she shall: see *Misogonus*.

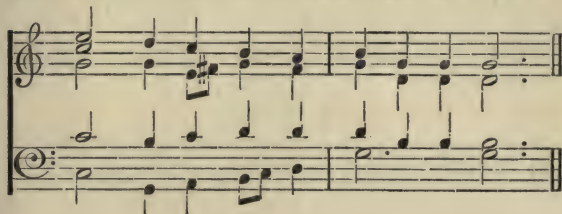
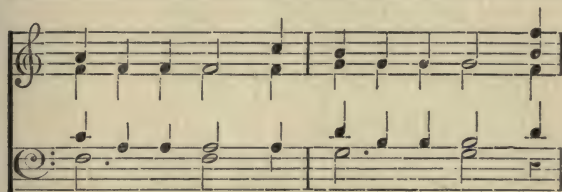
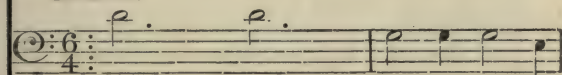
SHENT, "lest . . . I be shent" (J. 35d), blamed, reproached, put to shame. "The famous name of knighthood fowly shend."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), II. vi. 35.

SHILLING, "a shilling so soon to ninepence brought" (M. 182a), squandered money; proverbial in several guises—"to bring a shilling to sixpence, to bring an abbey to a grange," &c. "He maketh his

# THE SHAKING OF THE SHEETS.



*Moderate.*



marts with merchants likely to *bring a shilling to sixpence* quickly."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 66c.

SHOE, "*shoe the goose*" (M. 199a), to undertake futile or absurd tasks: cf. "it is as much pity to see a woman weep, as it is to see a goose go bare-footed"; and see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 377d, s.v. Gosling. "Who wyll smatter what every man doose Maye go helpe to *shoo the goose*."—*Parl. of Byrdes*, l. 225.

SHORT HORNS, "a cursed cow hath *short horns*" (M. 168b), proverbial: *cursed* (or *shrewd*)=badly disposed, malicious. See Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 27c and 350b.

SHOT, "partaker in the *shot*" (M. 158b), reckoning. "So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the *shot*."—Shakspeare, *Cymbeline* (1605), v. 4.

SHOTS, "a couple of *shots*" (M. 227a), young pigs.

SHROWS, "such *shrows*" (T. 293c), shrews. "In such a night Did pretty Jessica (like a little *shrow*) Slander her love, and he forgave it her."—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice* (1598), v. 1.

SILLIBOUKS, "twenty wo *sillibouks* together" (M. 233b), ? silly bodies: *bouk* (Chaucer)=*body*. *Wo* is not clear, and may be a mistranscription for *mo* or *who*.

SILLY, "*silly style*" (M. 135c), plain, simple, unpolished, rustic. "There was a fourth man in a *silly habit*."—Shakspeare, *Cymb.* (1605), v. 3.

SINCANTER, "old *Sincanter*" (M. 196c), *cinquantier*=Mr. Fifty-year-old: hence an old worn-out person.

SINK-A-PACE (M. 185c), *cinque-pace*, "a kind of dance the steps of which were regulated by the number five" (Halliwell): also "Galliard" and "Five-paces."—"Five was the number of the music's feet, Which still the dance did with *five paces* meet" (Sir John Davies).

SIPHORY (M. 222c), see Kitchen herbs.

SIR, "*sir boy*" (J. 19a), a mock address: cf. *Sirrah*!

SIR JOHN (Y. 107a), a generic title for a priest. Sir= Lat. *Dominus*=the academical title of a bachelor of arts. See other volumes of this series.

SIR REVERENCE (J. 41c), an apology on mentioning anything likely to offend or for which an excuse was thought necessary. "A very reverend body: ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, *sir-reverence*."—Shakspeare (1593), *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2.

SIRS, "What, *sirs*, above the sky" (Y. 95d), As only Charity "has the boards" with the speaker, this was probably addressed to the audience: the speech is obviously derisive. A curiously parallel passage will be found in *Hickscorner* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, Series 3, 158b), "What, *sir*, above the moon . . . Yet I keep not to climb so high . . . what and my feet slip I know well then I should break my neck," &c., &c.—the wording of the two passages, even to the rhyme-endings, is suggestively identical, and affords (with many other similarities) good ground for the generally accepted conclusion that *Youth* was actually modelled on *Hickscorner*.

SIT, "a pair of rings That shall *sit* to his shins" (Y. 107c), i.e., fit close to, or be sizeable for; but, *sit* may be a printer's error for *fit*; anyhow, the sense is practically the same.

SITHEN (A. 121a), since.

SKIPTHRIFT (M. 234d), upstart, interloper.

SKOGGINGLY, "some *skoggingly* feat" (M. 150c), properly *scoganly* (from Scogan the jester to Edward IV.) =jesting, mocking, scurrilous. "This *scoganly* pen."—Hall, *Works*, ix. 262.

SLACK, "judge me *slack*" (J. 46b)—"be not *slack*" (J. 47c)—"a little *slacking* may all our purpose let" (J. 54a), lax, remiss, neglectful, and so, *mutatis mutandis*, the sub. and verb.

SLÆ (J. 82a), read *slea*=slay.

SLAND, "the priest's *sland*" (M. 178d), done for, ruined, "cleaned out." "To save a paltry life, and *slay* bright fame."—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry VI.* (1592), iv. 6.

SLE, SLEA (*passim*), slay.

SLEEVE, "*laugh in my sleeve*" (M. 165c), deride or exult in secret. "To that I said nought but *laughed in my sleeve*."—Heywood, *Proverbs* (*Works*, E.E.D.S.), II. 71a.

SLEIGHTLY, "Jacob hath beguiled his father, how *sleightly*" (J. 66c), cunningly, artfully, craftily. "Men's *sleyghty* iugling and counterfeit craftes."—Bp. Gardner (1534), *True Obedience*, fol. 6.

SLIGHT, "by his *slight*" (H. 285c), see Sleight.

SMELL, "in case he *smell* what we have . . . begun" (J. 55c)—"I *smell* you" (T. 301c), detect, perceive as if by smelling: cf. "nose." "From that time forward I began to *smell* the word of God, and forsook the school-doctors and such fooleries."—Latimer, *Sermons* (d. 1555), 335.

SMUGLY, "a good *smugly* lass" (M. 161c), neat, spruce, trim: in orig. *smogly*. "Like a *smug* bridegroom."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), iv. 6.

SOIL, ASSOIL, "*soil* me a question" (Y. 96c)—"such questions to *assoil*" (Y. 96d), answer, solve. "To *assoil* thy question."—Heywood, *Works*, II. 119a (E.E.D.S.).

SOLD, see Wool.

SO MAY, "*so may* . . . my money go seek" (M. 158d), elliptical: *you* is understood.

SOMEWHAT ELSE, see Bells.

SOMEWHITHER (J. 81d), somewhere: the word has largely fallen into desuetude: cf. "anywhen," "some-when," &c.

SON, "a good *son*" (J. 43b), here used as an address to a male dependent: Mido is a little waiting lad.

SORE, "*sore* thy brains I will spill" (M. 184d: also 185d, 199a, 209c), with violence: also a generic intensive=greatly, muchly, exceedingly.

SORREL, see Kitchen herbs.

SOUDED, "my *souded* sow" (M. 195b; 198b) ? ringed, tethered. "*Souded*, consolidated, fastened" (A.-N.).—Halliwell.

SOUNETH, "the voice of Jacob *souneth* in my ear" (J. 66b), soundeth. Hazlitt prints *soconeth*, but the original as here given is quite intelligible: *soune* (*sowning* or *sowne*)=noise, sound (A.-S.); whence the *verb*. "Joly and lyght is your complexicion, That steryn ay and kunne nat stonde still; And eke your tongue hath not forgete his *sowne*, Quyk, sharp, and swyft is hyt, and lowyd and shill."—MS. Fairfax, 16.

SOUSE, "puddings and *souse*" (M. 195d), anything salted down, but specifically the ears, feet, &c., of swine. "Sending the king woord that he had prouided at his brothers manor, against his coming, good plentie of *souse* & powdred meat."—Holinshed, *Chron. Eng.* (1577), bk. viii., ch vii. I suggest the text is corrupt—that Codrus's speech ends with *souse*—that Cacurgus has next line, still grumbling, and that Codrus takes his "cue" again at *Ho*.

SOUTERLY, "the *souterly* thickskin" (M. 167c), low, vulgar as a cobbler.

SPARKING, "is she not a *sparking* one" (M. 175c), lively, brisk, gay, wanton. "When Venus is ill placed, she inclines men to be effeminate, timerous, lustful, followers of whenches, very sluggish, and addicted to idleness, an adulterer, incestuous, a fantastic *spark*— . . . if a woman, very impudent in all her ways; colour milky sky."—Bishop, *Marrow of Astrology*, p. 55.

SPECIAL, "take me for your *special*" (Y. 110a), intimate, particular friend or companion: usually of a mistress: see *Slang and its Analogues*.

SPEC-LATION (M. 218d), the hyphen dividing the word is a misprint, and an apostrophe should be substituted.

SPEED, "I can *speed* thee of a servant of price" (Y. 102a), acquaint you, help you to.

SPENDING, "if I have *spending*" (Y. 99d), money. "And gyf them some *spendynge*, That them owt of thy londe may bryng."—MS. *Cantab.*, Ff. ii. 38, f. 72.

SPILL, "he will me save or *spill*" (Y. 97c)—"spares not to *spill* both man and child" (H. 276c), mar, spoil, destroy.

'SPOSITION, "make a '*sposition*" (M. 216a), deposition.

SPRITE (J. 15d), spirit.

SQUARE, "*square* from truth" (H. 252c)—"*square* far beyond the mark" (H. 264a), at variance with, divergent from, wide of: *square* has thus, in its present meaning, "boxed the compass." "Falling at *square* with her husband."—Holinshed, *Chron. Eng.* (1577), iv. 8.

STAB, "ye never saw hungry dog so *stab* pottage up" (J. 34a), ? a variant of *stub*=to root up—to wallow in food as doth a hog in swill.

STAIN, "I will *stain* ye" (M. 180b), outdo, excel. "O voice that doth the thrush in stillness *stain*."—Sidney, *Arcadia* (1580), p. 358.

STAND, "he that *stand* surest" (M. 142b), see Misogonus, and cf. the 3rd pers. pl. in "s."

STARE, "get *strout* and *stare*" (M. 148b), brag, bully, swagger: hence *strout* and *stare*=to act the ruffian; *strout*=make a disturbance, bluster, put on "side," strut.

START, "they begin to *start*" (H. 261c), "draw in their horns," "jib," "weaken": see next entry.

STARTER, "he's no *starter*" (M. 182c), milksop, poltroon, "white-liver." "Nay, nay, you need not bolt and lock so fast; she is no *starter*."—Heywood, *If Ye Know Not Me*, &c. (c. 1604).

STATUTE OF APPAREL (H. 262b), a sumptuary law: such were of frequent occurrence in Tudor times, and were directed against all classes of the community.

STAY, "bring . . . Esau to a better *stay*" (J. 11a), state. "It were good we invented some politicke waie Our matters to addresse in good orderly *staie*."—*New Custom* (1550-73), i. 1 (E.E.D.S. Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 161b).

STEWs, "one of the *stews*" (M. 179d)—"at the *stewes*" Y. 113b), brothel. "All the londys and possessions That I have lying within the bowne Of Southwerke and of the *stewes* syde."—*Colyn Blowbols Test*, 166. See other volumes of this series.

STICK, "if I should *stick* with thee" (J. 31c)—"and *sticked* not . . . his father to miscall" (M. 136d), scruple, hesitate, stand out on insufficient grounds. "I know a younker that will ease you . . . That will not *stick* to marry you within this hour."—Marr. *Wit and Science* (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 4).

STILL SOW, "the *still sow* eateth up all the draff" (T. 308c), proverbial: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 27c; 196d; 440d.

STIR, see Joints.

STOMACH, "my *stomach* is lightened" (M. 142c), anger, resentment, pride, sorrow: cf. "he is waxed so *stomachful*" (141b)=arrogant, proud.

STOMACH CHEER (J. 35c), in original *stomachere*, usually =food, "belly-cheer"; probably in this case a pun is enshrined.

STOMACHFUL, "waxed so *stomachful*" (M. 141b), see preceding entry but one.

STONED PRIEST (M. 186c), a common reproach of a dissolute cleric: cf. stone-horse=stallion.

STONES, (a) "Alison groped vor th' *stones*" (M. 197a), *testes*. (b) See Hedge.

STOUND, "no more that *stound*" (J. 5b; 32b), moment, short space of time, occasion.

STOUT, "stand *stout*" (M. 140d)—"too stubborn and too *stout*" (144b)—"as *stout* as ye mak't" (235a), firm, proud, or overbearing, bold: see Tall (1 *Henry IV.*, v. 4). "Rifled Jove's *stout* oak."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), v. "So ambitious and *stout* to strive against Antigonus for the chiefest place of authority."—North, *Plutarch's Lives* (1578), p. 509.

STRAW, "not the value of a *straw*" (M. 141a), worthless, of no appreciable value.

STRING, "ye harp all of one *string*" (M. 242b), to repeat incessantly: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 384b.

STROUT, "get *strout* and stare" (M. 148b), see Stare.

STUBBERLY, "*stubberly* misusing of you" (M. 243c), ? stubbornly=persistently.

SUCCORY (J. 58*d*), see Kitchen herbs

SUFFISANCE, "in *suffisance*" (J. 66*c*), sufficiency, plenty.  
"There him rests in riotous *suffisance* Of all gladfulness and kingly joyance."—Spenser, *Muiopotmos* (1590), 207.

SUFFRENCY, "supported in such *suffrency*" (A. 126*c*), sufferance.

SUND . . . . . (M. 185*c*), I have been unable to trace any tune that would enable us to fill the gap.

SUNGIR, "let *sungir* lurk" (M. 163*d*), so in original, but the meaning is not clear. Chappell in the words to the tune of *Heartsease* follows Collier, and substitutes *lungis*, which Cotgrave explains (s.v. *Longis*) as "a slimme, slow backe, dreaming luske, drowsie gangrill; a tall and dull slangam, that hath no making to his height, nor wit to his making; also, one that being sent on an errand is long in returning."—Dr. Murray apparently accepts Collier's conjecture as probable, since he leads off his illustrations to "*Lungis*" by this passage.

SUPERIAL, "*superial* reign" (H. 249*c*), cf. "superior," "superne," "superial," "supreme."

SUPERMUNDAL, "*supermundal* science" (M. 218*b*), supermundane.

SURED, "Most drad soueraigne Kinge Assuerus to your doughty weyghty and sured, Of riches power, wisdom, vertue or noble bloude Which is most soueraigne, and of highest honour Me seames," &c. (H. 250*a*): thus in original copy, concerning which Mr. W. W. Greg says (*Materialen*, v. 49), "the second half of this [first] line is clearly corrupt, beyond, I fear, all chance of restoration. . . The sense is difficult to recover." But may we not, without insisting overmuch on the many and obvious corruptions of the text of this play, or overstraining the fact of its frequently elliptical nature, assume the "face-value" of the words almost as they stand? I have, in punctuating the text, ventured to interpret; and I am hardly prepared to go so far as to label it as "corrupt beyond all chances of restoration," or that "something *must* (the italic is mine) also

have been omitted" (*sic*). Thus: *your* I take to be a misprint or meant for *you*, and with its transfer, for the sake of making quite clear the suggested reading, to another part of the sentence, the meaning is apparently not quite obscure—"Most dread sovereign, King Assuerus, doughty (=strong, brave), weighty (=entitled to speak on account of experience, ability, and character), and sured (=assured, established in all that pertains to the kingly dignity and prerogatives), which—of riches, power, wisdom, virtue, or noble blood—is (=seems, appears) to you most sovereign (=most excellent) and of highest honour?" Then comes the perfectly intelligible and direct reply of *Primus Generosus* himself. Moreover, the "counsel" of *Secundus Generosus* and *Tertius Generosus* continues on the same lines.

SUSIS (H. 286c), the Shushan of the Authorised Version: see *Neh.* i. 1, and *Esther* ii. 8, iii. 15.

SUSUKES, "Wert not longe of the *susukes* that I went not to my master" (M. 226a), so in original, which Prof. Brandl glosses "because of the young pigs." But is not Isbell bullyragging Madge for forestalling her, and amongst other choice terms of abuse calls her a *susukes* (or *susucks*)=swilltub? *Suss*=to swill as a hog; that *the*=*thee* is clear from the next line, "long of me? thou liest!"

SWAD, see Swibbold.

SWADDLE, "I'll *swaddle* your skin" (M. 159c)—"*swaddle* you with a cord" (M. 172d), beat, trounce, belabour. "Hee bangde, belammed, thumped, *swadled* her."—Cotgrave, *Dict.* (1611), s.v. Chaperon.

SWAIN, "the elder must now serve the younger as his *swain*" (J. 71c), herdsman, servant: usually a youth not yet an esquire, but often used loosely for anyone not a knight. "Knightes, *swaines*, levedies beld, Maden crud hem to biheld."—*Arthour and Merlin* (c. 1400), p. 204.

SWIBBOLD SWAD (M. 160b), drunken lout. *Swibbold*=swill-bowl. "Three drunken *swads* that kept the castell thought that this showt was nought else but a dreame."—Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland* (1534). "Lucious Cotta . . . was taken for the greatest

*swielbolle* of wine in the woorldē."—Udall, *Erasmus's Apophth.* (1542).

SYMPPLICATION, "to my *symplication*" (M. 219c), supplication: see Misogonus.

TABLE, "paint your words in a *table*" (T. 317d), table-book, originally a surface upon which writing could be made; whence a note-book or memorandum book. "Written . . . not on *tables* of stone, but on fleshly *tables* of the heart."—2 *Corinth.* iii. 3. "His master's old *tables*, his note-book, his counsel-keeper."—Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), ii. 4.

TABLES, "at cards, dice, or *tables*" (M. 174c and 177c), backgammon or draughts, or indeed any game played with the table and dice: see Halliwell, Nares, s.v. Tables.

TACKLING, "let us stick to our *tackling*" (M. 178b), i.e., be firm: also "to stick to one's tackle."

TAKE, "cannot be *take* or said" (H. 276a), taken = *y-take*.

TALENT, see Cicle.

TALE OF A TUB (M. 214b), nonsense, fooling, absurdity: the phrase is common enough—see Bale, *Three Laws*; Heywood, *Proverbs*; Wit and Science, all in this series.

TALEON, "on *Taleon* ground" (M. 201b), Italian.

TALL, "*tall* man as I am" (A. 120b)—"like a *tall* fellow" (M. 197b), valiant, brave, obedient, comely, lusty: generic for worth—*tall* (=seemly prayers; *tall* (=valiant) man; *tall* (=fine) English; *tall* (=courageous) spirit, and so forth.

TASTE, "to *taste* our message" (A. 123a), try, prove, test, proceed to act. "I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle And *tast* it wel, and ston thou shalt it find Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 15,970. "*Sir To. Taste* your legs, sir; put them to motion. *Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me *taste* my legs."—Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night* (1602), iii. 1. 80.

TAUNTS, "thy husband here *taunts* of my wife" (M. 203*c*), is importunate concerning.

TEG, "to kill hare, *teg*, or doe" (8*c*), young deer: specifically a doe in the second year.

TENDER, "did fatherly *tender*" (M. 140*b*), tend, cherish, hold dear.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS (H. 274*c*), see *Esther*, iii. 9.

'TENTION, "always some '*tention*" (M. 200*d*), intention.

TESTIFICATS (M. 228*c*), evidence: properly a solemn written assertion, formerly used in judicial procedure, but not given under oath.

TETRAGRAMMATON, "by *tetragrammaton*" (M. 184*c*), an oath: the sacred Hebrew name of J.H.V.H.

TETTER (M. 218*a*), a name vaguely given to several cutaneous diseases: properly of herpes.

THANK, (a), "ye will con me *thank*" (Y. 112*d*), give thanks: see *infra* (b). "I believe he will con thee little *thank* for it."—Nashe, *Pierce Pennilesse*.

(b) "no *thank* at his hand" (J. 35*d*), formerly as common in the singular as now exclusively met with in the plural.

THEE, "though thou never *thee*" (A. 132*a*)—"we would he should never *thee*" (H. 268*b*), thrive: see other volumes of this series.

THEIR, "a motherless infant of *their* courtesy left" (M. 140*b*), *i.e.* the Fates: see two lines *supra*.

THEST, "*thest* go" (M. 181*c*), they shall: see Misogonus.

THEYST, "*theyst* do thee no wrong" (M. 182*a*), they shall: see Misogonus.

THICK, see Thin.

THIN, "go through *thin* and *thick*" (A. 127*b*), the reverse is the usual form of this colloquialism, at least in modern days. "[Fiends will not cease] for *thin* ne *thik*."—Gaytrigg, *Relig. Pieces* (1359), 99 (E.E.T.S.).

THIRDBOROUGH (M. 229*b*), constable. "I know my remedy, I must go fetch the *third-borough*."—Shakespeare, *Taming of Shrew* (1593), Induction.

THIS, "Sir, and it please you *this*" (Y. 96*c*), thus. "Chose me than a nother fere, For I can not lyue *this* in wretchednes."—*Proud Wyues Pater Noster*, 300.

THORN, "young doth it prick that will be a *thorn*" (J. 56 *c* and *d*), proverbial. "It pricketh betimes that shall be a sharp *thorn*."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 94*a*, 187*d*.

THOUGH, see Use.

THOUST, "*thoust* have my best benefit" (M. 153*a*; 161*c*), thou shalt: see Misogonus.

THOUT, "*thout* be bonably cursed" (M. 182*b*), thou wilt: see Misogonus.

THRALL, "brought him to great *thrall*" (M. 137*a*), hardness, severity, sternness. "Wherefore good Christian people, now Take warning by my fall: Live not in strife and envious hate, To breed each other *thrall*. Seeke not your neighbors lasting spoyle, By greedy sute in lawe; Live not in discord and debate, Which doth destruction draw."—*Ballad on the Burning of Beccles* (1586).

THREAD, (*a*) "then were it a fair *thread* that I had spun" (J. 33*b*), a proverbial saying borrowed from spinning: see Heywood, *Proverbs*, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 12*d*; 68*c*; 215*b*.

(*b*) "given them a *thread* which they'll never untwist" (M. 191*b*), a hard problem to solve; a "nut to crack."

THROST, "the wretch had rather see me *throst*" (J. 29*a*), thirst: this form is unusual as compared with *thrist* and *thrust*.

THUMB, "I will surely thee *thumb*" (M. 235*b*), handle awkwardly, use roughly.

TICKLE, see Womb.

TICK-TACK (M. 178*c*), a game similar to, but more complicated than, backgammon: cf. Nares and Halliwell, s.v.

TIDE, "in this *tide*" (Y. 108*d*), time, season. "He keeps his *tides* well."—Shakspeare, *Timon* (1609), i. 2.

TIME, see Woe.

'TIRE, "thy best *'tire*" (M. 202*c*), attire : see Misogonus.

TITTER TATTER (H. 267*c*), in original "tytter totur," but "pytter pattour" seems to require titter tatter as a rhyme : possibly it was so pronounced, and the spelling was conventionalised, as was often the case.

TOAST, "a *toast* in the fire" (M. 210*d*), a roast crab : see Roast.

TOMBOY, "have at thee, *tom-boy*, tom" (M. 207*a*), an early example of a still common colloquialism. "You shall folde your haire, like *Tomboyes*."—Wager, *Mary Magdalene*, line 551.

TO-MORN, "what thou shalt do *to-morn*" (M. 220*b*), this morning : cf. "to-night," "to-day," "to-morrow," "to-year."

TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE. The text has been "set" direct from a photo-facsimile of a copy of Kirkman's black-letter edition of 1661 in the library of the British Museum (643. d. 63), and will be found pp. 289-321. In one or two places where the British Museum text is faulty through blurring or obliteration, restorations have been made from extra photo-facsimiles of such pages from the copy of the same edition in the Bodleian. The spelling has been modernised; small letters have been substituted for capitals in the case of common nouns; and names appearing in the text in italics are here given in roman characters: it is unlikely that the last two peculiarities of the 1661 text are anything more than the typographical fashions of the time of printing. The punctuation of the period of printing has needed but slight change to suit it to the modern reader: as little alteration as possible has been attempted in this respect. A few obvious mistakes have been corrected, but these and any other important departures from the 1661 text I have shown *infra*.

*Editions.* The present text being that of the only extant edition of 1661, the question arises as to whether it was printed before Kirkman the bookseller issued his "second impression" of this "ex-

cellent old play, as it was printed and acted about a hundred years ago." There is no trace of its having been licensed; but, in respect to this formality, it must be remembered that the Stationers' Registers are not perfect or consecutive. That Kirkman's "second impression" was really the second is also uncertain; for Baker, in his first edition of the *Biographica Dramatica* for 1764, schedules "Tome Tylere and his wyfe, A passing merrie Interlude. Anon. 4to. 1598," which so far differs in title and date from Kirkman's edition as to suggest an intermediate impression. An exactly similar entry occurs in the second and third editions of the *Biog. Dram.* Further, Ritson (*Ancient Songs*, 130), mentioning "the passing merrie Interlude of Tom Tylere and his Wyfe," seemingly quotes it as "first printed in 1578." According to this, three earlier editions are suggested: viz., c. 1551 (mentioned by Kirkman); 1578 (referred to by Ritson, whose date is accepted by Collier, Dyce, Ward, and others); 1598 (catalogued by Baker, who is followed by Halliwell in his *Dict. of Old Plays*). Of course, in estimating the value of these particulars, everything depends on the trustworthiness of the sources of information, as well as on the care taken by each authority to correctly set out the facts. As a matter of record it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Ley's for 1656, but that in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition, appears "Tom tyler. C"; but no mention is made of the date of the edition which is scheduled. Since Kirkman's "second impression" of 1661 the play has been reprinted only once prior to the present occasion, viz., by Prof. Schelling in the *Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America* (1900). As regards *authorship*, nothing is known or can be surmised. Baker, without assigning any reason, attributed the play to W. Wager, the author of *The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art* (E.E.D.S., *Works*). Prof. Schelling remarks anent this that "the probable date and the general character of the two interludes are not repugnant." As regards stylistic considerations, I may add that in parts of Wager's interlude there is the jingle of *Tom Tyler*, but by no means the "swing" and "command"

of words which characterise it: and it is surely no reason for attribution, for or against, that the one deals with the necessity of a good and pious education for youth, and the other with the reformation of a shrewish, typical woman by cat-o'-nine-tails methods, good, necessary, and effective though such drastic measures may sometimes prove! There is little internal evidence upon which to base any inferences whatsoever: "it was set out by pretty boys" (291*b*), but this conveys nothing more definite than that it was staged by boy actors; and in the prayer for the Queen a "perilous chance" is mentioned which Prof. Schelling says may refer to the discovery of the Ridolphi conspiracy in 1571, but which may equally apply to many another event of Elizabeth's reign. *Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &c.*

"[*Desire.*] I represent the part" (291*d*), not in original; "*A Song*" (293*b*), these words are placed opposite the first two lines of the song, which are indented to make room for them: likewise in original there is no space between the stanzas; "I will take him by the *poll*" (295*a*), original *pole*; "*Tip[ple.]* Marry! here is good rule" (296*a*), in succeeding lines *Tipple* is given in full; "she is *too* well schooled" (302*c*), original *to*; "How ill have I been used" (308*d*), "*Strife*" is wrongly repeated at the beginning of this line as well as the previous one; "Therefore take *good* heed" (307*d*), original *hood*; "my arms be *black* and blue" (308*d*), original *back*; "Yea, faith, good man" (318*a*), original *ye*.

TOO-TOO, "*too-too* much favour" (M. 143*b*), an emphasised form of "*too*." "Adding further that he was *too-too* evil that could not speak well."—Holinshed, *Chron. Ireland* (1587), F. 6*b*, 2*b*.

TORN, "I will bring him to *torn*" (M. 151*c*), *i.e.* to his knees, thoroughly humbled: *to* (Ger. *zu*) is the augmentative particle, and is generally but not always joined with "all."

TOUCHED, "so well *touched*" (H. 274*c*), dealt with, presented: cf. *to touch* only the fringe of an argument.

TOY, "if my father die soon, then is it but a *toy*" (J. 41*b*)—"pretty *toys*" (M. 148*c*)—"merry *toys*"

(T. 291*b*), trifle, whim, fancy, wanton conceits: see *Slang and its Analogues*, s.v. Toy.

TOYING, "so trifling, so *toying*" (J. 29*d*), see previous entry.

TRACE, (a) "tradding the *trace*" (M. 141*c*), track, path. "*Trace*, a streyght way."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1530).

(b) "too sore you do *trace*" (M. 185*d*), i.e., too impetuously or with too much zest you "foot it."

'TRACTING OF TIME (M. 200*d*), detracting, losing time: see Misogonus.

TRADDING, "*tradding* the *trace*" (M. 141*c*), walking the way.

TRATTLING, "so *trattling*, so chiding" (J. 29*d*), prattling, talking idly: still good Scots. "Still she must *trattle*."—Bale, *King John*, *Works* (E.E.D.S.).

TRAVERSE, "the King entereth the *traverse*" (H. 254*b*; 270*b*), properly a sliding door, movable screen, or low curtain: in early "stage carpentry" it was stretched across the "boards." "The fabricke was a mountaine with two descents, and severed with two *travesses*."—*Masque of Inner Temple and Grayes Inne* (1612).

TRAVICE, "*travice* that breeds disdain" (A. 120*c*), wrangling.

TREE, "if your fortune be to hang on a *tree* . . . ye shall never be drowned" (T. 317*a*), the proverb, slightly varied, is still of service.

TREYGOBET, see Dice.

TRICK, TRICKSY, "as *trick*, as sweet, as clean" (J. 56*a*)—"plead but thy *tricks*" (M. 176*b*)—"shouldst *trick* thee" (M. 202*c*)—"all *tricksy* and gallant" (J. 64*a*), as adj.=trim, spruce trig; as subs.=wantonness; as verb=make oneself neat, spruce, "tittivate."

TRISS, "with a *triss*" (M. 175*c*), trice.

TRIUMP, see Cards.

TROT, "the *old trot*" (M. 212*b*), old woman: in contempt. "The *old trot* sits groaning."—*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, i. 1.

TRUE, "true as steel"—"as the gospel" (M. 205 *c* and *d*), as true as can be.

TRULL, "till I see my *trull*" (M. 162*c*)—"grope a *trull*" (M. 176*c*)—"go to the *trull*" (M. 184*b*), wanton, harlot: specifically a hedge-whore. "A filthie *trull* is irksome to the eye."—Turberville, *Poems* (1567).

TRULLIT, "by my *trullit*" (M. 210*c*), ? *trull*.

TRUMPINGTON (Y. 110*b*), near Cambridge.

TUPE, see Scab.

TURN, see Heels.

TUTA VILUS (H. 283*a*), fiend, devil.

TWE, "*twe* who-chittals" (M. 198*b*), two.

TWELFE, "some *twelfe*" (J. 39*b*), twelve: note the rhyme with "elf."

TWO-LEGGED VENISON (M. 161*b*), a harlot: cf. "Whetstone Park deer," "mutton," &c.; also "two-legged fox" (*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, v. 2).

TYBURN, "to *preach at Tyburn*" (Y. 100*b*), to be hanged: a reference to Tyburn occurs as early as 1377 in *Piers Plowman*. "That souldiours sterue or *preche at Tiborne Cross*."—Gascoigne, *Steele Glas* (1576), 55.

UMBER'T (M. 231*d*), number, count: dialectical (Halliwell).

UNADDRESSED, "with bravery *unaddressed*" (M. 135*c*), unadorned. "Of vayne glorie excuse me, That y ne have for love be The bettre *adressid* and arayed."—Gower, *MS. Soc. Antiq.* 134, f. 56.

UNDE[R]STUMBLE (M. 155*d*), understand: an early example of a still common jocose word; cf. Shakespeare pun on *understand* (*Twelfth Night*, iii. 1, 80).

UNIVERSAL, "this region *universal*" (H. 254*a*), throughout, the whole. "Sole monarch of the *universal* earth."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), iii. 2.

UNNETH, "*unneth* I set eye on him" (21*a*)—"and yet the commons *unneth* could be content" (H. 251*d*)—"unneth I dare" (H. 281*d*), scarcely, with difficulty, almost. "*Uneath* may she endure the filthy struts."—

Shakspeare, 2 *Henry VI.* (1594), ii. 4. "Seem'd *uneath* to shake the stedfast ground."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), I. xii. 4.

UNPOSSIBLE, "that is *unpossible*" (M. 201*d*), impossible. "It is, I say, *unpossible*."—Hakluyt, *Voyages* (1580-9), iii. 350.

UNRAY, "come . . . *unray* thee" (T. 303*b*), undress, strip.

UNTWIST, see Thread.

URE, "put in *ure*" (J. 15*c*)—"unless you put in *ure* your power royal" (H. 269*a*), use, practice, service; *manure*, *inure*, &c., are survivals: cf. "ruthless" from "ruth." "Young fooles to keep long in *ure*."—*Schole-house of Women*, iii.

USE, (a) "I *use* not for to lie" (J. 23*c*)—"I do not *use* to tell" (T. 316*b*), make a practice or habit of, not accustomed to.

(b) "his laws be not *used*" (A. 128*c*)—"other virtues though he doth *use*" (Y. 93*c*)—"such pastime to *use*" (M. 179*d*), practise, observe, enjoy, engage in.

(c) "where I do *use*" (Y. 113*b*), frequent, visit often.

USUAL, "when we're herein more *usual*" (M. 137*c*)—"God's providence . . . is always *usual*" (M. 224*b*), a construction which may be worth noting for reference's sake.

· VAIL, "it would '*vail* me" (M. 197*d*), avail: see Misogonus.

AVAILABLE, "to God is *available*" (H. 285*b*), available, serviceable.

VANCE, "I'll out, *vance*" (M. 185*a*), advance: note the rhyme with "dance."

VANGEL, "by the *vangel*" (M. 175*c*)=evangel=gospel.

VANTAGE, "my *vantage* to take" (M. 155*b*), advantage, benefit.

VARDIT, "thy neighbours *vardit*" (M. 229*c*), verdict: still in vulgar use.

VENUES, "my *venues* to give" (M. 155*b*), a bout or thrust in fencing.

VERAMENT, "they think *verament*" (H. 252a), in truth, truly, verily. "After his one sone he sent evyn to Bristow *verrament*."—*Childe of Bristowe*, 118.

VIOLET, see Kitchen herbs.

VISIOGMONY (M. 218c), countenance, physiognomy.

WADE'S MILL, "by *Wade's mill*" (H. 268a), i.e. by the gallows. "For they were all deuil-whippes of the maker, of a straight [*sic*] stocke, cleane corde, and sure twist, as true and wel-knotted stuffe, as euer *Wades myll* did afford."—Harsnet, *Decl. of Popish impostures* (1603), 104 (*Materialen*, v. 55).

WAG, see World.

WAGHALTER (M. 235a), rogue, gallows-bird. "Ile teach my *waghalter* to know grapes from barley."—Lyly, *Mother Bombie* (1594), ii. 5.

WAGPASTY, "ery little *wagpasty*" (M. 181b), rogue, urchin, rascal: an endearment. "*Mery*. Maide, with whom are ye so hastie? *Tib*. Not with you, sir, but with a little *wagpastie*, A deceiuer of folkes by subtyll craft and guile."—Udall, *Roister Doister* (1534), iii. 2.

WAGWANTON, "this *wagwanton*" (M. 140c), libertine, wanton: cf. "wagtail"=harlot.

WALTHAM'S CALF (M. 147a), proverbial for a fool. The allusion is lost, and it is not known who Waltham was. A passage in *The Disclosing of the Great Ball* (Harl. Misc. vii. 535) says "some running and gadding calves [were] wiser than *Waltham's calfe* that ran nine miles to suck a bull" (1567). But there are numerous earlier allusions: e.g., in Skelton's *Colin Clout* (b. 1529), where a rogue priest who can "nothing smatter Of logick nor school matter" is said to be "as wise as *Waltham's calf*."

WANION, "with a wild *wannion*" (J. 5a), "with a *wanion*" (M. 229a), curse, misfortune, calamity, "with a vengeance." "Prob. *waniand* is the original and correct form, being the northern form of the pr. par. of A.S. *wanian*=to wane (q.v.); hence, in the *waniand*=in the waning, and *with a wanion*=with diminution, detriment, or ill-luck" (*Ency. Dict.*).

WANTON, "well, *wanton*, well" (Y. 104d), see a similar passage as follows:—"Well, *wanton*, well; I-wis, I can tell, That such smock-smell Will set your nose out of tune."—Wever, *Lusty Juventus*, 15 (E.E.D.S. Works, 30a).

WARRANTISE, "be of *warrantise*" (Y. 101a), warranty, guarantee. "There is such strength and *warrantise* of skill."—Shakspeare, *Sonnets* (1598), 150.

WASTER, (a) "a spendall and *waster*" (M. 148b), spendthrift, prodigal. "If Lucullus were not a *waster*, and a delicate given to belly-cheare."—P. Holland, *Plutarch* (1610), p. 361.

(b) "who taking a *waster* did put on my coat" (T. 311c), a cudgel, a blunt sword used as a foil in fencing schools. "With a good *waster* he so mortified this old Adam of his son-in-law squire, that he needed no other penance than this."—Harington, *Brief View of the Church* (1608), p. 22.

WAWLING, "brawling and *wawling*" (M. 227a), crying out, wailing. "The first time that we smell the air, We *wawle* and cry."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), iv. 6.

WEAL (M. 218a), weal, stripe, or swelling produced by rod or whip. "The *wales*, marks, scars and cicatrices."—P. Holland, *Plutarch* (1610), p. 459.

WEALTH, "flit fro thy *wealth*" (Y. 95b), prosperity, well-being. "For I am fallen into Hell From paradise and *wealth*, the more . . . Annoyeth now the bitterness, That I toforne haue felt sweetness."—Chaucer, *Rom. of Rose* (Chalmers i. 201, 2).

WEATHERCOCK OF POULES (M. 211d), frequently the subject of proverbial saying or jesting allusion in old writers. "I am as very a turncote as the *wether-coke of Poles*."—Marr. *Wit and Science* (E.E.D.S. Anon. Pl. Ser. 4). "The wit of Paul's *weathercock* . . . there is more wit in that cock's only head Than hath been in all men's heads that be dead."—Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 115d.

WEDDING, "hanging and *wedding* is destiny" (T. 293b), proverbial: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. s.v. Wedding.

WEED, (a) "the *weed* overgroweth the corn" (Y. 108*d*)—"the *weed* which the good corn doth waste" (M. 222*d*), the first form of this proverb is found in Heywood (E.E.D.S.), *Works*, II. 27*d*.

(b) "my foolish *weed*" (M. 150*d*)—"put on thy *weed*" (T. 303*b*)—"to come in my stead . . . having my *weed*" (T. 311*c*), dress, clothes: now only in plural, and specifically of a widow's mourning garments.

WEIGHTY, see Sured.

WEIST, "*weist* have sows enough" (M. 203*a*), we shall: see Misogonus.

WELL, "ye be *well* nice" (Y. 104*d*), very: the usage is good but unusual.

WELLAWAY, "sing *wellaway*" (Y. 98*c*), an exclamation of grief, sorrow, or despair, alas: from the A.S. *wá lá wá* (= woe! lo! wo!). "Allas! Constaunce, thou ne has no champioun, Ne fights canstow nat, so *welaway!*"—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 5052.

WER, "*wer* master is o' th' new learning" (M. 204*b*), our: a northern form.

WERE, "Now let us go that we *were* there" (Y. 106*b*), i.e., may get there. "I pray you to pay me my money that I *were* gone."—*Scoggins Jest*s (Hazlitt, II. 136).

WERISHIP, "your *weriship's* pleasure" (M. 154*a*), worship's: see Misogonus.

WERY, "as *wery* a dingthrift" (M. 197*d*), see Misogonus. "Releuer to the pore . . . and *werry* foo to coueytise."—*Ragman Roll*.

WEST, "*west* get nothing" (M. 227*a*), we shall: see Misogonus.

WHAN, "how or *whan*" (H. 273*a*), when: cf. than = then.

WHESTION, "I'll spur him a *whestion*" (M. 107*c*)—" *whestion* with him" (M. 219*c*), question.

WHILES, "*whiles* I may" (Y. 111*c*), whilst: the original form, *t* being excrescent as in "amidst," "amongst," &c.

WHIM-WHAM (M. 185*d*), seemingly generic for anything trifling, fantastic, or out of the common—a freakish fancy, caprice, toy, trifle, plaything, tumbling trick, wanton gesture. "To come aloft"=to vault in the fashion of a tumbler; and from the almost literal repetition of Orgalus's words by Marston and Webster in *The Malcontent*, "Sir Tristram Tristram come aloft, jack-a-napes, with a *whim-wham*" (i. 3), the phrase is probably a quotation, as also were the clauses immediately preceding and succeeding it.

WHIPPERGINNY (M. 176*b*), an old game at cards. "At primefisto, post and payre, primero, maw, *whip-her-ginny*, he's a lib'rall hero."—Taylor, *Works* (1630).

WHIRLWIND, "the *whirlwind* with him and flinging fiend of hell" (J. 84*c*), apparently an anticipation of the robust Sedgely curse, "May the great fiend, booted and spurred, with a scythe at his girdle, ride headlong down thy throat."

WHISTLE, "he shall go *whistle* in a marrow bone" (A. 124*b*)—"thou shalt then *whistle*" (M. 190*a*), be disappointed or discomfited, "go to the deuce." "This being done let the law go *whistle*."—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale* (1604), iv. 4.

WHITE, "as *white* as midnight's arsehole" (J. 78*a*), a meridian of foulness: see *Slang and its Analogues*, s.v. Arse.

WHITE AND BLACK, "ha't in *white and black*" (M. 215*a*), in writing: nowadays the order is reversed to "black and white."

WHITELIVER JACKS, "like *whiteliver Jacks* to fly" (M. 237*b*), poltroons, cowardly knaves; the old notion was that cowards had bloodless livers. "How many cowards . . . inward searched Have *livers white* as milk."—Shakspeare, *Merch. of Venice* (1598), iii. 2.

WHO-CHITTALS, "twe *who-chittals*" (M. 198*b*), Brandl glosses this "twe=M.E. *twey*, O.E. *twēgen*: *who*=*ho*=she (see three lines lower down), *chittals* from *chits*=younglings": i.e. hen chickens.

WHOLE, "as *whole* as a fish" (T. 313c), a simile not often met with.

WIDE, "gone as *wide*" (M. 142b), as far from probity, good breeding, sound principles, &c. "It would be *wide* with the best of us if the eye of God should look backward to our former estate."—Bp. Hall, *Contemp.* (1612-15), *Rahab*.

WIFE, "your masters nown *wife*" (M. 175d), see Udall, *Roister Doister* (E.E.D.S.), 159d, s.v. Wife.

WIGHTLY, "do it . . . *wightly*" (M. 199c), quickly, to some purpose. "For day, that was, is *wightly* past, And now at earst the dirke night thou hast."—Spenser, *Shepheards Calendar* (1579), *September*.

WILD, "with a *wild*" (M. 159a), ? wile=artifice, trick.

WILD OATS, "he hath not yet sown all his *wild oats*" (M. 166d), youthful follies. "We meane that wilful and unruly age, which lacketh rypeness and discretion, and (as wee saye) hath not sowed all *theyr wyeld oates*."—*Touchstone of Complexions* (1576), 99.

WILL SUMMER (M. 145d; 168d; 169a; 212c), the name of this celebrated jester, like that of Patch, "my lord cardinal's (Wolsey) fool," seems to have become a common name or nickname for all fools: a full account of Summer will be found in Heywood's *Works* (E.E.D.S.), i. 265d.

WIPE, see Pan.

WISDOM, "only the *wisdom* and policy of your grace" (H. 272d), read, as understood, "Who" before "compelleth" in the previous line; and "only by" in the line now quoted.

WIT, "I will go *wit* of Charity" (Y. 108a), ask, learn. "And his sister stood afar off to *wit* what would be done unto him."—*Bible* (Auth. Vers. 1611), *Exodus* ii. 4. "Sir, she said, that shall you lightly *wit*."—*Dane Hew*, 374.

WITHOUTEN, "*withouten* fraud" (J. 15c)—"I shall *withouten* let" (J. 49b), without.

Wo, see Sillibouks.

WOAND, "the whole *woand*" (M. 219b), ? world.

WOLD, "mine is but *wold*" (M. 216b), old. "And be in charyté and in acorde With all my neighbors *wolde* and yng."—MS. *Cantab.*, Ff. ii. 38, f. 18.

WOE, "*woe worth* the time" (M. 165d), woe be to, woe betide. "*Woe worth* thee, Tarlton, That ever thou wast borne; Thy wife hath made thee cuckold, And thou must weare the horne."—Tarlton, *Jests*, sig. B. iv.

WOLF, "that ravenous *wolf*" (H. 276c), ? Wolsey: see Queen Hester.

WOMAN, "would'st thou meddle with my *woman*" (M. 175d), wife: see next line and compare 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 3.

WOMAN'S FLESH, "man! here's *woman's flesh*" (M. 184b), generic for the sex.

WOMB, "to rub any on the navel that hath a tickle *womb*" (A. 129c), belly, stomach. "And he covetide to fille his *wombe* of the coddiss that the hoggis eeten, and no man gaf hym."—Wycliffe (1380), *Luke* xv. 16.

WOOD, "there's none of us *wood*" (M. 188a), mad, furious, raging. "The hors prekyd, as he was *wode*."—*King and the Barker*, 98.

WOOL, "they sold all their *wool*" (H. 263d), *i.e.* fleeced their flock. "We are such mercenaries, And subtle proprietaries, As from the flock all carries—The *wool*, skin, flesh, and all."—Bale, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), 36d.

WORLD, "*let the world wag*" (M. 191c), come what come will; "let her rip." Variants are many: see Towneley Myst., 101. "*Let the world wag*."—*Trial of Treasure* (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 214d). "Let the wide world *wind*."—*Four Elements* (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 1, 16a). "Let the world *pass*."—Udall, *Roister Doister* (1553), 52d (E.E.D.S.). "Let the world *slide*."—Shakspeare, *Taming of Shrew*.

WORSHIPFUL STOCK, "she's of *worshipful blood*" (M. 188b), honourable descent, noble lineage. "I

know that you come of a *worshipful stock*."—Wager, *Mary Magdalene* (E.E.D.S.), s.v.

WORTH, see Woe.

WOTTING, "by your skill are ye *wotting*" (M. 220c), aware, cognisant.

WOTTLE, "I *wottle* well" (M. 200c), know.

WOURNE, "your honest petition *wourne*" (J. 19d), so in original: Hazlitt prints *scorn*.

WRABBED, "so crabbed, so *wrabbed*" (J. 30a), ? rabid. Nares thought it so spelt as to appear like a rhyme to "crabbed," having found it in Heywood's *Four P. P.* (*Works*, I. 57b), and here it is again, spelt in the same way, and rhyming also with "crabbed" once more.

WREAK, "put us to *wreak*" (M. 189b), fury, anger, passion, resentment. "And what an if His sorrow have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his *wreaks*, His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?"—Shakspeare, *Titus Andronicus* (1593), iv. 4. "For in the holy temple have I sworn *Wreak* of his villainy."—G. Peele, *David and Bethsabe* (1599).

'XAMPLE (M. 227d), example, "take after."

YALLING, "the devil stop that . . . *yalling* throat" (J. 5a), howling, yelling. "In the popes kychyne the scullyons shall not brawle, Nor fyght for my grese. If the priestes woulde for me *yawle*."—Bale, *Kynge Johan* (c. 1552), p. 78.

YE, (a) "Ye whoreson! trowest thou so?" (Y. 95c), so in original, and probably equivalent to "yea": later (177c) we get "no, whoreson! sayest thou so?"

(b) "I tell *ye*" (Y. 154b), in original *you*, but the rhyme requires *ye*.

YEOMANRY, "one of his *yeomanry*" (H. 270d), an upper servant, valet. "A *yeman* hadde he, and servantes no mo At that time, for him luste to ride so; And he was cladde in cote and hode of green."—Chaucer. *Cant. Tales* (1383), 102, Prol.

YER, "God's *yer*" (M. 197d), earth: *yerth* is the usual form, but note the rhyme with "stir."

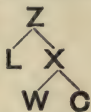
YEST, "yest have one night" (M. 161d)—"yest see a hurricamp" (M. 186c), ye shall: see Misogonus.

YOUNGLING, "happing and lapping my *youngling*" (M. 140c), young child, youngster.

YOUST, "*youst* do well" (M. 154b), you shall: see Misogonus.

YOUTH. Modernised in spelling (save as regards exceptional words and rhyme-endings), and with punctuation as little altered as possible to suit modern needs, the *text* of *Youth* will be found on pp. 91-116. It is taken from a photo-facsimile of Waley's edition of c. 1557 in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 24). A reduced facsimile of the title-page of this edition, and one of that known as the Copland edition of c. 1560, also from a copy in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 38), will be found on pp. 91-2. In addition to these impressions, there is also a fragment, undoubtedly of a different edition, in the library of Lambeth Palace, consisting of four leaves. Maitland, in his *Early Printed Books in the Library of Lambeth Palace* (1843, p. 309), reprints it in part. These four leaves were recovered in the same way as other fragments of the rarest or lost books have been, as, for example, the only portion now extant of *Albion, Knight* (q.v.). In this particular case a waste or unbound sheet of *Youth* was found in the binding of another book, and unfortunately had been "cut to size," so that some of the edges are mutilated to the loss of parts of the text. Happily, however, as only a portion is recovered, it is the first section of the book, as a different set of "stock blocks" are exhibited on the title-page. This fragment has also been facsimiled entire in Prof. Bang's reprint of the three *Youth* texts in *Materialen*, Band XII., 1905. This facsimile has proved of considerable assistance to the present editor in the absence of access to the original fragment in the archiepiscopal library. Variorum readings and corrigenda—the Waley with the Copland copy and (as far as it goes) with the photo'd fragment in *Materialen*—will be found at the end of this article. In other respects, too, I am, in common with all students of English literature, deeply indebted to the Louvain reprint. In more than one instance the facts

here set out are due to the labours of Prof. Bang and Mr. R. B. McKerrow in collecting material, sifting the evidence, arranging their facts in order, and drawing deductions therefrom. Their argument as regards the relationship of the three texts is masterly and complete: apparently they leave nothing for others to do, and the student of our early drama who does more than skim the surface of his subject cannot afford to miss this valuable monologue. I can only quote the bare results here. The dates are uncertain, but probably *c.* 1557 for the Waley edition, and *c.* 1560 for the Copland edition, are not far out. The Lambeth fragment is confidently ascribed (on grounds fully set out) "either to the press of Wynkyn de Worde or of some one who came into possession of his type and wood blocks, after he ceased to print in 1535. On the other hand, it is certain that it was not printed earlier than 1528. As regards the *relationship of the texts*, it is clearly shown in *Materialen* that one or more editions of this play have been lost; that textually neither the Waley nor the Copland copies could have been printed from the Lambeth fragment, either directly or by reversed descent; that probably two editions have been lost, viz., a first edition from which the Lambeth and the lost edition No. 2 were printed; and finally that it was from the lost edition No. 2 that both the Waley and Copland copies were printed, the formula being given in *Materialen*. On equally good grounds Waley's text is set down as nearer the original than Copland's, which, however, is more correctly printed than Waley's. They conclude, "A modern editor constructing an eclectic text would doubtless first follow L[ambeth fragment] so far as it goes, then C[opland's text], correcting from W[aley's] in cases where there has been intentional change of reading in the former." So far the editors of *Materialen*. In the present text Waley and Copland editions. and the Lambeth fragment—the latter from the facsimile pages in *Materialen*—have been collated, and the results are given *infra*. As regards the play itself, it is no new discovery that the *author* of *Youth*, who has remained an unknown quantity so far, took *Hickscorner* as his model; nay,



more, he transferred whole sentences, as well as details of character and situation, from the older play into his own. But he was no mere copyist: he conveyed his material with the touch of a master's hand. Authorities generally regard *Hickscorner* as insignificant compared with *Youth*, "with no single dramatic touch"; while the latter is the "most realistic, amusing, and graceful specimen of its kind"; "a more elegant recast"; "the climax of the *Youth* plays," and "a better piece of work." *Variorum Readings, Corrigenda, &c.* [Note, these, unless otherwise attributed, are variations from the Waley text: W.=Waley's edition; C.=Copland's edition; L.=Lambeth fragment. No note is taken of such misprints as *n* for *u*, or the division of words, as *be ware*—*beware*.] "For I am come" (93*b*), omitted; supplied by L. and C.——"fro God above" (93*b*), as in L.: *from* in W. and C.——"though he do use" (93*c*), as in C.: misprinted *thought* in W.——"Deo manet" (93*c*), as in L.: *monet* in W. and C.——"I am the gate" (93*c*), also in C.: *yate* in L.——"Or he may not come" (93*d*), *ye* in W.: *he* in L. and C.——"of books the least" (93*d*), so in C., but *lest* in L. throughout—"May not live without charity" (94*b*), this reading is C.: L. and W. have "may sing no mass without charity"——"And charity to them" (94*b*), so in L. and C.: W. has *chary*—"Who may be likened" (94*c*), from C.: W. has *likeneth*—"My hair is royal" (94*c*), L. and C.: W. has *heart*—"arms be both big and strong" (94*c*), the L. reading: *fair* in W. and C.——"heir of all my father's land" (94*d*), so in L.: W. and C. omit *all*—"Why did you so praise your body" (95*a*), the L. reading: W. and C. have *do*—"Fro thy wealth" (95*b*), so in L.: W. and C. have *For the*—"Charity. Ah, yet, sir . . . plenty in every place" (95*d* to 96*b*), L. erroneously gives Charity's two speeches to Youth, and Youth's speech to Charity: from this point the margin of the Lambeth fragment has been so clipped that the names of the speakers are wanting—"thou shalt see" (95*d*), the L. reading: W. and C. have *shall*—"above the sky" (95*d*), L. and C.: W. has *abowe*—"I had need" (96*a*), misprinted *hah*

in W.——“I may *fortune*” (96a), W. misprints *sortune*——“remember *and* call” (96a), omitted in W. and C.——“*Miserationes*” (96b), W. and C. have *miseratio*——“doubt not *God's* grace” (96b), misprinted *goodes* in W.——“have you any *store*” (96c), C. may misprint *slore*, but the *l* is not clear——“cast out *any* more” (96c), L. reads *ony*: Hazlitt omits *out*——“eat *mustard*” (96c), the spelling differs in all copies: W.=*mustred*; L.=*mustarde*; C.=*musterd*: W. also misprints *salfishe* in same line——“soil me this *question*” (96c), C. misprints *quistion*——“*This* question is but a vanity” (96c), the L. reading: *a* omitted by W. and C., and C. reads *Thus*——“make *me* a fool” (96d), omitted both by W. and C.——“no *longer* here” (96d), so in W. and C.: L. reads *lenger*——“make your head *to* ache” (96d), L. omits *to*——“falleth not *for* me” (97a), L. omits *for*——“ne *by* night” (97a), the L. reading: W. and C. have *be*——“do *by* my counsel” (97a), the L. reading: W. and C. omit *by*——“thou shalt have *the* way” (97a), W. reads *thy* way; L.=*the* way; C.=*the* wai, which variation (*wai*) is unnoticed in *Materialen*——“whatsoever *you* do” (97c), L. reading: W. and C. *ye*——“I pray thee *hold* thy peace” (97c), in orig. (W.) *olde*: in L. and C. *holde*——“*Lest* with my dagger” (97d), in C. *lesse*, cut away in L.——“In faith, *if* thou move my heart” (97d), W. has *if* thou *mene* (for *meve*); L., and thou *meve*; C., *if* thou *meve*——“God *suffered*” (97d), L., *suffred*; in C. misprinted *sussered*——“that bought both *thee* and *me*” (98a), the L. reading: W. and C. have *you*——“to *lose* my jollity” (98a), W. and C.: L. has *lese*——“what I *will* you tell” (98a), omitted in W. and C.: the L. reading——“ruled *after* my counsel” (98a), so in W. and L.: C. has *of*——“in heaven *on* high” (98b), the L. reading: W. and C. omit *on*——“of God *wilt* thou” (98b), so in L.: W. and C. read *thou wilt*——“if I fight *thou wilt* it rue” (98b), W. has *I tell thee true*, a repetition of the previous line ending: C. has it as in text, but the line is cut off in the L. copy——“I see *it will*” (98b), L. and C. reading: W. has *I see well*——“take *counsel* of him” (98c), the

L. reading: W. and C. have *take good counsel*——  
 “I shall send thee hence” (98d), so in W. and  
 L.: C. reads *will*——“that churl Charity” (99a),  
 the L. reading: C. and W. have *the*——“full of  
 jollity” (99a), the L. reading: C. and W. omit of  
 ——“My heart is light” (99b), so in L.: W. and  
 C. have *as*——“all on riot is my mind” (99b),  
 W. and C.: L. has *of*——“in the devil way”  
 (99b), this is the L. reading: W. and C. read *devil’s*  
*way*——“brought thee hither to-day” (99b), so in  
 L. and C.: W. omits *day*——“Methought thou  
 didst call me” (99c), didst is a misprint for *did* or  
*did[st]*, the reading of all copies: *did call me* is the  
 L. reading: W. and C. have *did me call*——“make  
 royal cheer” (99c), so in L. and C.: W. misprints  
*there*——“thou hadst been hanged” (99c), so in  
 W. and C.: L. has *haddest be*——“thou art  
 escaped” (99c), so in W. and C.: *art* omitted in L.  
 ——“You took a man on the ear” (99d), in  
 “noting” the *Materialen* facsimile of the Lambeth  
 fragment it is pointed out that apparently there was  
 in L. a word before *You*, perhaps *That*——“in  
*Newgate you did lie*” (99d), you is a misprint for *ye*  
 in W. and C.: with this exception W. and C. agree;  
 but L. has *in newe all nyght ye dyd ly*——  
 “beshrew your pate” (99d), so in L. and C.: W.  
 misprints *parte*——“I have learned policy” (100a),  
 the L. reading: W. and C. read *a policy*——“and  
 steadfast of mind” (100b), the L. fragment ends  
 here——“*Riot. Moreover I shall,*” &c. (100b),  
*Riot* omitted in C.——“preach at Tyburn” (100b),  
 C. has *Tybrone*——“By the way I met” (100c),  
 W. has *Be thy*, and C. *Be the*——“pretty man and  
 a wise” (102b), *a* omitted in W.——“to do you  
 good service” (102b), W. has *to do good you service*,  
 and C. *to do you service*——“and think ye come”  
 (102d), so in C.: W. has *thing*——“set nought by  
 them” (102d), so in C.: W. has *se*——“in com-  
 pany with gentlemen” (102d), the C. reading: W.  
 has *gentel man*——“Yonder goeth a gentleman”  
 (103a), W. reads *Yorder . . . gentlemen*: C.,  
*Yonder . . . gentlemen*——“lusty fellow” (103b),  
 C. misprints *lasty*——“Intret superbia . . . et  
*dicat*” (104a), C. reads *superbis*, and W. reads *dica*

——“a ready messenger” (104b), C. misprints *messenger*——“at your pleasure I am” (104b), the *Materialen* editors suggest reading *am I*——“A word with you there” (104c), W. has *here*——“express my name” (104d), C. has *me*——“pretty *nisset*” (104d), W. reads *nylet*——“pretty *pye*” (104d), the editors of *Materialen* suggest that the line should end at *pye*, another line being given to the rest of the present line——“full *gingerly*” (104d), the C. reading: W. has *gingerie*——“fetch this fair flow’r” (105a), W. misprints *fecth*——“she *pleased* me” (105b), so in both copies: ? *pleaseth*——“this *fair* lady” (105b), W. has *farye*, and C. *farie*: obviously misprints for *fayre* and *faire* respectively——“God that *sitteth*” (106a), C. misprints *sitteh*——“for God’s sake” (106a), W. misprints *goodes*: the original of C. is *goddess*——“we tarry long” (106c), the C. reading: W. has *very long*——“and ruled” (106c), the C. reading: W. has *be ruled*——“never so *thin*” (106d), in originals *thine*: obviously misprints for *thinne* or *thīne*——“it may fortune come” (107a), C. has *maye*, W., *mye*——“Charity. Yet, sirs” (107b), W. erroneously gives this and the next line to Youth, and the next four lines to Charity: they are rightly given in C.——“he turned his tale” (107b), the editors of *Materialen* suggest “read, perhaps, *turneth*”——“I shall fet a pair” (107c), correctly given in C.: W. misprints *set*, the long “f” (s) being probably responsible for this as for other misprints in the W. copy: these typographical errors are of interest and value in considering the “descent” of the two texts from one of the lost editions: in both W. and C. pair is misprinted *prayre*——“bring with thee a good chain” (107c), W. misprints “with *he ta* good chain”——“*Mary* mild” (107c), in both editions misprinted *Mare* for *Marie*——“I will go wit of Charity” (108a), so in C. (*wyt*): W. misprints *with*——“youth is not stable” (108d), so in C.: W. omits *not*——“lent man wit and grace” (109a), so in W.: C. curiously prints *lent me wit ād grace*, probably *mē* should be *me*, and is suggestive how in copying the one contraction should be noted and the other passed over: it is, however, conceivable that

the C. text is quite correct, Charity intentionally contrasting the individual with the race—"doth it grieve thee" (111a), W. misprints *geue* for *greue*—"lest thou have on the ear" (111b), the C. reading: W. has *you*—"To leave mirth" (111d), W. has *Ro*: C., *to*—"Yea, sir, by God" (112a), the C. reading: W. has *be*—"thy brother Charity" (112b), C. misprints *they*—"Sir, I can teach you" (112c), the C. text: W. omits *I*—"at the cards I can *tegch* you" (112c), W. has *thecche*; C., *teche*—"at the *triumph*" (112c), C. misprints *triumph*—"and at another" (112c), W. misprints "and at *ad* other": C. prints "*and at an other*"—"ye will con me" (112d), the C. reading: W. has *shyll*—"What hath God bought" (113a), W. has *whath*, C., *what*: W., as in text, C., *bought for me*—"my soul to save" (113d), so in W. and C.: the editors of *Materialen* suggest *my soul for to save*—"help you at your need" (114c), so in C.: W. reads "help *your* at your need"—"maketh *inquisition*" (114d), the C. reading: W. has *insicion*—"here be *beads*" (115a), so in W.: C. significantly alters this to *bokes*, and has obviously departed, for "protestant" reasons, from what was originally the text, whatever the edition from which it and W. were printed—"let *not* vice" (115a), so in W.: C. has *no*—"exhort them to amend" (115b), W. has *to to*: C. as in text—"God bring the persons all" (115c), W. has *Go*: C. as in text—"Lest another day" (115c), both W. and C. have *onother*—"Save all this fair company" (115d), as in C., omitted in W.—"Finis" (115d), not in W.—"Colophons" (116), below the Waley imprint is a stock ornament, the width of the page, of two birds and flowers, printed upside down.

ZAD, "you look *zad*" (M. 198d), sad.









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